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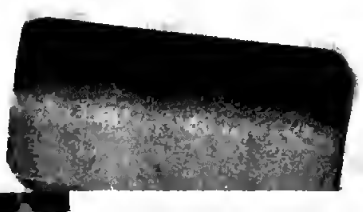


THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

8

THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

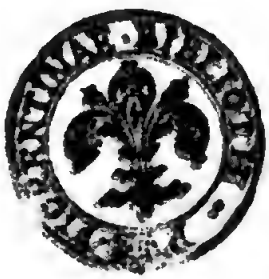
CONTAINING

MERCHANT OF VENICE.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

BASIL:

Printed and sold by J. J. TOURNEISEN.

M. DCCC.



MERCHANT OF VENICE.*

* THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.] The reader will find a diſtinct epitome of the novels from which the ſtory of this play is ſuppoſed to be taken, at the concluſion of the notes. It ſhould however be remembered, that if our poet was at all indebted to the Italian noveliſts, it muſt have been through the medium of ſome old tranſlation, which has hitherto eſcaped the reſearches of his moſt induſtrious editors.

It appears from a paſſage in Stephen Goſſon's *School of Abuſe*, &c. 1579, that a play, comprehending the diſtinct plots of Shakſpeare's *Merchant of Venice*, had been exhibited long before he commenced a writer, viz. "The Jew ſhowe at the Bull, repreſenting the greedineſſe of worldly chooſers, and the bloody minds of uſurers." "Theſe plays, ſays Goſſon, (for he mentions others with it) are goode and ſweete plays," &c. It is therefore not improbable that Shakſpeare new-wrote his piece, on the model already mentioned, and that the elder performance, being inferior, was permitted to drop ſilently into oblivion.

This play of Shakſpeare had been exhibited before the year 1598, as appears from Meres's *Wits Treaſury*, where it is mentioned with eleven more of our author's pieces. It was enter'd on the books of the Stationers' Company, July 22, in the ſame year. It could not have been printed earlier, becauſe it was not yet licenſed. The old ſong of *Gernutus the Jew of Venice*, is publiſhed by Dr. Percy in the firſt volume of his *Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry*: and the ballad intituled, *The Murtherous lyfe and terrible death of the rich Jewe of Malta*; and the tragedy on the ſame ſubject, were both entered on the Stationers' books, May 1594. STEEVENS.

The ſtory was taken from an old tranſlation of *The Geſta Romanorum*, firſt printed by Wynkyn de Worde. The book was very popular, and Shakſpeare has cloſely copied ſome of the language: an additional argument, if we wanted it, of his track of reading. *Three veſſels* are exhibited to a lady for her *choice*—The firſt was made of pure *gold*, well beſet with precious ſtones *without*, and *within* full of dead men's bones; and thereupon was engraven this poſie: *Whoſo chuſeth me, ſhall find that he deſerveth.* The ſecond veſſel was made of fine *ſilver*, filled with earth and worms; the ſuperſcription was thus: *Whoſo chuſeth me, ſhall find that his nature deſireth.* The third veſſel was made of *lead*, full within of precious ſtones, and thereupon was inſculpt this poſie: *Whoſo chuſeth me, ſhall find that God hath diſpoſed for him* ——The lady after a comment upon each, chuſes the *leaden veſſel.*

In a MS. of *Lidgate*, belonging to my very learned friend, Dr. *Aſkew*, I find a *Tale of two Merchants of Egipt* and of *Baldad*, *ex Geſtis Romanorum*. *Leland* therefore could not be the original author, as Biſhop *Tanner* ſuſpected. He lived a century after *Lidgate*. FARMER.

The two principal incidents of this play are to be found ſeparately in a collection of odd ſtories, which were very popular, at leaſt five hundred years ago, under the title of *Geſta Romanorum*. The firſt, *Of the bond*, is in ch. xlviii. of the copy which I chuſe to refer to, as the compleateſt of any which I have yet ſeen. MS. Harl. n. 2270. A knight there borrows money of a merchant, upon condition of forfeiting *all his fleſh* for non-payment. When the penalty is exacted before the judge; *the knight's miſtreſs*, diſguiſed, *in forma viri & veſtimentis pretioſis inauta*, comes into court, and, by permiſſion of the judge, endeavours to mollify the merchant. She firſt offers him his money, and then the double of it, &c. to all which his anſwer is — *Conventionem meam volo habere.* — Puella, cum hoc audiſſet, ait coram omnibus, Domine mi judex, da rectum judicium ſuper his quæ vobis dixero. — Vos ſcitis quod miles nunquam ſe obligabat ad aliud per literam niſi quod mercator habeat poteſtatem carnes ab oſſibus ſcindere, *ſine ſanguinis effuſione*, de quo nihil erat prolocutum. Statim mittat manum in eum; ſi vero ſanguinem effuderit, *Rex contra eum actionem habet.* Mercator, eum hoc audiſſet, ait; date mihi pecuniam & omnem actionem ei remitto. At puella, Amen dico tibi, nullum denarium habebis — pone ergo manum in eum, ita ut ſanguinem non effundas. Mercator vero videns ſe confuſum abſceſſit; & ſic vita militis ſalvata eſt, & nullum denarium dedit.

The other incident, *of the caſkets*, is in ch. xcix. of the ſame collection. A king of Apulia ſends his daughter to be married to the ſon of an emperor of Rome. After ſome adventures, (which are nothing to the preſent purpoſe,) ſhe is brought before the emperor; who ſays to her, "Puella, propter amorem filii mei multa adverſa ſuſtinuiſti. Tamen ſi digna fueris ut uxor ejus ſis cito probabo. Et fecit fieri tria vaſa. PRIMUM fuit *de auro puriſſimo* & lapidibus pretioſis interius ex omni parte, & plenum *oſſibus mortuorum*; & exterius erat ſubſcriptio: *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod meruit.* SECUNDUM vas erat *de argento* puro & gemmis pretioſis, plenum *terra*, & exterius erat ſubſcriptio: *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod natura appetit.* TERTIUM vas *de plumbo* plenum *lapidibus pretioſis interius & gemmis nobiliſſimis*; & exterius erat ſubſcriptio talis: *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod deus diſpoſuit.* Illa tria oſtendit puellæ, & dixit, ſi unum ex iſtis elegeris in quo commodum, & proficuum eſt, filium meum habebis. Si vero elegeris quod nec tibi nec aliis eſt commodum, ipſum non habebis." The young lady, after mature conſideration of the veſſels and their inſcriptions, chuſes the *leaden*, which being opened, and found to be full of gold and precious ſtones, the emperor ſays: "Bona puella, bene elegiſti — ideo filium meum habebis."

From this abſtract of theſe two ſtories, I think it appears ſufficiently plain that they are the *remote* originals of the two incidents in this play. What *of the caſkets* Shakſpeare might take from the

Engliſh *Geſta Romanorum*, as Dr. Farmer has obſerved; and that *of the bond* might come to him from the *Pecorone*; but upon the whole I am rather inclined to ſuſpect, that he has followed ſome hitherto unknown novelliſt, who had ſaved him the trouble of working up the two ſtories into one. TYRWHITT.

This comedy, I believe, was written in the beginning of the year, 1598. Meres's book was not publiſhed till the end of that year. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*, Vol. II. MALONE.

PERSONS represented.[2]

Duke of Venice.
Prince of Morocco, } *Suitors to* Portia.
Prince of Arragon, }
Antonio, *the Merchant of* Venice:
Baſſanio, *his friend.*
Salanio, [3] }
Salarino, } *Friends to* Antonio *and* Baſſanio.
Gratiano, }
Lorenzo, *in love with* Jeſſica.
Shylock, *a* Jew:
Tubal, *a* Jew, *his friend.*
Launcelot Gobbo, *a clown, ſervant to* Shylock.
Old Gobbo, *father to* Launcelot.
Salerio, [4] *a meſſenger from* Venice.
Leonardo, *ſervant to* Baſſanio.
Balthazar, } *ſervants to* Portia.
Stephano, }

Portia, *a rich heireſs:*
Neriſſa, *her waiting-maid.*
Jeſſica, *daughter* to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, *Officers of the Court of Juſtice, Jailer, Servants, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, partly at Venice, *and partly at* Belmont, *the Seat of* Portia, *on the Continent.*

[2] In the old editions in quarto, for J. Roberts, 1600, and in the old folio, 1623, there is no enumeration of the perſons. It was firſt made by Mr. Rowe. JOHNSON.

[3] It is not eaſy to determine the orthography of this name. In the old editions the owner of it is called, — *Salanio, Salino,* and *Solanio.* STEEVENS.

[4] This character I have reſtored to the *Perſonæ Dramatis.* The name appears in the firſt folio; the deſcription is taken from the quarto. STEEVENS.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Street.*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

ANT. In ſooth, I know not why I am ſo ſad;
It wearies me; you ſay, it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What ſtuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And ſuch a want-wit ſadneſs makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myſelf.

SALAR. Your mind is toſſing on the ocean;
There, where your argoſies [5] with portly ſail,—
Like ſigniors and rich burghers of the flood, [6]

[5] —— *argoſies* —] A name given in our author's time to ſhips of great burthen, probably gallcons, ſuch as the Spaniards now uſe in their Weſt India trade. JOHNSON.

In Ricaut's *Maxims of Turkiſh Polity*, ch. xiv. it is ſaid, "Thoſe vaſt carracks called *argoſies*, which are ſo much famed for the vaſtneſs of their burthen and hulk, were corruptly ſo denominated from *Ragoſies*," i. e. ſhips of *Raguſa*, a city and territory on the gulf of Venice, tributary to the Porte. If my memory does not fail me, the *Raguſans* lent their laſt great ſhip to the king of Spain for the Armada, and it was loſt on the coaſt of Ireland. Shakſpeare, as Mr. Heath obſerves, has given the name of *Ragozine* to the pirate in *Meaſure for Meaſure*. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *burghers of the flood*,] Both ancient and modern editors have hitherto been content to read — "burghers *on* the flood," though a parallel paſſage in *As you like it* —

"—— native burghers *of* this deſolate city,"

might have led to the preſent correction. STEEVENS.

Or as it were the pageants of the ſea,—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'ſy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

SALAN. Believe me, ſir, had I ſuch venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſs,[5] to know where ſits the wind;
Peering[6] in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me ſad.

SALAR. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at ſea.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandy hour-glaſs run,
But I ſhould think of ſhallows and of flats;
And ſee my wealthy Andrew[7] dock'd in ſand,[8]
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,[9]

5 *Plucking the graſs*, &c.] By holding up the graſs, or any light body that will bend by a gentle blaſt, the direction of the wind is found.

"*This way I uſed in ſhooting. When I was in the mydde way betwixt the markes, which was an open place, there I toke a fethere, or a* lyttle graſſe, *and ſo learned how the wind ſtood.*" Aſcham. JOHNSON.

6 *Peering*——] Thus the old quarto printed by Hayes, that by Roberts, and the firſt folio. The quarto of 1637, a book of no authority, reads — *prying*. MALONE.

7 —— *Andrew*—] The name of the ſhip. JOHNSON.

8 ——dock'd *in ſand*,] The old copies have — *docks*. Corrected by Mr Rowe. MALONE.

9 Vailing *her high top lower than her ribs*,] In Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616, *to vail*, is thus explained: "It means *to put off the hat*, to *ſtrike ſail*, to *give ſign of ſubmiſſion*." So, in Stephen Goſſon's book, called *Playes confuted in ſeveral Actions*:—

"They might have *vailed* and bended to the king's idol."

To kiſs her burial. Should I go to church,
And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone,
And not bethink me ſtraight of dangerous rocks?
Which touching but my gentle veſſel's ſide,
Would ſcatter all her ſpices on the ſtream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my ſilks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and ſhall I lack the thought,
That ſuch a thing, bechanc'd, would make me ſad?
But, tell not me; I know, Antonio
Is ſad to think upon his merchandize.

ANT. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom truſted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole eſtate
Upon the fortune of this preſent year:
Therefore, my merchandize makes me not ſad.

SALAN. Why then you are in love.

ANT. Fie, fie!

SALAN. Not in love neither? Then let's ſay, you are ſad,
Becauſe you are not merry: and 'twere as eaſy
For you, to laugh, and leap, and ſay, you are merry,
Becauſe you are not ſad. Now, by two-headed Janus,[2]

Again, (as Mr. Douce obſerves to me,) in *Hardynge's Chronicle*:
"And by th' even their ſayles *avaled* were ſet."
Again, in Middleton's *Blurt Maſter Conſtable*, 1602:
"I'll *vail* my creſt to death for her dear ſake."
Again, in *The Fair Maid of the Weſt*, 1613, by Heywood:
"——it did me good
"To ſee the Spaniſh carveil *vail her top*
"Unto my mayden flag."
A *carvel* is a ſmall veſſel. It is mentioned by Raleigh, and I often meet with the word in Jarvis Markham's *Engliſh Arcadia*, 1607. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*Now, by two-headed Janus,*] Here Shakſpeare ſhews his knowledge in the antique. By *two-headed* Janus is meant thoſe an-

Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,[3]
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And other of ſuch vinegar aſpect,
That they'll not ſhow their teeth in way of ſmile,[4]
Though Neſtor ſwear the jeſt be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, *and* GRATIANO.

SALAN. Here comes Baſſanio, your moſt noble kinſman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare you well;
We leave you now with better company.
SALAR. I would have ſtaid ſtill I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
ANT. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own buſineſs calls on you,
And you embrace the occaſion to depart.
SALAR. Good morrow, my good lords.
BASS. Good ſigniors both, when ſhall we laugh? Say, when?
You grow exceeding ſtrange; Muſt it be ſo?

tique biſrontine heads, which generally repreſent a young and ſmiling face, together with an old and wrinkled one, being of Pan and Bacchus; of Saturn and Apollo, &c. Theſe are not uncommon in collections of Antiques: and in the books of the antiquaries, as Montfaucon, Spanheim, &c. WARBURTON.

Here, ſays Dr. Warburton, Shakſpeare ſhows his knowledge in the antique; and ſo does Taylor the water-poet, who deſcribes Fortune, "Like a *Janus* with a *double-face*." FARMER.

[3] ——*peep through their eyes*,] This gives us a very picturesque image of the countenance in laughing, when the eyes appear half ſhut. WARBURTON.

[4] ——*their teeth* in way of ſmile,] Becauſe ſuch are apt enough to ſhow their teeth in anger. WARBURTON.

SALAR. We'll make our leiſures to attend on
yours. [*Exeunt* SALARINO *and* SALANIO.
LOR. My lord Baſſanio,[5] ſince you have found
Antonio,
We two will leave you: but, at dinner time,
I pray you, have in mind where we muſt meet.
BASS. I will not fail you.
GRA. You look not well, ſignior Antonio;
You have too much reſpect upon the world:
They loſe it,[6] that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellouſly chang'd.
ANT. I hold the world but as the world, Gra-
tiano;
A ſtage, where every man muſt play a part,[7]
And mine a ſad one.
GRA. Let me play the Fool:[8]

[5] *My lord Baſſanio*, &c.] This ſpeech [which by Mr. Rowe and ſubſequent editors was allotted to *Salanio*,] is given to *Lorenzo* in the old copies; and *Salarino* and *Salanio* make their *exit* at the cloſe of the preceding ſpeech. Which is certainly right. *Lorenzo* (who, with Gratiano, had only accompanied *Baſſanio*, till he ſhould find Antonio) prepares now to leave Baſſanio to his buſineſs; but is detained by *Gratiano*, who enters into a converſation with *Antonio*.
TYRWHITT.

I have availed myſelf of this judicious correction, by reſtoring the ſpeech to *Lorenzo*, and marking the exits of *Salarino* and *Salanio* at the end of the preceding ſpeech. STEEVENS.

[6] ——loſe *it*,] All the ancient copies read —*looſe*; a miſprint, I ſuppoſe, for the word ſtanding in the text. STEEVENS.

[7] *A ſtage, where every man muſt* play *a part*,] The ſame thought occurs in Churchyard's *Farewell to the world*, 1593.

"A worlding here, I muſt hie to my grave;
"For this is but a May-game mixt with woe,
"A borrowde roume *where we our Pageants play*,
"A *ſkaffold* plaine," &c.

Again, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book II:

"She found the world but a wearieſome *ſtage* to her, where ſhe *played a part* againſt her will." STEEVENS.

[8] *Let me play the Fool:*] Alluding to the common compariſon of

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why ſhould a man, whoſe blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandſire cut in alabaſter?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peeviſh? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that ſpeaks;—
There are a ſort of men, whoſe viſages
Do cream [7] and mantle, like a ſtanding pond;
And do a wilful ſtillneſs [8] entertain,
With purpoſe to be dreſs'd in an opinion
Of wiſdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who ſhould ſay, *I am ſir Oracle,*
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark! [9]
O, my Antonio, I do know of theſe,
That therefore only are reputed wiſe,
For ſaying nothing; who, I am very ſure,[2]
If they ſhould ſpeak, would almoſt damn thoſe ears,[3]

human life to a ſtage-play. So that he deſires his may be the fool's or buffoon's part, which was a conſtant character in the old farces; from whence came the phraſe, *to play the fool.* WARBURTON.

7 *There are a ſort of men, whoſe viſages*
Do cream —] The poet here alludes to the manner in which the film extends itſelf over milk in ſcalding; and he had the ſame appearance in his eye when writing a foregoing line:
" With mirth and laughter let old *wrinkles* come."
So alſo, the author of *Buſſy d'Ambois:*
" Not any *wrinkle creaming* in their faces." HENLEY.

8 ——*a wilful* ſtillneſs——] i. e. an obſtinate ſilence. MALONE.

9 ——*let no dog bark!*] This ſeems to be a proverbial expreſſion. So, in *Acoläſtus*, a comedy, 1540: " ——nor there ſhall *no dogge barke* at mine ententes." STEEVENS.

2 ——who, *I am very ſure,*] The old copies read—*when*, I am very ſure. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

3 ——*would almoſt* damn *thoſe ears,*] Several old editions have it, *dam*, *damme*, and *daunt*. Some more correct copies, *damn*. The author's meaning is this; That ſome people are thought wiſe,

Which, hearing them, would call their brothers,
fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fiſh not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo:—Fare ye well, a while;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.[4]

LOR. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time:
I muſt be one of theſe ſame dumb wiſe men,
For Gratiano never lets me ſpeak.

GRA. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou ſhalt not know the ſound of thine own tongue.

ANT. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.[5]

GRA. Thanks, i'faith; for ſilence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt* GRATIANO *and* LORENZO.

whilſt they keep ſilence; who, when they open their mouths, are ſuch ſtupid prayers, that the hearers cannot help calling them *fools*, and ſo incur the judgement denounced in the Goſpel. THEOBALD.

[4] *I'll end my* exhortation *after dinner.*] The humour of this conſiſts in its being an alluſion to the practice of the puritan preachers of thoſe times; who, being generally very long and tedious, were often forced to put off that part of their ſermon called the *exhortation*, till after dinner. WARBURTON.

[5] —— *for this* gear.] In Act II. ſc. ii. the ſame phraſe occurs again: 'If fortune be a woman, ſhe's a good wench for *this geer*." This is a colloquial expreſſion perhaps of no very determined import. STEEVENS.

So, in *Sapho and Phao*, a comedy by Lyly, 1591: "As for you, Sir boy, I will teach you how to run away; you ſhall be ſtript from top to toe, and whipt with nettles; I will handle you *for this geare* well: I ſay no more." Again, in Naſhe's Epiſtle Dedicatory to his *Apologie of Pierce Pennileſſe*, 1593: "I mean to trounce him after twenty in the hundred, and have a bout with him, with two ſtaves and a pike, *for this geare*." MALONE.

ANT. Is that any thing now?[6]

BASS. Gratiano ſpeaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: His reaſons are as two grains of wheat hid in two buſhels of chaff; you ſhall ſeek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the ſearch.

ANT. Well; tell me now, what lady is this ſame
To whom you ſwore a ſecret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

BASS. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have diſabled mine eſtate,
By ſomething ſhowing a more ſwelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From ſuch a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, ſomething too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged: To you, Antonio,
I owe the moſt, in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots, and purpoſes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

ANT. I pray you, good Baſſanio, let me know it;
And, if it ſtand, as you yourſelf ſtill do,

6 *Is that any thing* now?] All the old copies read, *is that any thing* now? I ſuppoſe we ſhould read — *is that any thing* new? JOHNSON.

The ſenſe of the old reading is, — Does what he has juſt ſaid amount to any thing, or mean any thing? STEEVENS.

Surely the reading of the old copies is right. Antonio aſks: Is that *any thing* now? and Baſſanio anſwers, that, *Gratiano ſpeaks an infinite deal of* nothing — the greateſt part of his diſcourſe is *not any thing*. TYRWHITT.

So, in *Othello*: "Can any thing be made of this?" The old copies, by a manifeſt error of the preſs, read — *It* is that, &c. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Within the eye of honour, be aſſur'd,
My purſe, my perſon, my extremeſt means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occaſions.

BASS. In my ſchool-days, when I had loſt one ſhaft,
I ſhot his fellow [7] of the ſelf-ſame flight
The ſelf-ſame way, with more adviſed watch,
To find the other forth; and by advent'ring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Becauſe what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,[8]
That which I owe is loſt: but if you pleaſe
To ſhoot another arrow that ſelf way
Which you did ſhoot the firſt, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,

[7] —— *when I had loſt one ſhaft,*
I ſhot his fellow, &c.] This thought occurs alſo in Decker's *Villanies diſcovered by Lanthorne and Candlelight*, &c. 4to. bl. l. "And yet I have ſeene a Creditor in Priſon weepe when he beheld the Debtor, and to lay out money of his owne purſe to free him; he *ſhot a ſecond arrow to find the firſt.*" I learn, from a MS. note by Oldys, that of this pamphlet there were no leſs than eight editions; the laſt in 1638. I quote from that of 1616. STEEVENS.

This method of finding a loſt arrow is preſcribed by P. Creſcentius in his Treatiſe *de Agricultura*, Lib. X. cap. xxviii. and is alſo mentioned in *Howel's Letters*, Vol. I. p. 183. edit. 1655. 12mo. DOUCE.

[8] —— *like a* wilful *youth,*] This does not at all agree with what he had before promiſed, that what followed ſhould be *pure innocence.* For *wilfulneſs* is not quite ſo *pure.* We ſhould read —— *witleſs*, i. e. heedleſs; and this agrees exactly to that to which he compares his caſe, of a ſchool-boy; who, for want of *adviſed watch*, loſt his firſt arrow, and ſent another after it with more attention. But *wilful* agrees not at all with it. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton confounds the time paſt and preſent. He has formerly loſt his money like a *wilful* youth; he now borrows more in *pure innocence*, without diſguiſing his former faults, or his preſent deſigns. JOHNSON.

Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully reſt debtor for the firſt.
ANT. You know me well; and herein ſpend but time,
To wind about my love with circumſtance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making queſtion of my uttermoſt,
Than if you had made waſte of all I have:
Then do but ſay to me what I ſhould do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am preſt unto it:[9] therefore, ſpeak.
BASS. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And ſhe is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues; ſometimes from her eyes[a]
I did receive fair ſpeechleſs meſſages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.

[9] ——preſt *unto it:*] *Preſt* may not here ſignify *impreſs'd*, as into military ſervice, but *ready*. *Pret*, Fr. So, in *Cæſar and Pompey*, 1607:

" What muſt be, muſt be; Cæſar's *preſt* for all."

Again, in *Hans Beer-pot*, &c. 1618:

" ——————your good word
" Is ever *preſt* to do an honeſt man good."

Again, in the concluding couplet of Churchyard's *Warning to the Wanderers abroad*, 1593:

" Theo ſhall my mouth, my muſe, my pen and all,
" Be *preſt* to ſerve at each good ſubject's call."

I could add twenty more inſtances of the word being uſed with this ſignification. STEEVENS.

[a] ——ſometimes *from her eyes*——] So all the editions; but it certainly ought to be, *ſometime*, i. e. *formerly*, *ſome time ago*, at a *certain time*: and it appears by the ſubſequent ſcene, that Baſſanio was at Belmont with the Marquis de Montferrat, and ſaw Portia in her father's life time. THEOBALD.

It is ſtrange, Mr. Theobald did not know, that in old Engliſh, *ſometimes* is ſynonymous with *formerly*. Nothing is more frequent in title-pages, than " *ſometimes* fellow of ſuch a college."

FARMER.

Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coaſt
Renowned ſuitors: and her ſunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her ſeat of Belmont, Colchos' ſtrand,
And many Jaſons come in queſt of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind preſages me ſuch thrift,
That I ſhould queſtionleſs be fortunate.

ANT. Thou know'ſt, that all my fortunes are at ſea;
Nor have I money, nor commodity
To raiſe a preſent ſum: therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That ſhall be rack'd, even to the uttermoſt,
To furniſh thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, preſently inquire, and ſo will I,
Where money is; and I no queſtion make,
To have it of my truſt, or for my ſake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *Houſe.*

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

POR. By my troth, Neriſſa, my little body is a-weary of this great world.

NER. You would be, ſweet madam, if your miſeries were in the ſame abundance as your good fortunes are: And, yet, for aught I ſee, they are as ſick, that ſurfeit with too much, as they that ſtarve with nothing: It is no mean happineſs therefore,

to be ſeated in the mean; ſuperfluity comes ſooner by white hairs,[3] but competency lives longer.

Por. Good ſentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as eaſy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own inſtructions: I can eaſier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may deviſe laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree: ſuch a hare is madneſs the youth, to ſkip o'er the meſhes of good counſel the criple. But this reaſoning is not in the faſhion to chooſe me a huſband:—O me, the word chooſe! I may neither chooſe whom I would, nor refuſe whom I diſlike; ſo is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father:—Is it not hard, Neriſſa, that I cannot chooſe one, nor refuſe none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inſpirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath deviſed in theſe three cheſts, of gold, ſilver, and lead, (whereof who chooſes his meaning, chooſes you,) will, no doubt, never be choſen by any rightly, but one who you ſhall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of theſe princely ſuitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou nameſt them, I will deſcribe them; and, according to my deſcription, level at my affection.

[3] —*ſuperfluity* comes *ſooner* by *white hairs*,] i. e. Superfluity ſooner *acquires* white hairs; becomes old. We ſtill ſay, How did he *come by* it? Malone.

NER. Firſt, there is the Neapolitan prince.[4]

POR. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horſe;[5] and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can ſhoe him himſelf: I am much afraid, my lady his mother played falſe with a ſmith.

NER. Then, is there the county Palatine.[6]

POR. He doth nothing but frown; as who ſhould ſay, *An if you will not have me, chooſe:* he hears merry tales, and ſmiles not: I fear, he will prove the weeping philoſopher when he grows old, being ſo full of unmannerly ſadneſs in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of theſe. God defend me from theſe two!

[4] ——— *the Neapolitan prince.*] The Neapolitans in the time of Shakſpeare, were eminently ſkilled in all that belongs to horſemanſhip, nor have they, even now, forfeited their title to the fame praiſe. STEEVENS.

Though our author, when he compoſed this play, could not have read the following paſſage in Florio's tranſlation of Montaigne's *Eſſaies*, 1603, he had perhaps met with the relation in ſome other book of that time: "While I was a young lad, (ſays old Montaigne,) I ſaw the *prince* of Salmona, at *Naples*, manage a young, a rough, and fierce horſe, and ſhow all manner of horſemanſhip; to hold teſtons or reals under his knees and toes ſo faſt as if they had been nayled there, and all to ſhow his ſure, ſteady, and unmoveable ſitting." MALONE.

[5] *Ay, that's a* colt, *indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horſe;*] *Colt* is uſed for a witleſs, heady, gay youngſter, whence the phraſe uſed of an old man too juvenile, that he ſtill retains his *colt's tooth*. See *Henry VIII.* A& I. ſc. iii. See alſo Vol. VII. p. 227. JOHNSON.

[6] ——— *is there the county Palatine.*] I am almoſt inclined to believe, that Shakſpeare has more alluſions to particular facts and perſons than his readers commonly ſuppoſe. The count here mentioned was, perhaps, Albertus a Laſco, a Poliſh Palatine, who viſited England in our author's life-time, was eagerly careſſed, and ſpleodidly entertained; but running in debt, at laſt ſtole away, and endeavoured to repair his fortune by enchantment. JOHNSON.

County and *Count* in old language were ſynonymous. — The Count Alaſco was in London in 1583. MALONE.

NER. How ſay you by the French lord, Monſieur Le Bon?

POR. God made him, and therefore let him paſs for a man. In truth, I know it is a ſin to be a mocker; But, he! why, he hath a horſe better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throſtle[7] ſing, he falls ſtraight a capering; he will fence with his own ſhadow: if I ſhould marry him, I ſhould marry twenty huſbands: If he would deſpiſe me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madneſs, I ſhall never requite him.

NER. What ſay you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

POR. You know, I ſay nothing to him; for he underſtands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian;[8] and you will come into the court and ſwear, that I have a poor penny-worth in the Engliſh. He is a proper man's picture;[9] But, alas! who can converſe with a dumb ſhow? How oddly he is ſuited! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hoſe in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

7 ——*if a* throſtle—] Old Copies—*traſſel*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. The *throſtle* is the thruſh. The word occurs again, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream:*

"The *throſtle* with his note ſo true—." MALONE.

That the *throſtle* is a diſtinct bird from the *thruſh*, may be known from T. Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, quoted in a note on the foregoing paſſage in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*, Vol. VII. p. 81. STEEVENS.

8 ——*he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian;*] A ſatire on the ignorance of the young Engliſh travellers in our author's time. WARBURTON.

9 ——*a* proper *man's picture;*] *Proper* is *handſome*. So, in *Othello:*

"This Ludovico is a *proper* man." STEEVENS.

NER. What think you of the Scottiſh lord,[2] his neighbour?

POR. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Engliſhman, and ſwore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think, the Frenchman became his ſurety,[3] and ſealed under for another.

NER. How like you the young German,[4] the duke of Saxony's nephew?

POR. Very vilely in the morning, when he is ſober; and moſt vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is beſt, he is a little worſe than a man; and when he is worſt, he is little better than a beaſt: an the worſt fall that ever fell, I hope, I ſhall make ſhift to go without him.

NER. If he ſhould offer to chooſe, and chooſe the right caſket, you ſhould refuſe to perform your father's will, if you ſhould refuſe to accept him.

POR. Therefore, for fear of the worſt, I pray thee, ſet a deep glaſs of Rheniſh wine on the contrary caſket: for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will chooſe it. I will do any thing, Neriſſa, ere I will be married to a ſpunge.

NER. You need not fear, lady, the having any of

[2] ——— *Scottiſh lord,*] Scottiſh, which is in the quarto, was omitted in the firſt folio, for fear of giving offence to king James's countrymen. THEOBALD.

[3] *I think, the Frenchman became his ſurety,*] Alluding to the conſtant aſſiſtance, or rather conſtant promiſes of aſſiſtance, that the French gave the Scots in their quarrels with the Engliſh. This alliance is here humorouſly ſatirized. WARBURTON.

[4] *How like you the young German,* &c.] In Shakſpeare's time the duke of Bavaria viſited London, and was made knight of the garter. Perhaps in this enumeration of Portia's ſuitors, there may be ſome covert alluſion to thoſe of queen Elizabeth. JOHNSON.

theſe lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more ſuit; unleſs you may be won by ſome other ſort than your father's impoſition, depending on the caſkets.

POR. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaſte as Diana, unleſs I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are ſo reaſonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very abſence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

NER. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a ſcholar, and a ſoldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

POR. Yes, yes, it was Baſſanio; as I think, ſo was he called.

NER. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my fooliſh eyes look'd upon, was the beſt deſerving a fair lady.

POR. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praiſe.—How now! what news?

Enter a Servant.

SERV. The four ſtrangers ſeek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his maſter, will be here to-night.

POR. If I could bid the fifth welcome with ſo good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I ſhould be glad of his approach: if he have the condition[1] of a ſaint, and the complexion of a devil,

[1] —— *the* condition ——] i. e. the temper, qualities. So, in *Othello*: "—— and then, of ſo gentle a *condition!*" MALONE.

I had rather he ſhould ſhrive me than wive me. Come, Neriſſa.—Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we ſhut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Venice. *A publick Place.*

Enter BASSANIO *and* SHYLOCK.

SHY. Three thouſand ducats,—well

BASS. Ay, ſir, for three months.

SHY. For three months,—well.

BASS. For the which, as I told you, Antonio ſhall be bound.

SHY. Antonio ſhall become bound,—well.

BASS. May you ſtead me? Will you pleaſure me? Shall I know your anſwer.

SHY. Three thouſand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

BASS. Your anſwer to that.

SHY. Antonio is a good man.

BASS. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

SHY. Ho, no, no, no, no;—my meaning, in ſaying he is a good man, is to have you underſtand me, that he is ſufficient: yet his means are in ſuppoſition: he hath an argoſy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I underſtand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,——and other ventures he hath, ſquander'd abroad: But ſhips are but boards, ſailors but men: there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there

is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithſtanding, ſufficient:— three thouſand ducats;—I think, I may take his bond.

BASS. Be aſſured you may.

SHY. I will be aſſured, I may; and, that I may be aſſured, I will bethink me: May I ſpeak with Antonio?

BASS. If it pleaſe you to dine with us.

SHY. Yes, to ſmell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into:[6] I will buy with you, ſell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and ſo following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

BASS. This is ſignior Antonio.

SHY. [*Aſide.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a chriſtian:
But more, for that, in low ſimplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of uſance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip, [7]

[6] —— *the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into:*] Perhaps there is no character through all Shakſpeare, drawn with more ſpirit, and juſt diſcrimination, than Shylock's. His language, alluſions, and ideas, are every where ſo appropriate to a Jew, that Shylock might be exhibited for an exemplar of that peculiar people. HENLEY.

[7] *If I can catch him once upon the hip,*] This, Dr. Johnſon obſerves, is a phraſe taken from the practice of wreſtlers; and (he might have added) is an alluſion to the angel's thus laying hold on Jacob when he wreſtled with him. See Gen. xxxii. 24, &c. HENLEY.

I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our ſacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants moſt do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thriſt,
Which he calls intereſt: Curſed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

BASS. Shylock, do you hear?

SHY. I am debating of my preſent ſtore;
And, by the near gueſs of my memory,
I cannot inſtantly raiſe up the groſs
Of full three thouſand ducats: What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furniſh me: But ſoft; How many months
Do you deſire?—Reſt you fair, good ſignior;
[*To* ANTONIO.
Your worſhip was the laſt man in our mouths.

ANT. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of exceſs,
Yet, to ſupply the ripe wants of my friend, [8]
I'll break a cuſtom:—Is he yet poſſeſs'd, [9]
How much you would?

SHY. Ay, ay, three thouſand ducats.

ANT. And for three months.

SHY. I had forgot,—three months, you told me ſo.
Well then, your bond; and, let me ſee,———But
hear you;

[8] ——*the* ripe wants *of my friend,*] *Ripe wants* are wants *come to the height*, wants that can have no longer delay. Perhaps we might read—*riſe wants*, wants that come thick upon him. JOHNSON.

Ripe is, I believe, the true reading. So afterwards:
"But ſtay the very *riping* of the time." MALONE.

Again, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*
"Here is a brief how many ſports are *ripe*." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*poſſeſs'd,*] i. e. acquainted, informed. So, in *Twelfth-Night:* "*Poſſeſs* us, *poſſeſs* us, tell us ſomething of him."
STEEVENS.

Methought, you ſaid, you neither lend, nor borrow,
Upon advantage.

ANT. I do never uſe it.

SHY. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's ſheep,
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wife mother wrought in his behalf,)
The third poſſeſſor; ay, he was the third.

ANT. And what of him? did he take intereſt?

SHY. No, not take intereſt; not, as you would ſay,
Directly intereſt: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himſelf were compromis'd,
That all the eanlings[9] which were ſtreak'd, and pied,
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
In the end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between theſe woolly breeders in the act,
The ſkilful ſhepherd peel'd me certain wands,[2]
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,[3]
He ſtuck them up before the fulſome ewes;[4]

[9] ——*the* eanlings——] Lambs juſt dropt: from *ean*, *eniti*. MUSGRAVE.

[2] ——*certain* wands,] A *wand* in our author's time was the uſual term for what we now call a *ſwitch*. MALONE.

[3] ——*of* kind,] i. e. of nature. So, Turbervile, in his book of *Falconry*, 1575, p. 127:

"So great is the curteſy of *kind*, as ſhe ever ſeeketh to recompenſe any defect of hers with ſome other better benefit."

Again, in Drayton's *Mooncalf:*

"————nothing doth ſo pleaſe her mind,
"As to ſee mares and horſes *do their kind.*" COLLINS.

[4] ——*the* fulſome *ewes;*] *Fulſome*, I believe in this inſtance, means laſcivious, obſcene. The ſame epithet is beſtowed on the night, in *Acolaſtus his After-Witte*. By S. N. 1600:

"Why ſhines not Phœbus in the *fulſome* night?"

In the play of *Muleaſſes the Turk*, Madam *Fulſome* a *Bawd* is introduced. The word, however, ſometimes ſignifies offenſive in ſmell. So, in Chapman's verſion of the 17th *Book of the Odyſſey:*

"——and fill'd his *fulſome* ſcrip," &c.

Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and thoſe were Jacob's.[5]
This was a way to thrive,[6] and he was bleſt;
And thrift is bleſſing, if men ſteal it not.

ANT. This was a venture, ſir, that Jacob ſerv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to paſs,
But ſway'd, and faſhion'd, by the hand of heaven.
Was this inſerted to make intereſt good?
Or is your gold and ſilver, ewes and rams?

It is likewiſe uſed by Shakſpeare in *King John*, to expreſs ſome quality offenſive to nature:

"And ſtop this gap of breath with *fulſome* duſt."

Again, in Thomas Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587:

"Having a ſtrong ſent and *fulſome* ſmell, which neither men nor beaſtes take delight to ſmell unto."

Again, ibid:

"Boxe is naturally dry, juiceleſſe, *fulſomely* and loathſomely ſmelling."

Again, in Arthur Golding's Tranſlation of *Ovid's Metamorphoſis*, B. XV:

"But what have you poore ſheepe miſdone, a cattell meek and meeld,
"Created for to manteine man, whoſe *fulſome* dugs doe yeeld
"Sweete nectar," &c. STEEVENS.

Minſheu ſuppoſes it to mean *naufeous* in ſo high a degree as to excite vomiting. MALONE.

[5] —— *and thoſe were Jacob's*] See Geneſis, xxx. 37, &c. STEEVENS.

[6] *This was a way to thrive*, &c.] So, in the ancient ſong of *Gernutus the Jew of Venice*:

"His wife muſt lend a ſhilling,
"For every weeke a penny,
"Yet bring a pledge that is double worth,
"If that you will have any.
"And ſee, likewiſe, you keepe your day,
"Or elſe you loſe it all:
"This was the living of the wife,
"Her *cow* ſhe did it call."

Her *cow*, &c. ſeems to have ſuggeſted to Shakſpeare Shylock's argument for uſury. PERCY.

SHY. I cannot tell; I make it breed as faſt:[4]—
But note me, ſignior.
ANT. Mark you this, Baſſanio,
The devil can cite ſcripture for his purpoſe.[5]
An evil ſoul, producing holy witneſs,
Is like a villain with a ſmiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outſide falſhood hath![6]
SHY. Three thouſand ducats,—'tis a good round ſum.
Three months from twelve, then let me ſee the rate.
ANT. Well, Shylock, ſhall we be beholden to you?
SHY. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies, and my uſances:[7]

[4] —— *I make it* breed *as faſt:*] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*

"Foul cank'ring ruſt the hidden treaſure frets;
"But gold that's put to uſe more gold *begets.*" MALONE.

[5] *The devil can cite ſcripture*, &c.] See St. Matthew. iv. 6. HENLEY.

[6] *O, what a goodly outſide* falſhood *hath!*] *Falſehood*, which as *truth* means *honeſty*, is taken here for *treachery* and *knavery*, does not ſtand for *falſhood* in general, but for the diſhoneſty now operating. JOHNSON.

[7] —— *my* uſances:] *Uſe* and *Uſance* are both words anciently employ'd for *uſury*, both in its favourable and unfavourable ſenſe. So, in *The Engliſh Traveller*, 1633:

"Give me my *uſe*, give me my principal."

Again,

"A toy; the main about five hundred pounds,
"And the *uſe* fifty." STEEVENS.

Mr. Ritſon aſks, whether Mr. Steevens is not miſtaken in ſaying that *uſe* and *uſance*, were anciently employed for *uſury*. "*Uſe* and *uſance*, (he adds) mean nothing more than *intereſt*; and the former word is ſtill uſed by country people in the ſame ſenſe." That Mr. Steevens however is right reſpecting the word in the text, will appear from the following quotation. "I knowe a

Still have I borne it with a patient ſhrug;[8]
For ſufferance is the badge of all our tribe:
You call me—miſbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And ſpit[9] upon my Jewiſh gaberdine,
And all for uſe of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you ſay,
Shylock,[2] *we would have monies*; You ſay ſo;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you ſpurn a ſtranger cur
Over your threſhold; monies is your ſuit.

gentleman borne to five hundred pounde lande, did never receyve above a thouſand pound of nete money, and within certevne yeres rounynge ſtill upnn uſurie and double uſurie, the merchants termyng it *uſance* and *double uſance*, by a more cienly name he did owe tn maſter uſurer five thnuſand pound at the laſt, borowyng but one thouſande pounde at firſt, ſo that his land was clean gone, beynge five hundred poundes iuhery tance, for one thouſand pound in mnney, and the uſurie of the ſame money for ſo fewe yeres; and the man now beggeth." *Wylſon on Uſurye*, 1572, p. 32. REED.

Uſance, in our author's time, I believe, ſignified *intereſt of money*. It has been already uſed in this play in that ſenſe:

" He lends out money gratis, and brings down
" The rate nf *uſance* with us here in Venice."

Again, in a ſubſequent part, he ſays, he will take " nn *doit* of *uſance* for his monies." Here it muſt mean *intereſt*. MALONE.

8 *Still have I borne it with a patient ſhrug;*] So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, (written and acted before 1593,) printed in 1633:

" I learn'd in Florence how to kiſs my hand,
" *Heave up my ſhoulders* when they call me *dogge*."

MALONE.

9 *And* ſpit—] The old copies always read *ſpet*, which ſpelling is followed by *Milton*:

———the womb
" Of Stygian darkneſs *ſpets* her thickeſt gloom."

STEEVENS.

2 *Shylock*,] Our author, as Dr. Farmer informs me, took the name of his Jew from an old pamphlet entitled, " Caleb *Shillocke*, his propheſie; or the Jewes Prediction." London, printed for T. P. (Thomas Pavyer.) No date. STEEVENS.

What ſhould I ſay to you; Should I not ſay,
Hath a dog money? is it poſſible,
A cur can lend three thouſand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whiſpering humbleneſs,
Say this,——
Fair ſir, you ſpit on me on wedneſday laſt;
You ſpurn'd me ſuch a day; another time
You call'd me—dog; and for theſe courteſies
I'll lend you thus much monies.

ANT. I am as like to call thee ſo again,
To ſpit on thee again, to ſpurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendſhip take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?) [3]
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou may'ſt with better face
Exact the penalty.

SHY. Why, look you, how you ſtorm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the ſhames that you have ſtain'd me with,
Supply your preſent wants, and take no doit

[3] *A breed for barren metal of his friend?*] A *breed*, that is intereſt money bred from the principal. By the epithet *barren*, the author would inſtruct us in the argument on which the advocates againſt uſury went, which is this; that money is a *barren* thing, and cannot, like corn and cattle, multiply itſelf. And to ſet off the abſurdity of this kind of uſury, he put *breed* and *barren* in oppoſition. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton very truly interprets this paſſage. Old Meres ſays, "Uſurie and encreaſe by gold and ſilver is unlawful, becauſe againſt nature; nature hath made them *ſterill* and *barren*, and uſurie makes them *procreative*." FARMER.

The honour of ſtarting this conceit belongs to Ariſtotle. See *De Repub.* Lib. I. HOLT WHITE.

Thus both the quarto printed by Roberts, and that by Heyes, in 1600. The folio has—a breed *of*. MALONE.

Of uſance for my monies, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

ANT. This were kindneſs.

SHY. This kindneſs will I ſhow:—
Go with me to a notary, ſeal me there
Your ſingle bond; and, in a merry ſport,
If you repay me not on ſuch a day,
In ſuch a place, ſuch ſum, or ſums, as are
Expreſs'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair fleſh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaſeth me.

ANT. Content, in faith; I'll ſeal to ſuch a bond,
And ſay, there is much kindneſs in the Jew.

BASS. You ſhall not ſeal to ſuch a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell in my neceſſity.[4]

ANT. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within theſe two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

SHY. O father Abraham, what theſe Chriſtians are;
Whoſe own hard dealings teaches them ſuſpect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he ſhould break his day, what ſhould I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's fleſh, taken from a man,
Is not ſo eſtimable, profitable neither,
As fleſh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I ſay,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendſhip:

[4] —— dwell *in my neceſſity.*] To *dwell* ſeems in this place to mean the ſame as to *continue*. To *abide* has both the ſenſes of *habitation* and *continuance*. JOHNSON.

If he will take it, ſo; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.
ANT. Yes, Shylock, I will ſeal unto this bond.
SHY. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purſe the ducats ſtraight;
See to my houſe, left in the fearful guard [5]
Of an unthrifty knave; and preſently
I will be with you. [*Exit.*
ANT. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Chriſtian; he grows kind.
BASS. I like not fair terms, [6] and a villain's mind.
ANT. Come on; in this there can be no diſmay,
My ſhips come home a month before the day.
[*Exeunt.*

[5] —— *left in the* fearful guard, &c.] *Fearful guard*, is a guard that is not to be truſted, but gives cauſe of fear. To *fear* was anciently to *give* as well as *feel terrours*. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

" A mighty and a *fearful* head they are." STEEVENS.

[6] *I like not fair terms,*] Kind words, good language. JOHNSON.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *Houſe.*

Flouriſh of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco,[7] *and his train*; PORTIA, NERISSA, *and other of her attendants.*

MOR. Miſlike me not for my complexion,
The ſhadow'd livery of the burniſh'd ſun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the faireſt creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire ſcarce thaws the iſicles,
And let us make inciſion for your love,
To prove whoſe blood is reddeſt, his, or mine.[8]
I tell thee, lady, this aſpect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant;[9] by my love, I ſwear,
The beſt-regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to ſteal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

POR. In terms of choice I am not ſolely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Beſides, the lottery of my deſtiny

[7] —— *the Prince of Morocco,*] The old ſtage direction is "Enter Morochus a tawnie Moore, all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly." &c. STEEVENS.

[8] *To prove whoſe blood is reddeſt, his, or mine.*] To underſtand how the tawny prince, whoſe ſavage dignity is very well ſupported, means to recommend himſelf by this challenge, it muſt be remembered that *red* blood is a traditionary ſign of courage: Thus Macbeth calls one of his frighted ſoldiers, a *lily-liver'd* boy; again, in this play, Cowards are ſaid to *have livers as white as milk;* and an effeminate and timorous man is termed a *milkſop.* JOHNSON.

[9] *Hath* fear'd *the valiant;*] i. e. *terrify'd.* To *fear* is often uſed by our old writers, in this ſenſe. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.
"For Warwick was a bug that *fear'd* us all." STEEVENS.

Bars me the right of voluntary chooſing:
But, if my father had not ſcanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit,[2] to yield myſelf
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourſelf, renowned prince, then ſtood as fair,
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

MOR. Even for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caſkets,
To try my fortune. By this ſcimitar,—
That ſlew the Sophy,[3] and a Perſian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—
I would out-ſtare the ſterneſt eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart moſt daring on the earth,
Pluck the young ſucking cubs from the ſhe bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady: But, alas the while!
If Hercules, and Lichas, play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;[4]

[2] *And hedg'd me by his* wit,] I ſuppoſe we may ſafely read — *and hedg'd me by his* will. Confined me by his will. JOHNSON.

As the ancient ſignification of *wit*, was ſagacity, or power of mind, I have not diſplaced the original reading. See our author, paſſim. STEEVENS.

[3] *That ſlew the Sophy*, &c.] Shakſpeare ſeldom eſcapes well when he is entangled with geography. The prince of Morocco muſt have travelled far to kill the Sophy of Perſia. JOHNSON.

It were well, if Shakſpeare had never *entangled* himſelf *with geography* worſe than in the preſent caſe. If the prince of Morocco be ſuppoſed to have ſerved in the army of ſultan *Solyman* (*the ſecond* for inſtance), I ſee no *geographical* objection to his having killed the Sophi of Perſia. See *D'Herbelot* in *Solyman Ben Selim*.

TYRWHITT.

[4] *So is Alcides beaten by his* page;] The ancient copies read — his *rage*. STEEVENS.

Though the whole ſet of editions concur in this reading, it is corrupt at bottom. Let us look into the poet's drift, and the

And ſo may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miſs that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

POR. You muſt take your chance;
And either not attempt to chooſe at all,
Or ſwear, before you chooſe,—if you chooſe wrong,
Never to ſpeak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.[5]

MOR. Nor will not; come, bring me unto my chance.

POR. Firſt, forward to the temple; after dinner
Your hazard ſhall be made.

MOR. Good fortune then! [*Cornets.*
To make me bleſs'd,[6] or courſed'ſt among men.
[*Exeunt.*

hiſtory of the perſons mentioned in the context. If Hercules, (ſays he,) and Lichas were to play at dice for the deciſion of their ſuperiority, Lichas, the weaker man, might have the better caſt of the two. But how then is Alcides beaten by his *rage*? The poet means no more, than, if Lichas had the better throw, ſo might Hercules himſelf be beaten by Lichas. And who was he, but a poor unfortunate ſervant of Hercules, that unknowingly brought his maſter the envenomed ſhirt, dipt in the blood of the Centaur Neſſus, and was thrown headlong into the ſea for his pains; this one circumſtance of Lichas's quality known, ſufficiently aſcertains the emendation I have ſubſtituted, *page* inſtead of *rage*. THEOBALD.

5 ——*therefore be* advis'd.] Therefore be not precipitant; conſider well what you are to do. *Advis'd* is the word oppoſite to *raſh*. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Richard III:*

" ——who in my wrath
" Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be *advis'd*." STEEVENS.

6 ——*bleſs'd*,] i. e. bleſſed'ſt. So, in *King Richard III:*

" ——harmleſs'ſt creature;" a frequent vulgar contraction in Warwickſhire. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

Venice. *A Street.*

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.[6]

LAUN. Certainly, my conſcience will ſerve me to run from this Jew my maſter: The fiend is at mine elbow; and tempts me, ſaying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, uſe your legs, take the ſtart, run away:* My conſcience ſays,—*no; take heed honeſt Launcelot; take heed, honeſt Gobbo; or,* as aforeſaid, *honeſt Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; ſcorn running with thy heels:*[7] Well, the moſt courageous fiend bids

[6] The old copies read—*Enter the Clown alone;* and throughout the play this character is called the *Clown* at moſt of his *entrances* or *exits.* STEEVENS.

[7] ——ſcorn running *with thy heels:*] Launcelot was deſigned for a wag, but perhaps not for an abſurd one. We may therefore ſuppoſe, no ſuch expreſſion would have been put in his mouth, as our author had cenſured in another character. When Piſtol ſays, "he hears with ears," Sir Hugh Evans very properly is made to exclaim, "The tevil and his tam! what phraſe is this, *he hears with ears?* why it is affectations." To talk of *running with one's heels,* has ſcarce leſs of abſurdity. It has been ſuggeſted, that we ſhould read and point the paſſage as follows: "Do not run; ſcorn running; *withe* thy heels:" i. e. connect them with a *withe,* (a band made of oſiers) as the legs of cattle are hampered in ſome countries, to prevent their ſtraggling far from home. The Iriſhman in *Sir John Oldcaſtle* petitions to be hanged in a *withe;* and Chapman has the following paſſage:

"——There let him lie
"Till I, of cut-up oſiers, did imply
"A *with,* a fathom long, with which his feete
"I made together in a ſure league meete."

I think myſelf bound, however, to add, that in *Much ado about Nothing,* the very phraſe, that in the preſent inſtance is diſputed, occurs:

"O illegitimate conſtruction! I *ſcorn* that *with my heels;*" i. e. I recalcitrate, kick up contemptuouſly at the idea, as animals throw up their hind legs. Such alſo may be Launcelot's meaning. STEEVENS.

me pack; *via!* ſays the fiend; *away!* ſays the fiend, *for the heavens;* [8] *rouſe up a brave mind,* ſays the fiend, *and run.* Well, my conſcience, hanging about the neck of my heart, ſays very wiſely to me,—*my honeſt friend Launcelot, being an honeſt man's ſon,*—or rather an honeſt woman's ſon;—for, indeed, my father did ſomething ſmack, ſomething grow to, he had a kind of taſte;—well, my conſcience ſays,—*Launcelot, budge not; budge,* ſays the fiend; *budge not,* ſays my conſcience: Conſcience, ſay I, you counſel well; fiend, ſay I, you counſel well: to be ruled by my conſcience, I ſhould ſtay with the Jew my maſter, who, (God bleſs the mark!) is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I ſhould be ruled by the fiend, who, ſaving your reverence, is the devil himſelf: Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conſcience, my conſcience is but a kind of hard conſcience, to offer to counſel me to ſtay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counſel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

I perceive no need of alteration. The pleonaſm appears to me conſiſtent with the general tenour of Launcelot's ſpeech. He had juſt before expreſſed the ſame thing in three different ways:—"Uſe your legs; take the ſtart; run away." MALONE.

8 ——away! *ſays the fiend,* for the heavens;] As it is not likely that Shakſpeare ſhould make the *Devil* conjure Launcelot to do any thing for *Heaven's* ſake, I have no doubt but this paſſage is corrupt, and that we ought to read,

Away! ſays the fiend, for the *haven,*

By which Launcelot was to make his eſcape, if he was determined to run away. M. MASON.

——away! *ſays the fiend,* for the heavens;] i. e. *Begone* to the heavens. So again, in *Much ado about Nothing:* "So I deliver up my apes, [to the *devil,*] and *away* to St. Peter, *for the heavens.*" MALONE.

Enter old GOBBO, [9] *with a baſket.*

GOB. Maſter, young man, you, I pray you; which is the way to maſter Jew's?

LAUN. [*aſide.*] O heavens, this is my true begotten father! who, being more than ſand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not:—I will try concluſions [2] with him.

GOB. Maſter young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to maſter Jew's?

LAUN. Turn up on your right hand, [3] at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's houſe.

GOB. By God's ſonties, [4] 'twill be a hard way to

[9] *Enter old* Gobbo,] It may be inferred from the name of Gobbo, that Shakſpeare deſigned this character to be repreſented with a *hump-back*. STEEVENS.

[2] —try concluſions —] To *try concluſions* is to try experiments. So, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:

" —— ſince favour
" Cannot attain thy love, I'll *try concluſions*."

Again, in *The Lancaſhire Witches*, 1634:

" Nay then I'll *try concluſions:*
" Mare, Mare, ſee thou be,
" And where I point thee, carry me." STEEVENS.

So quarto R. — Quarto H. and folio read — *confuſions*. MALONE.

[3] *Turn up on your right hand*, &c.] This arch and perplexed direction to puzzle the enquirer, ſeems to imitate that of Syrus to Demea in the *Brothers* of Terence:

" —— *ubi eas præterieris*,
" *Ad* ſiniſtram *hac* rectà *platea: ubi ad Dianæ veneris*,
" *Ito ad* dextram: *prius quam ad portam venias*," &c.

THEOBALD.

[4] —— *God's ſonties*,] I know not exactly of what oath this is a corruption. I meet with *God's ſanty* in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635:

Again, in *The longer thou liveſt the more Fool thou art*, a comedy, bl. l. without date:

" *Goods ſantie*, this is a goodly book indeed."

hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

LAUN. Talk you of young maſter Launcelot?—Mark me now; [*aſide.*] now will I raiſe the waters:—Talk you of young maſter Launcelot?

GOB. No maſter, ſir, but a poor man's ſon; his father, though I ſay it, is an honeſt exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

LAUN. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young maſter Launcelot.

GOB. Your worſhip's friend, and Launcelot, ſir.[1]

LAUN. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beſeech you; Talk you of young maſter Launcelot?

GOB. Of Launcelot, an't pleaſe your maſterſhip.

LAUN. *Ergo*, maſter Launcelot; talk not of maſter Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and deſtinies, and ſuch odd ſayings, the ſiſters three, and ſuch branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceaſed; or, as you would ſay, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

GOB. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very ſtaff of my age, my very prop.

LAUN. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-poſt, a ſtaff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Perhaps it was once cuſtomary to ſwear by the *ſante*, i. e. *health*, of the Supreme Being, or by his *ſaints*; or, as Mr. Ritſon obſerves to me, by his *ſanctity*. Oaths of ſuch a turn are not unfrequent among our ancient writers. All, however, ſeem to have been ſo thoroughly convinced of the crime of profane ſwearing, that they were content to diſguiſe their meaning by abbreviations which were permitted ſilently to terminate in irremediable corruptions. STEEVENS.

[1] Your worſhip's friend, and *Launcelot*, ſir.] Dr. Farmer is of opinion we ſhould read *Gobbo* inſtead of *Launcelot*. STEEVENS.

—— *and Launcelot, ſir.*] i. e. plain Launcelot; and not, as you term him, *maſter* Launcelot. MALONE.

GOB. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, (God reſt his ſoul!) alive, or dead?

LAUN. Do you not know me, father?

GOB. Alack, ſir, I am ſand-blind, I know you not.

LAUN. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wiſe father, that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your ſon: Give me your bleſſing: [6] truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's ſon may; but, in the end, truth will out.

GOB. Pray you, ſir, ſtand up; I am ſure, you are not Launcelot, my boy.

LAUN. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your bleſſing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your ſon that is, your child that ſhall be. [7]

GOB. I cannot think, you are my ſon.

LAUN. I know not what I ſhall think of that:

[6] ——*give me your bleſſing:*] In this converſation between Launcelot and his blind father, there are frequent references to the deception practiſed on the blindneſs of Iſaac, and the bleſſing obtained in conſequence of it. HENLEY.

[7] ——*your child that ſhall be.*] Launcelot probably here indulges himſelf in talking nonſenſe. So afterwards: — "you may tell every finger I have with my ribs." An anonymous critick ſuppoſes, "he means to ſay, I *was* your *child*, I *am* your *boy*, and *ſhall ever be* your *ſon*." But *ſon* not being firſt mentioned, but placed in the middle member of the ſentence, there is no ground for ſuppoſing ſuch an inverſion intended by our author. Beſides; if Launcelot is to be ſeriouſly defended, what would his father learn, by being told that *he* who was his *child*, ſhall be his *ſon?* MALONE.

Launcelot may mean, that he ſhall hereafter prove his claim to the title of child, by his dutiful behaviour. Thus ſays the Prince of Wales in King Henry IV; I will redeem my character;

"And, in the cloſing of ſome glorious day,
"Be bold to tell you, that *I am your ſon.*" STEEVENS.

but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and, I am ſure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be ſworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own fleſh and blood. Lord worſhipp'd might he be! what a beard haſt thou got! thou haſt got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my thill-horſe has on his tail. [8]

Laun. It ſhould ſeem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am ſure, he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I laſt ſaw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How doſt thou and thy maſter agree? I have brought him a preſent; How 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have ſet up my reſt to run away, ſo I will not reſt till I have run ſome ground: my maſter's a very Jew; Give him a preſent! give him a halter: I am famiſh'd in his ſervice; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your preſent to one maſter Baſſanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I ſerve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him father; for I am a Jew, if I ſerve the Jew any longer.

[8] ——*my* thill-horſe—] *Thill* or *fill*, means the ſhafts of a cart or waggon. So, in *A Woman never Vex'd*, 1632:

" ——I will
" Give you the fore-horſe place, and I will be
" I' the *fills*."

Again, in *Fortune by Land and Sea*, 1655, by Tho. Heywood and W. Rowley: " ——acquaint you with Jock the fore-horſe, and Fibb the *fil-horſe*," &c. Steevens.

All the ancient copies have *phil*-horſe, but no dictionary that I have met with acknowledges the word. It is, I am informed, a corruption uſed in ſome counties for the proper term, *thill*-horſe. Malone.

Enter BASSANIO, *with* LEONARDO, *and other followers.*

BASS. You may do ſo;—but let it be ſo haſted, that ſupper be ready at the fartheſt by five of the clock: See theſe letters deliver'd; put the liveries to making; and deſire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a* Servant.

LAUN. To him, father.

GOB. God bleſs your worſhip!

BASS. Gramercy; Would'ſt thou aught with me?

GOB. Here's my ſon, ſir, a poor boy,——

LAUN. Not a poor boy, ſir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, ſir, as my father ſhall ſpecify,——

GOB. He hath a great infection, ſir, as one would ſay, to ſerve——

LAUN. Indeed, the ſhort and the long is, I ſerve the Jew, and I have a deſire, as my father ſhall ſpecify,——

GOB. His maſter and he, (ſaving your worſhip's reverence,) are ſcarce cater-couſins:

LAUN. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cauſe me, as my father, being I hope an old man, ſhall frutify unto you,——

GOB. I have here a diſh of doves, that I would beſtow upon your worſhip; and my ſuit is,——

LAUN. In very brief, the ſuit is impertinent to myſelf, as your worſhip ſhall know by this honeſt old man; and, though I ſay it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

BASS. One ſpeak for both;—What would you?

LAUN. Serve you, ſir.

GOB. This is the very defect of the matter, ſir.

BASS. I know thee well, thou haſt obtain'd thy ſuit:
Shylock, thy maſter, ſpoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment,
To leave a rich Jew's ſervice, to become
The follower of ſo poor a gentleman.

LAUN. The old proverb is very well parted between my maſter Shylock and you, ſir; you have the grace of God, ſir, and he hath enough.

BASS. Thou ſpeak'ſt it well: Go, father, with thy ſon:—
Take leave of thy old maſter, and enquire
My lodging out:—Give him a livery
[*to his followers.*
More guarded[9] than his fellows': See it done.

LAUN. Father, in:—I cannot get a ſervice, no;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well; [*looking on his palm.*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to ſwear upon a book.[2]—I

[9] ——*more* guarded—] i. e. more ornamented. So, in *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599:
"*Piſton.* But is there no reward for my falſe dice?
"*Eraſtus.* Yes, ſir, a *guarded* ſuit from top to toe."
Again, in *Albumazar*, 1615:
"——turn my ploughboy Dick to two *guarded* footmen."
STEEVENS.

[2] *Well; if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to ſwear upon a book.*] *Table* is the palm of the hand extended. Launcelot congratulates himſelf upon his dexterity and good fortune, and, in the height of his rapture, inſpects his hand, and congratulates himſelf upon the felicities in his table. The act of expanding his hand puts him in mind of the action in which the palm is ſhown, by raiſing it to lay it on the book, in judicial atteſtations. *Well*, ſays he, *if any man in Italy have a fairer table, that doth offer to ſwear upon a book*——Here he ſtops with an abruptneſs very common, and proceeds to particulars. JOHNSON.

ſhall have good fortune;[3] Go to, here's a ſimple line of life! here's a ſmall triſle of wives: Alas,

Dr. Johoſon's explauation thus far appears to me perfectly juſt. Io ſupport of it, it ſhould be remembered, that *which* is frequently uſed by our author and his cuntemporaries, for the perſonal pronoun, *who*. It is ſtill ſo uſed in our Liturgy. In *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Mrs. Quickly addreſſes Fentou in the ſame language as is here uſed by Launcelot:—"I'll be *ſworn on a book* ſhe loves you:" a vulgariſm that is now ſuperſeded by aoother of the ſame import—"I'll take my bible-oath of it." MALONE.

Without examining the expoſitioos of this paſſage, given by the three learned annotators, [Mr. T. Dr. W. and Dr. J.] I ſhall briefly ſet dnwn what appears to me to be the whole meaning of it. Launcelot, applauding himſelf for his ſucceſs with Baſſanio, and looking ioto the palm of his hand, which by fortune-tellers is called *the table*, breaks out into the fnllowing reflectioo: *Well: if any man im Italy have a fairer table; which doth offer to ſwear upon a book, I ſhall have good fortune*—i. e. a table, *which doth* (oot nnly *promiſe*, but) *offer to ſwear* (and to ſwear *upon a book* too) that *I ſhall have good fortune*.—(He omits the concluſion of the ſentence which might have been) *I am much miſtaken*; or, *I'll be hanged*, &c. TYRWHITT.

[3] *I ſhall have good fortune;*] The whole difficulty of this paſſage (coneerning which there is a great difference of opinion among the commeutators) aroſe, as I conceive, from a word being omitted by the cnmpoſitor or tranſcriber. I am perſuaded the author wrote—I ſhall have *no* gond fortune. Theſe words, are not, I believe, conoected with what goes before, but with what follows; and begin a new ſentence. Shakſpeare, I think, meant, that Launcelot, after this abrupt ſpeech—*Well; if any man* that *offers to ſwear upon a book, has a fairer table than mine*—[I am much miſtaken:] ſhould prnceed in the ſame manoer in which he begao:—I ſhall have *no* gond fortune; gn to; here's a *ſimple* lioe of life!" &c. So before: "I can*not* get a ſervice, *no*;—I have *ne'er* a tongue io my head." And afterwards: "Alas! fifteen wives is *nothing*." The Nurſe, in *Romeo and Juliet*, expreſſes herſelf exactly in the ſame ſtyle: "Well, yoo have made a *ſimple* chnice; you know *not* how to chooſe a man; Romeo? *no*, *not* he;—he is *not* the flower of courteſy," &c. So alſo, in *K. Henry IV.* "Here's *no* fiue villaioy!" Again, more appoſitely, in the aoonymous plav of *K. Henry V:* "Ha! me have *no* good luck." Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:* "We are *ſimple* men; we dn *not* know what's brought about under the profeſſion of fortune-telling."

Almoſt every paſſage in theſe plays, in which the feoſe is abruptly brokeo off, as I have more than once obſerved, hai beeo corrupted.

fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a ſimple coming-in for one man: and then, to 'ſcape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed;[3]—here are ſimple 'ſcapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, ſhe's a good wench for this geer.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. [*Exeunt* LAUNCELOT *and old* GOBBO.

BASS. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this;
Theſe things being bought, and orderly beſtow'd,
Return in haſte, for I do feaſt to-night
My beſt eſteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.

LEON. My beſt endeavours ſhall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

GRA. Where is your maſter?

LEON. Yonder, ſir, he walks.
[*Exit* LEONARDO.

GRA. Signior Baſſanio,——

BASS. Gratiano!

It is not without ſome reluctance that I have excluded this emendation from a place in the text. Had it been propoſed by any former editor or commentator, I ſhould certainly have adopted it; being convinced that it is juſt. But the danger of innovation is ſo great, and partiality to our own conceptions ſo deluſive, that it becomes every editor to diſtruſt his own emendations; and I am particularly inclined to do ſo in the preſent inſtance, in which I happen to differ from that moſt reſpectable and judicious critick, whoſe name is ſubjoined to the preceding note. According to his idea, the mark of an abrupt ſentence ſhould not be after the word *book*, but *fortune*.
MALONE.

3 —— *in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed;*] A cant phraſe to ſignify the danger of marrying.—— A certain French writer uſes the ſame kind of figure, "*O mon Ami, j'aimerois mieux être tombé ſur la pointe d'un oreiller, & m'être rompu le cou.*" —
WARBURTON.

GRA. I have a ſuit to you.
BASS. You have obtain'd it.
GRA. You muſt not deny me; I muſt go with you to Belmont.
BASS. Why, then you muſt;—But hear thee, Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in ſuch eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they ſhow
Something too liberal;[3]—pray thee, take pain
To allay with ſome cold drops of modeſty
Thy ſkipping ſpirit;[4] leſt, through thy wild behaviour,
I be miſconſtrued in the place I go to,
And looſe my hopes.
GRA. Signior Baſſanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a ſober habit,
Talk with reſpect, and ſwear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is ſaying, hood mine eyes[5]
Thus with my hat, and ſigh, and ſay, amen;
Uſe all the obſervance of civility,
Like one well ſtudied in a ſad oſtent[6]

[3] *Something too liberal;*] Liberal I have already ſhown to be mean, groſs, coarſe, licentious. JOHNSON.
So, in *Othello:* "Is he not a moſt profane and *liberal* counſellor? STEEVENS.

[4] —— *allay with ſome cold drops of modeſty*
Thy ſkipping ſpirit;] So, in *Hamlet:*
"Upon the heat and flame of thy diſtemper
"Sprinkle cool patience." STEEVENS.

[5] —— hood *mine eyes*—] Alluding to the manner of covering a hawk's eyes. So, in *The Tragedy of Cæſus*, 1604:
"And like a *hooded* hawk," &c. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *ſad oſtent*—] Grave appearance; ſhow of ſtaid and ſerious behaviour. JOHNSON.

To pleaſe his grandam, never truſt me more.
BASS. Well, we ſhall ſee your bearing. [7]
GRA. Nay, but I bar to-night; you ſhall not gage me
By what we do to-night.
BASS. No, that were pity;
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldeſt ſuit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpoſe merriment: But fare you well,
I have ſome buſineſs.
GRA. And I muſt to Lorenzo, and the reſt;
But we will viſit you at ſupper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Room in Shylock's *Houſe.*

Enter JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT.

JES. I am ſorry, thou wilt leave my father ſo;
Our houſe is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didſt rob it of ſome taſte of tedioufneſs:
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, ſoon at ſupper ſhalt thou ſee

Oſtent is a word very commonly uſed for *ſhow* among the old dramatick writers, So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:
"—— you in thoſe times
"Did not affect *oſtent.*"
Again, in Chapman's tranſlation of *Homer*, edit. 1598, B. VI:
"—— did bloodie vapours raine
"For *ſad oſtent*," &c. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *your* bearing.] *Bearing* is carriage, deportment. So, in *Twelfth-Night:*
"Take and give back affairs, and their deſpatch,
"With ſuch a ſmooth, diſcreet, and ſtable *bearing.*"
STEEVENS.

Lorenzo, who is thy new maſter's gueſt:
Give him this letter; do it ſecretly,
And ſo farewel; I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

LAUN. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—
Moſt beautiful pagan,—moſt ſweet Jew! If a Chriſtian do not play the knave, and get thee,[8] I am much deceived: But, adieu! theſe fooliſh drops do ſomewhat drown my manly ſpirit; adieu! [*Exit.*

JES. Farewel, good Launcelot.—
Alack, what heinous ſin is it in me,
To be aſham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promiſe, I ſhall end this ſtrife;
Become a Chriſtian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame. A Street.

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

LOR. Nay, we will ſlink away in ſupper-time;
Diſguiſe us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

[8] —— *and* get *thee,*] I ſuſpect that the waggiſh Launcelot deſigned this for a broken ſentence — "and get thee"—implying, *get thee with child.* Mr. Malone, however, ſuppoſes him to mean only —*carry thee away from thy father's houſe.* STEEVENS.

I ſhould not have attempted to explain ſo eaſy a paſſage, if the ignorant editor of the ſecond folio, thinking probably that the word *get* muſt neceſſarily mean *beget*, had not altered the text, and ſubſtituted *did* in the place of *do*, the reading of all the old and authentick editions; in which he has been copied by every ſubſequent

GRA. We have not made good preparation.
SALAR. We have not ſpoke us yet of torch-bearers. [9]
SALAN. 'Tis vile, unleſs it may be quaintly order'd;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.
LOR. 'Tis now but four a-clock; we have two hours
To furniſh us:—

Enter LAUNCELOT, *with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?
LAUN. An it ſhall pleaſe you to break up this, [a] it ſhall ſeem to ſignify.
LOR. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.
GRA. Love-news, in faith.
LAUN. By your leave, ſir.

editor. Launcelot is not talking about Jeſſica's father, but about her future huſband. I am aware that, in a ſubſequent ſcene, he ſays to Jeſſica, "Marry, you may partly hope your *father got you not;*" but he is now on another ſubject. MALONE.

From the general cenſure expreſſed in the preceding note I take leave to except Mr. Reed; who, by following the firſt folio was no ſharer in the inexpiable guilt of the ſecond. STEEVENS.

9 —— *torch-bearers.*] See the note in *Romeo and Juliet*, A& I. ſc. iv. We have not *ſpoke us yet*, &c. i. e. *we have not yet beſpoke us*, &e. Thus the old copies. It may, however, mean, we have not as yet conſulted on the ſubject of torch-bearers. Mr. Pope reads — "ſpoke *as yet.*" STEEVENS.

a ——— to break up *this,*] To *break up* was a term in carving. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, A& III. ſc. i:

"—— Boyet, you can carve;
"*Break up* this capon."

See the note on this paſſage. STEEVENS.

LOR. Whither goeſt thou?

LAUN. Marry, ſir, to bid my old maſter the Jew to ſup to night with my new maſter the Chriſtian.

LOR. Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jeſſica, I will not fail her;—ſpeak it privately; go.—
Gentlemen, [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.
Will you prepare you for this maſque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

SALAR. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it ſtraight.

SALAN. And ſo will I.

LOR. Meet me, and Gratiano,
At Gratiano's lodging ſome hour hence.

SALAR. 'Tis good we do ſo.

[*Exeunt* SALAR. *and* SALAN.

GRA. Was not that letter from fair Jeſſica?

LOR. I muſt needs tell thee all: She hath directed,
How I ſhall take her from her father's houſe;
What gold, and jewels, ſhe is furniſh'd with;
What page's ſuit ſhe hath in readineſs.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's ſake:
And never dare misfortune croſs her foot,
Unleſs ſhe do it under this excuſe,—
That ſhe is iſſue to a faithleſs Jew.
Come, go with me; peruſe this, as thou goeſt:
Fair Jeſſica ſhall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The ſame. Before Shylock's *Houſe.*

Enter SHYLOCK *and* LAUNCELOT.

SHY. Well, thou ſhalt ſee, thy eyes ſhall be thy judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Baſſanio:—
What, Jeſſica!—thou ſhalt not gormandize,
As thou haſt done with me;—What, Jeſſica!
And ſleep and ſnore, and rend apparel out;—
Why, Jeſſica, I ſay!

LAUN. Why, Jeſſica!

SHY. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

LAUN. Your worſhip was wont to tell me, I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

JES. Call you? What is your will?

SHY. I am bid forth[2] to ſupper, Jeſſica;
There are my keys:—But wherefore ſhould I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Chriſtian.[3]—Jeſſica, my girl,
Look to my houſe:—I am right loth to go;
There is ſome ill a brewing towards my reſt,
For I did dream of money-bags to night.

LAUN. I beſeech you, ſir, go; my young maſter doth expect your reproach.

SHY. So do I his.

LAUN. And they have conſpired together,—I will not ſay, you ſhall ſee a maſque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a

[2] *I am* bid *forth*——] I am invited. To *bid* in old language meant to *pray*. MALONE.

[3] ——*to feed upon*
The prodigal Chriſtian.] Shylock forgets his reſolution. In a former ſcene he declares he will neither *eat*, *drink*, nor *pray* with Chriſtians. Of this circumſtance the poet was aware, and meant only to heighten the malignity of the character, by making him depart from his moſt ſettled reſolve, for the proſecution of his revenge. STEEVENS.

bleeding on Black-Monday laſt,[4] at ſix o'clock i'the morning, falling out that year on Aſh-wedneſday was four year in the afternoon.

SHY. What! are there maſques? Hear you me Jeſſica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neck'd fife,[5]
Clamber not you up to the caſements then,
Nor thruſt your head into the publick ſtreet,
To gaze on Chriſtian fools with varniſh'd faces:
But ſtop my houſe's ears, I mean, my caſements;
Let not the ſound of ſhallow foppery enter
My ſober houſe.—By Jacob's ſtaff, I ſwear,
I have no mind of feaſting forth to-night:
But I will go.—Go you before me, ſirrah;

4 ——*then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a bleeding on* Black-Monday *laſt*] "*Black-Monday* is *Eaſter-Monday*, and was ſo called on this occaſion: in the 34th of Edward III. (1360) the 14th of April, and the morrow after Eaſter-day, king Edward, with his hoſt, lay before the city of Paris; which day was full dark of miſt and hail, and ſo bitter cold, that many men died on their horſes' backs with the cold. Wherefore, unto this day, it hath been called the *Blacke-Monday*." Stowe, p. 264—6. GREY.

It appears from a paſſage in Lodge's *Roſalynde*, 1592, that ſome ſuperſtitious belief was annexed to the accident of *bleeding at the noſe:* "As he ſtood gazing, *his noſe on a ſudden bled*, which made him conjecture it was ſome friend of his." STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Dutcheſs of Malfy*, 1640, Act I. ſc. ii:

"How ſuperſtitiouſly we mind our evils?
"The throwing downe ſalt, or eroſſing of a hare,
"*Bleeding at noſe*, the ſtumbling of a horſe,
"Or ſinging of a ereket, are of power
"To daunt whole man in us."

Again, Act I. ſc. iii:

"*My noſe bleeds.* One that was ſuperſtitious would count this ominous, when it merely comes by chance." REED.

5 *Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,*
And the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neck'd fife,]
Primâ noctè domum claude; neque in vias
Sub cantu querulæ deſpice tibiæ. *Hor.* Lib. III. Od. vii.
MALONE.

Say, I will come.
LAUN. I will go before, ſir.—
Miſtreſs, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a Chriſtian by,
Will be worth a Jeweſs' eye. [6] [*Exit* LAUN.
SHY. What ſays that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?
JES. His words were, Farewel, miſtreſs; nothing elſe.
SHY. The patch is kind enough; [7] but a huge feeder,
Snail-ſlow in profit, and he ſleeps by day
More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waſte
His borrow'd purſe.—Well, Jeſſica, go in;
Perhaps, I will return immediately;
Do, as I bid you,
Shut doors [8] after you: Faſt bind, faſt find;
A proverb never ſtale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*
JES. Farewel; and if my fortune be not croſt,
I have a father, you a daughter, loſt. [*Exit.*

6 *There will come a Chriſtian by,*
Will be worth a Jeweſs' eye.] *It's worth a Jew's eye*, is a proverbial phraſe. WHALLEY.

7 *The* patch *is kind enough;*] This term ſhould ſeem to have come into uſe from the name of a celebrated fool. This I learn from Wilſon's *Art of Rhetorique*, 1553: "A word-making, called of the Grecians Onomatopeia, is when we make words of our own mind, ſuch as be derived from the nature of things;—as to call one *Patche*, or Cowlſon, whom we ſee to do a thing fooliſhly; becauſe theſe two in their time were notable fools."
Probably the dreſs which the celebrated *Patche* wore, was, in alluſion to his name, patched or parti-coloured. Hence the ſtage fool has ever ſince been exhibited in a motley coat. *Patche*, of whom Wilſon ſpeaks, was Cardinal Wolſey's fool. MALONE.

8 *Shut* doors—]. *Doors* is here uſed as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

SCENE VI.

The ſame.

Enter GRATIANO, *and* SALARINO, *maſqued.*

GRA. This is the pent-houſe, under which Lorenzo
Deſir'd us to make ſtand. [8]
SALAR. His hour is almoſt paſt.
GRA. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.
SALAR. O, ten times faſter Venus' pigeons fly [9]
To ſeal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!
GRA. That ever holds: Who riſeth from a feaſt,
With that keen appetite that he ſits down?
Where is the horſe, that doth untread again
His tedious meaſures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them firſt? All things that are,
Are with more ſpirit chaſed than enjoy'd.
How like a younker, [2] or a prodigal,

[8] *Deſir'd us* to make *ſtand.*] *Deſir'd us ſtand*, in ancient elliptical language, ſignifies — deſired us *to* ſtand. The words — *to make*, are an evident interpolation, and conſequently ſpoil the meaſure. STEEVENS.

[9] *O, ten times faſter Venus'* pigeons *fly* —] Lovers have in poetry been always called *Turtles* or *Doves*, which in lower language may be pigeons. JOHNSON.

[2] —— *a* younker,] All the old copies read *a younker.* But Rowe's emendation may be juſtified by Falſtaff's queſtion in the firſt part of *K. Henry IV:* — "I'll not pay a denier. What will you make a *younker* of me?" STEEVENS.

How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The ſcarfed bark puts from her native bay, &c.] Mr. Gray (dropping the particularity of alluſion to the parable of the prodi-

The ſcarfed bark [3] puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the ſtrumpet wind! [4]
How like a prodigal doth ſhe return; [5]
With over-weather'd ribs, [6] and ragged ſails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the ſtrumpet wind!

Enter LORENZO.

SALAR. Here comes Lorenzo; — more of this hereafter.

LOR. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you ſhall pleaſe to play the thieves for wives,

gal) ſeems to have caught from this paſſage the imagery of the following:

" Fair laughs the morn, and ſoft the zephyr blows,
" While proudly ridiog o'er the azure realm
" In gallaot trim the gilded veſſel goes;
" Youth oo the Prow, and Pleaſure at the helm;
" Regardleſs of the ſweeping whirlwind's ſway,
" That huſh'd in grim repoſe, expects his eveniog-prey."

The *grim-repoſe* however, was ſuggeſted by Thomſoo's

" —deep fermenting tempeſt brew'd
" In the *grim* eveoiog ſky." HENLEY.

3 ——ſcarfed *bark*——] i. e. the veſſel decorated with flags. So, io *All's well that ends well:*] " Yet the *ſcarfs* and the banerets about thee, did manifoldly diſſuade me from believing thee a *veſſel* of too great burdeo." STEEVENS.

4 —— *embraced by the ſtrumpet wind!*] So, in *Othello:*
" The bawdy wind, that kiſſes all it meets." MALONE.

5 —— *doth* ſhe *return;*] Surely the bark ought to be of the *maſculine* geoder, otherwiſe the alluſioo waots ſomewhat of propriety. This indiſcriminate uſe of the perſooal for the neuter, at leaſt obſcures the paſſage. A ſhip, however, is commooly ſpokeo of in the feminioe geoder. STEEVENS.

6 *With over*-weather'd *ribs,*] Thus both the quartos. The folio has over-*wither'd.* MALONE.

I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach ;[1]
Here dwells my father Jew :—Ho! who's within?

Enter JESSICA *above, in boy's clothes.*

JES. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll ſwear that I do know your tongue.
LOR. Lorenzo, and thy love.
JES. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;
For who love I ſo much? And now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?
LOR. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witneſs that thou art.
JES. Here, catch this caſket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much aſham'd of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot ſee
The pretty follies that themſelves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himſelf would bluſh
To ſee me thus transformed to a boy.
LOR. Deſcend, for you muſt be my torch-bearer.
JES. What, muſt I hold a candle to my ſhames?
They in themſelves, good ſooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of diſcovery, love;
And I ſhould be obſcur'd.
LOR. So are you, ſweet,
Even in the lovely garniſh of a boy.
But come at once;
For the cloſe night doth play the run-away,
And we are ſtaid for at Baſſanio's feaſt.

[1] *I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;*] Read, with a ſlight variation from Sir T. Hanmer:

"I'll watch as long for you. *Come* then, approach."

RITSON.

JES. I will make faſt the doors, and gild myſelf
With ſome more ducats, and be with you ſtraight.
[*Exit, from above.*

GRA. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.[6]

LOR. Beſhrew me, but I love her heartily:
For ſhe is wiſe, if I can judge of her;
And fair ſhe is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true ſhe is, as ſhe hath prov'd herſelf;
And therefore, like herſelf, wiſe, fair, and true,
Shall ſhe be placed in my conſtant ſoul,

Enter JESSICA, *below.*

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our maſquing mates by this time for us ſtay.
[*Exit, with* JESSICA *and* SALARINO.

Enter ANTONIO.

ANT. Who's there?

GRA. Signior Antonio?

ANT. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the reſt?
'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all ſtay for you:—

[6] *Now, by my* hood, *a* Gentile, *and no Jew.*] A jeſt ariſing from the ambiguity of *Gentile*, which ſignifies both a *Heathen*, and *one well born.* JOHNSON.

So at the concluſion of the firſt part of *Jeronimo*, &c. 1605:

" —— So, good night kind *gentles*,
" For I hope there's never a *Jew* among you all."

Again, in *Sweetnam Arraign'd*, 1620:

" Joſeph the *Jew* was a better *Gentile* far." STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon rightly explains this. There is an old book by one Ellis, entitled, " The *Gentile Sinner*, or *England's brave Gentleman.*" FARMER.

To underſtand Gratiano's oath, it ſhould be recollected that he is in a maſqued habit, to which it is probable that formerly, as at preſent, a large cape or *hood* was affixed. MALONE.

Gratiano alludes to the practice of friars, who frequently ſwore by this part of their habit. STEEVENS.

No maſque to-night; the wind is come about,
Baſſanio preſently will go aboard:
I have ſent twenty out to ſeek for you.

GRA. I am glad on't; I deſire no more delight,
Than to be under ſail, and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *Houſe.*

Flouriſh of Cornets. Enter PORTIA, *with the Prince of* Morocco, *and both their trains.*

POR. Go, draw aſide the curtains, and diſcover
The ſeveral caſkets to this noble prince:—
Now make your choice.

MOR. The firſt, of gold, who this inſcription bears;—
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.
The ſecond, ſilver, which this promiſe carries;—
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt;[7]—
Who chooſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
How ſhall I know if I do chooſe the right?

POR. The one of them contains my picture, prince;
If you chooſe that, then I am yours withal.

MOR. Some god direct my judgment! Let me ſee,
I will ſurvey the inſcriptions back again:
What ſays this leaden caſket?
Who chooſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
Muſt give—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This caſket threatens: Men, that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:

7 —— *as blunt;*] That is, as groſs as the dull metal. JOHNSON.

A golden mind ſtoops not to ſhows of droſs;
I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.
What ſays the ſilver, with her virgin hue?
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.
As much as he deſerves?—Pauſe there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'ſt rated by thy eſtimation,
Thou doſt deſerve enough; and yet enough
May not extend ſo far as to the lady;
And yet to be afeard of my deſerving,
Were but a weak diſabling of myſelf.
As much as I deſerve!—Why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deſerve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But, more than theſe, in love I do deſerve.
What if I ſtray'd no further, but choſe here?—
Let's ſee once more this ſaying grav'd in gold.
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.
Why, that's the lady; all the world deſires her:
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiſs this ſhrine, this mortal breathing ſaint.
The Hyrcanian deſerts, and the vaſty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watry kingdom, whoſe ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To ſtop the foreign ſpirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to ſee fair Portia.
One of theſe three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like, that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation,
To think ſo baſe a thought; it were too groſs
To rib[8] her cerecloth in the obſcure grave.

[8] *To* rib ——] i. e. incloſe, as the ribs incloſe the viſcera. So, in *Cymbeline:*

" —— *ribb'd* and paled in
" With rocks unſcaleable, and roaring waters." STEEVENS.

Or ſhall I think, in ſilver ſhe's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalued to try'd gold?
O ſinful thought! Never ſo rich a gem
Was ſet in worſe than gold. They have in England
A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold; but that's inſculp'd upon;[8]
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;
Here do I chooſe, and thrive I as I may!

POR. There, take it, prince, and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden caſket.*

MOR. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whoſe empty eye
There is a written ſcroll? I'll read the writing.

All that gliſters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath ſold,
But my outſide to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.[9]

[8] —— inſculp'd upon;] To *inſculp* is to engrave. So, in a comedy called *A new Wonder, a Woman never Vex'd*, 1632:

" ———— in golden text
" Shall be *inſculp'd* ——" STEEVENS.

The meaning is that the figure of the angel is raiſed or emboſſed on the coin, not engraved on it. TUTET.

[9] *Gilded* tombs *do worms infold.*] In all the old editions this line is written thus:

Gilded timber *do worms infold.*

From which Mr. Rowe and all the following editors have made;

Gilded wood *may worms infold.*

A line not bad in itſelf, but not ſo applicable to the occaſion as that which, I believe, Shakſpeare wrote:

Gilded tombs *do worms infold.*

A tomb is the proper repoſitory of a *death's-head.* JOHNSON.

Had you been as wiſe as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgement old,
Your anſwer had not been inſcrol'd:[2]
Fare you well; your ſuit is cold.

Cold, indeed; and labour loſt:
Then, farewell, heat; and, welcome, froſt.—
Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus loſers part. [*Exit.*

Por. A gentle riddance!——Draw the curtains, go;——
Let all of his complexion chooſe me ſo.[3] [*Exeunt.*

The thought might have been ſuggeſted by Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book I:

"But *gold* can *guild* a *rotten piece of wood.*" STEEVENS.

Tombes (for ſuch was the old ſpelling) and *timber* were eaſily confounded. Yet perhaps the old reading may be right. The conſtruction may be—Worms do infold gilded timber. This, however, is very harſh, and the ear is offended. In a poem entitled, *Of the Silke Wormes and their flies*, 4to. 1599, is this line:

"Before thou waſt, were *timber-worms* in price." MALONE.

More than the ear, I think, would be offended on this occaſion: for how is it poſſible for worms live bred within timber, to *infold* it? STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon's emendation is ſupported by Shakſpeare's 101ſt Sonnet:

"——it lies in thee
"To make thee much out-live a *gilded tomb.*" MALONE.

[2] Your *anſwer had not been* inſcrol'd:] Since there is an anſwer *inſcrol'd* or written in every caſket, I believe for *your* we ſhould read—*this*. When the words were written y^r and y^t, the miſtake was eaſy. JOHNSON.

[3] —*chooſe me ſo.*] The old quarto editions of 1600 have no diſtribution of acts, but proceed from the beginning to the end in an unbroken tenour. This play, therefore, having been probably divided without authority by the publiſhers of the firſt folio, lies open to a new regulation, if any more commodious diviſion can be propoſed. The ſtory is itſelf ſo wildly incredible, and the changes of the ſcene ſo frequent and capricious, that the probability of action does not deſerve much care; yet it may be proper to obſerve, that, by concluding the ſecond act here, time is given for Baſſanio's paſſage to Belmont. JOHNSON.

SCENE VIII.

Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SALARINO *and* SALANIO.

SALAR. Why man, I ſaw Baſſanio under ſail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And their ſhip, I am ſure, Lorenzo is not.
SALAN. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke;
Who went with him to ſearch Baſſanio's ſhip.
SALAR. He came too late, the ſhip was under ſail:
But there the duke was given to underſtand,
That in a gondola were ſeen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jeſſica:
Beſides, Antonio certify'd the duke,
They were not with Baſſanio in his ſhip.
SALAN. I never heard a paſſion ſo confus'd,
So ſtrange, outrageous, and ſo variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the ſtreets:
My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Fled with a Chriſtian?—O my chriſtian ducats!—
Juſtice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A ſealed bag, two ſealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats ſtol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels; two ſtones, two rich and precious ſtones,
Stol'n by my daughter! Juſtice! find the girl!
She hath the ſtones upon her, and the ducats!
SALAR. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his ſtones, his daughter, and his ducats.
SALAN. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he ſhall pay for this.
SALAR. Marry, well remember'd:

I reaſon'd with a Frenchman yeſterday;[4]
Who told me, in the narrow ſeas, that part
The French and Engliſh, there miſcarried
A veſſel of our country, richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio, when he told me;
And wiſh'd in ſilence, that it were not his.

SALAN. You were beſt to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not ſuddenly, for it may grieve him.

SALAR. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I ſaw Baſſanio and Antonio part:
Baſſanio told him, he would make ſome ſpeed
Of his return; he anſwer'd *Do not ſo,*
Slubber not[5] *buſineſs for my ſake, Baſſanio,*
But ſtay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:[6]
Be merry; and employ your chieſeſt thoughts
To courtſhip, and ſuch fair oſtents of love
As ſhall conveniently become you there:

[4] *I* reaſon'd *with a Frenchman yeſterday;*] i. e. I converſed. So, in *King John:*

" Our griefs, and not our manners *reaſon* now."

Again, in Capman's Tranſlation of the fourth book of the *Odyſſey:*

" The morning ſhall yield time to you and me,
" To do what fits, and *reaſon* mutually." STEEVENS.

The Italian *ragionare* is uſed in the ſame ſenſe. M. MASON.

[5] Slubber *not*——] To *ſlubber* is to do any thing careleſsly, imperfectly. So, in Naſh's *Lenten Stuff*, 1599:

" —— they *ſlubber'd* thee over ſo negligently."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money:*

" I am as haſte ordain'd me, a thing *ſlubber'd.*"

STEEVENS.

[6] —— *your* mind *of* love.] So all the copies, but I ſuſpect ſome corruption. JOHNSON.

This imaginary corruption is removed by only putting a comma after *mind.* LANGTON.

And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,[7]
And with affection wondrous ſenſible
He wrung Baſſanio's hand, and ſo they parted.

SALAN. I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heavineſs[8]
With ſome delight or other.

SALAR. Do we ſo. [*Exeunt.*

Of love, is an adjuration ſometimes uſed by Shakſpeare. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act II. ſc. vii:

"*Quick.* ——deſires you to ſend her your little page, of *all loves:*" i. e. ſhe deſires you to ſend him *by all means.*

Your mind of love may, however, in this inſtance, mean—*your loving mind.* So, in the *Tragedie of Craſus*, 1604: "A *mind of treaſon* is a *treaſonable mind.*

"Thoſe that ſpeak freely, have no *mind of treaſon.*"

STEEVENS.

If the phraſe is to be underſtood in the former ſenſe, there ſhould be a comma after *mind*, as Mr. Langton and Mr. Heath have obſerved. MALONE.

7 *And even there, his eye being big with tears,*
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him, &c.] So curious an obſerver of nature was our author, and ſo minutely had he traced the operation of the paſſions, that many paſſages of his works might furniſh hints to painters. It is indeed ſurprizing that they do not ſtudy his plays with this view. In the paſſage before us, we have the outline of a beautiful picture. MALONE.

8 ——embraced *heavineſs*—] The heavineſs which he indulges, and is fond of. ENWARDS.

When I thought the paſſage corrupted, it ſeemed to me not improbable that Shakſpeare had written—*entranced heavineſs*, muſing, abſtracted, moping melancholy. But I know not why any great efforts ſhould be made to change a word which has no incommodious or unuſual ſenſe. We ſay of a man now, *that he* hugs *his ſorrows*, and why might not Antonio *embrace heavineſs?* JOHNSON.

So, in *Much ado about Nothing*, ſc. i:

"You *embrace* your charge too willingly."

Again, in this play of *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III. ſc. ii:

"——doubtful thoughts, and raſh-*embrac'd* deſpair."

STEEVENS.

SCENE IX.

Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *Houſe.*

Enter NERISSA, *with a Servant.*

NER. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain[9] ſtraight;
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election preſently.

Flouriſh of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon, PORTIA, *and their trains.*

POR. Behold, there ſtand the caſkets, noble prince:
If you chooſe that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight ſhall our nuptial rites be ſolemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more ſpeech, my lord,
You muſt be gone from hence immediately.

AR. I am enjoin'd by oath to obſerve three things:
Firſt, never to unfold to any one
Which caſket 'twas I choſe; next, if I fail
Of the right caſket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; laſtly
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

POR. To theſe injunctions every one doth ſwear,
That comes to hazard for my worthleſs ſelf.

AR. And ſo have I addreſs'd me:[a] Fortune now
To my heart's hope! Gold, ſilver, and baſe lead.

[9] ——draw *the curtain*——] i. e. draw it open. So, in an old ſtage-direction in *King Henry VIII:* "The king *draws* the curtain, and ſits reading penſively." STEEVENS.

[a] *And ſo have I* addreſs'd *me:*] To *addreſs* is to *prepare.* The meaning is, I have prepared myſelf by the ſame ceremonies. So, in *All's well that ends well:* "Do you think he will make no deed of all this, that ſo ſeriouſly he doth *addreſs* himſelf unto?" STEEVENS.

Who chooſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath:
You ſhall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What ſays the golden cheſt? ha! let me ſee:
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.
What many men deſire. That many may be meant[9]
By the fool multitude,[a] that chooſe by ſhow,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,

I believe we ſhould read:

"And ſo have I. *Addreſs* me, Fortune, now,
"To my heart's hope!"

So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act III. ſcene the laſt, Falſtaff ſays, "————I will then *addreſs me to* my appointment." TYRWHITT.

9 —*That* many *may be meant*——] The repetition of *many* is a mere blunder. It is unneceſſary to the ſenſe, and deſtroys the meaſure. RITSON.

a ——*That many may be meant*

By *the fool multitude*,] i. e. By that many may be meant the fooliſh multitude, &c. The fourth folio firſt introduced a phraſeology more agreeable to our ears at preſent.—"*Of* the fool multitude,"—which has been adopted by all the ſubſequent editors;—but change merely for the ſake of elegance is always dangerous. Many modes of ſpeech were familiar in Shakſpeare's age, that are now no longer uſed.

So, in Plutarch's Life of Cæſar, as tranſlated by North, 1575: "—he anſwered, that theſe fat long-heared men made him not afrayed, but the lean and whitely-faced fellows; *meaning that by* Brutus and Caſſius." i. e. meaning by that, &c. Again, in Sir Thomas More's Life of Edward the Fifth;—Holinſhed, p. 1374: "—that *meant he by the lordes* of the queenes kindred that were taken before," i. e. by that he meant the lords, &c. Again, *ibidem*, p. 1371: "My lord, quoth lord Haſtings, on my life, never doubt you; for while one man is there,—never can there be, &c. This *meant he by Cateſby*, which was of his near ſecrete counſaile." i. e. by this he meant Cateſby, &c.

Again, Puttenham in his *Arte of Engliſh Poeſie*, 1589, p. 157, after citing ſome enigmatical verſes, adds, "—the good old gentleman would tell us that were children, how *it was meant by* a furr'd glove." i. e. a furr'd glove was meant by it,—i. e. by the enigma. Again *ibidem*, p. 161: "Any ſimple judgement might eaſily perceive *by whom it was meant*, that is, by lady Elizabeth, queene of England." MALONE.

Even in the force [3] and road of caſualty.
I will not chooſe what many men deſire,
Becauſe I will not jump [4] with common ſpirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou ſilver treaſure-houſe;
Tell me once more what title thou doſt bear:
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves;
And well ſaid too; For who ſhall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the ſtamp of merit! Let none preſume
To wear an undeſerved dignity.
O, that eſtates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then ſhould cover, that ſtand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low peaſantry would then be glean'd
From the true ſeed of honour? [5] and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varniſh'd? [6] Well, but to my choice:

[3] —— *in the force* —] i. e. the power. So, in *Much ado about Nothing:* "— in the *force* of his will." STEEVENS.

[4] —— jump —] i. e. agree with. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I. "—— and in ſome ſort it *jumps* with my humour." STEEVENS.

[5] *How much low peaſantry would then be* glean'd
From the true ſeed of honour?] The meaning is, *How much meanneſs would be found among the great, and how much greatneſs among the mean.* But ſince men are always ſaid to *glean* corn though they may *pick* chaff, the ſentence had been more agreeable to the common manner of ſpeech if it had been written thus:

How much low peaſantry would then be pick'd
From the true ſeed of honour? how much honour
Glean'd *from the chaff?* JOHNSON.

[6] —— *how much honour*
Pick'd *from the* chaff *and ruin of the times,*
To be new varniſh'd;] This confuſion and mixture of the *metaphors*, makes me think that Shakſpeare wrote,

To be new vanned. ——

i. e. winnow'd, purged, from the French word, *vanner;* which

Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves:
I will aſſume deſert;—Give me a key for this,[5]
And inſtantly unlock my fortunes here.

POR. Too long a pauſe for that which you find there.

AR. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Preſenting me a ſchedule? I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia?
How much unlike my hopes, and my deſervings?
Who chooſeth me, ſhall have as much as he deſerves.
Did I deſerve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deſerts no better?

POR. To offend, and judge, are diſtinct offices,
And of oppoſed natures.

is derived from the Latin *vannus*, *ventilabrum*, the *fan* uſed for winnowing the chaff from the corn. This alteration reſtores the metaphor to its integrity: and our poet frequently uſes the ſame thought. So, in the ſecond Part of *Henry IV:*

" We ſhall be *winnow'd* with ſo rough a wind,
" That even our *corn* ſhall ſeem as light as *chaff*."

WARBURTON.

Shakſpeare is perpetually violating the integrity of his metaphors, and the emendation propoſed ſeems to me to be as faulty as unneceſſary; for what is already *ſelected from the chaff* needs not be new *vanned*. I wonder Dr. Warburton did not think of changing the word *ruin* into *rowing*, which in ſome counties of England, is uſed to ſignify the ſecond and inferior crop of graſs which is cut in autumn.

So, in one of our old pieces, of which I forgot to ſet down the name when I tranſcribed the following paſſage:

" — when we had taken the firſt crop, you might have then been bold to eat the *rowens*." The word occurs, however, both in the notes on *Tuſſer*, and in *Mortimer*. STEEVENS.

Steevens juſtly obſerves, that honour when picked from the chaff, could not require to be *new vanned;* but honour, mixed with the chaff and ruin of the times, might require to be *new varniſhed*.

M. MASON.

[5] *I will aſſume deſert; — Give me a key* for this,] The words — *for this*, which (as Mr. Ritſon obſerves) deſtroy the meaſure, ſhould be omitted. STEEVENS.

AR. What is here?
The fire ſeven times tried this;
Seven times tried that judgement is,
That did never chooſe amiſs:
Some there be, that ſhadows kiſs;
Such have but a ſhadow's bliſs:
There be fools alive, I wis, [6]
Silver'd o'er; and ſo was this.
Take what wife you will to bed, [7]
I will ever be your head:
So begone, ſir, [8] *you are ſped.*
Still more fool I ſhall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth. [9]

Exeunt Arragon *and train.*

POR. Thus hath the candle ſing'd the moth.
O theſe deliberate fools! when they do chooſe,
They have the wiſdom by their wit to loſe.

6 —— *I* wis,] I koow. *Wiſſen*, German. So, in *K. Henry VI*:
"I *wis* your grandame had no worſer match."
Again, in the comedy of king *Cambyſes*:
"Yea, I *wis*, ſhall you, and that with all ſpeed."
Sidney, *Aſcham* and *Waller* uſe the word. STEEVENS.

7 *Take what wife you will to bed,*] Perhaps the poet had forgotten that he who miſſed Portia was never to marry any woman.
JOHNSON.

8 *So begone*, ſir,] *Sir*, which is not in the old copies, was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecoond folio, for the ſake of the metre.
MALONE.

9 —— *to bear my* wroth.] The old editioos read —"to bear my *wroath*." *Wroath* is uſed in ſome of the old books for *misfortune*; and is often ſpelt like *ruth*, which at preſent ſignifies only *pity*, or *ſorrow for the miſeries of another*. Caxton's *Recuyell of the hiſtoryes of Troye*, &c. 1417, has frequent inſtaoces of *wroth*. The modern editors read — my *wrath*. STEEVENS.

NER. The ancient ſaying is no hereſy ;—
Hanging and wiving goes by deſtiny.
POR. Come, draw the curtain, Neriſſa.

Enter a Servant.

SERV. Where is my lady?
POR. Here; what would my lord?[8]
SERV. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To ſignify the approaching of his lord:
From whom he bringeth ſenſible regreets;[9]
To wit, beſides commends, and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not ſeen
So likely an embaſſador of love:
A day in April never came ſo ſweet,
To ſhow how coſtly ſummer was at hand,
As this fore-ſpurrer comes before his lord.
POR. No more, I pray thee; I am half afeard,
Thou wilt ſay anon, he is ſome kin to thee,
Thou ſpend'ſt ſuch high-day wit[10] in praiſing him.—
Come, come, Neriſſa; for I long to ſee
Quick Cupid's poſt, that comes ſo mannerly.
NER. Baſſanio, lord love, if thy will it be!

[*Exeunt.*

[8] POR. *Here; what would my lord?*] Would not this ſpeech to the ſervant be more proper in the mouth of *Neriſſa*? TYRWHITT.

[9] —— regreets;] i. e. ſalutations. So, in *K. John*, Act III. ſc. i:

"Unyoke this ſeizure, and this kind *regreet*."

STEEVENS.

[10] —— high-day *wit* ——] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: "—— he ſpeaks *holiday*." STEEVENS.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SALANIO *and* SALARINO.

SALAN. Now, what news on the Rialto?

SALAR. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Antonio hath a ſhip of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow ſeas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcaſes of many a tall ſhip lie buried, as they ſay, if my goſſip report be an honeſt woman of her word.

SALAN. I would ſhe were as lying a goſſip in that, as ever knapp'd ginger,[3] or made her neighbours believe ſhe wept for the death of a third huſband: But it is true, without any ſlips of prolixity, or croſſing the plain high-way of talk, that the good Antonio, the honeſt Antonio, O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!

SALAR. Come, the full ſtop.

SALAN. Ha,—what ſay'ſt thou? Why the end is, he hath loſt a ſhip.

SALAR. I would it might prove the end of his loſſes!

SALAN. Let me ſay amen betimes, leſt the devil croſs my prayer;[4] for here he comes in the likeneſs of a Jew.—

[3] —— knapp'd *ginger;*] To knap is to break ſhort. The word occurs in the *Common Prayer:* "He *knappeth* the ſpear in ſunder." STEEVENS.

[4] —— my *prayer;*] i. e. the prayer or wiſh, which you have juſt now uttered, and which I devoutly join in by ſaying amen to it. Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton unneceſſarily, I think, read — *thy* prayer.

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

SHY. You knew, none ſo well, none ſo well as you, of my daughter's flight.

SALAR. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings ſhe flew withal.

SALAN. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

SHY. She is damn'd for it.

SALAR. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

SHY. My own fleſh and blood to rebel!

SALAN. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at theſe years?

SHY. I ſay, my daughter is my fleſh and blood.

SALAR. There is more difference between thy fleſh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rheniſh: But tell us, do you hear, whether Antonio have had any loſs at ſea or no?

SHY. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal,[1] who dare ſcarce ſhow his head

The people pray as well as the prieſt, though the latter only pronounces the words, which the people make their own by ſaying *Amen* to them. It is, after this, needleſs to add, that the Devil (in the ſhape of a Jew) could not eroſs *Salarino's* prayer, which as far as it was ſingly his, was already ended. HEATH.

[1] —— *a bankrupt, a prodigal,*] This is ſpoke of Antonio. But why a prodigal? his friend Baſſanio indeed had been too liberal; and with this name the Jew honours him when he is going to ſup with him;

on the Rialto; a beggar, that uſed to come ſo ſmug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me uſurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Chriſtian courteſy;—let him look to his bond.

SALAR. Why, I am ſure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his fleſh; What's that good for?

SHY. To bait fiſh withal: if it will feed nothing elſe, it will feed my revenge. He hath diſgraced me, and hindered me of half a million; laughed at my loſſes, mocked at my gains, ſcorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reaſon? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimenſions, ſenſes, affections, paſſions? fed with the ſame food, hurt with the ſame weapons, ſubject to the ſame diſeaſes, healed by the ſame means, warmed and cooled by the ſame winter and ſummer, as a Chriſtian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? [6] if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if

—— *I'll go in hate to feed upon*
The *prodigal* Chriſtian ——

But Antonio was a plain, reſerved, parſimonious merchant; be aſſured therefore we ſhould read — *a bankrupt* FOR *a prodigal*, i. e. he is become bankrupt by ſupplying the extravagancies of his friend Baſſanio. WARBURTON.

There is no need of alteration. There could be, in Shylock's opinion, no prodigality more culpable than ſuch liberality as that by which a man expoſes himſelf to ruin for his friend. JOHNSON.

His lending money without intereſt, "*for a chriſtian courteſy*," was likewiſe a reaſon for the Jew to call Antonio prodigal. EDWARDS.

[6] — *if you prick us, do we not bleed?*] Are not Jews made of the ſame materials as Chriſtians, ſays Shylock; thus in Plutarch's life of Cæſar, p. 140. 4to. v. iv: "Cæſar does not conſider his ſubjects are mortal, and bleed when they are pricked," "οὐδὲ ἀπὸ τῶν τραυμάτων λογίσεται Καῖσαρ ὅτι θνητῶν μὲν ἄρχει." S. W.

you poiſon us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, ſhall we not revenge? if we are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Chriſtian, what is his humility? revenge: If a Chriſtian wrong a Jew, what ſhould his ſufferance be by Chriſtian example? why, revenge. The villainy, you teach me, I will execute; and it ſhall go hard, but I will better the inſtruction.

Enter a Servant.

SERV. Gentlemen, my maſter Antonio is at his houſe, and deſires to ſpeak with you both.

SALAR. We have been up and down to ſeek him.

Enter TUBAL.

SALAN. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched, unleſs the devil himſelf turn Jew. [*Exeunt* SALAN. SALAR. *and* SERVANT.

SHY. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? haſt thou found my daughter?

TUB. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

SHY. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, coſt me two thouſand ducats in Frankfort! The curſe never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thouſand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would ſhe were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, ſo:—and I know not what's ſpent in the ſearch: Why, thou loſs upon loſs! the thief gone with ſo much, and ſo much to find the thief; and no ſatisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck ſtirring, but

what lights o' my ſhoulders; no ſighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my ſhedding.

TUB. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

SHY. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

TUB.—hath an argoſy caſt away, coming from Tripolis.

SHY. I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true? is it true?

TUB. I ſpoke with ſome of the ſailors that eſcaped the wreck.

SHY. I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

TUB. Your daughter ſpent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourſcore ducats.

SHY. Thou ſtick'ſt a dagger in me: I ſhall never ſee my gold again: Fourſcore ducats at a ſitting! fourſcore ducats!

TUB. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that ſwear he cannot chooſe but break.

SHY. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

TUB. One of them ſhowed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

SHY. Out upon her! Thou tortureſt me, Tubal: it was my turquoiſe; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: [7] I would not have given it for a wilderneſs of monkies.

7 —— *it was my* turquoiſe; *I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor:*] A *turquoiſe* is a precious ſtone found in the veins of the mountains on the confines of Perſia to the eaſt, ſubject to the Tartars. As Shylock had been married long enough to have a daughter

TUB. But Antonio is certainly undone.

SHY. Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, ſee me an officer, beſpeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our ſynagogue; go, good Tubal; at our ſynagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

grown up, it is plain he did not value this turqnoiſe on account of the money for which he might hope to ſell it, but merely in reſpect of the imaginary virtues formerly aſcribed to the ſtone. It was ſaid of the Turkey-ſtone, that it faded or brightened in its colour, as the health of the wearer increaſed or grew leſs. To this B. Jonſon refers, in his *Sejanus:*

" And true as *Turkiſe* in my dear lord's ring,
" Look well, or ill with him."

Again, in *The Muſes Elyſium*, by Drayton:

" The *turkeſſe*, which who haps to wear,
" Is often kept from peril."

Again, Edward Fenton in *Secrete Wonders of Nature*, bl. l. 4to. 1569. " The *Turkeys* doth move when there is any perill prepared to him that weareth it." P. 51. b.

But *Leah* (if we may believe Thomas Nicols, ſometimes of Jeſus College in Cambridge, in his *Lapidary*, &c.) might have preſented *Shylock* with his *Turquoiſe* for a better reaſon; as this ſtone " is likewiſe ſaid to take away all enmity, and to reconcile man and wife."

Other ſuperſtitious qualities are imputed to it, all of which were either monitory or preſervative to the wearer.

The ſame quality was ſuppoſed to be reſident in coral. So, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

" You may ſay jet will take up a ſtraw, amber will make one fat,
" *Coral* will look pale *when you be ſick*, and chryſtal will ſtanch blood."

Thus Holinſhed, ſpeaking of the death of *King John:* " And when the king ſuſpected them (the pears) to be poiſoned indeed, by reaſon that ſuch *precious ſtones* as he had about him caſt forth a certain ſweat as it were bewraeing the poiſon," &c. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

Belmont, *A Room in* Portia's *Houſe.*

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, *and Attendants. The caſkets are ſet out.*

POR. I pray you, tarry; pauſe a day or two,
Before you hazard; for, in chooſing wrong,
I looſe your company; therefore, forbear a while:
There's ſomething tells me, (but it is not love,)
I would not loſe you; and you know yourſelf,
Hate counſels not in ſuch a quality:
But leſt you ſhould not underſtand me well,
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,)
I would detain you here ſome month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to chooſe right, but then I am forſworn;
So will I never be: ſo may you miſs me;
But if you do, you'll make me wiſh a ſin,
That I had been forſworn. Beſhrew your eyes,
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would ſay; but if mine, then yours,
And ſo all yours: [8] O! theſe naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights;
And ſo, though yours, not yours. Prove it ſo, [9]

[8] *And ſo all* yours:] The latter word is here uſed as a diſſyllable. In the next line but one below, where the ſame word occurs twice, our author, with his uſual licence, employs one as a word of two ſyllables, and the other as a monoſyllable. MALONE.

[9] *And ſo, though yours, not yours.—Prove it ſo,*] It may be more grammatically read:

And ſo though yours I'm *not yours.* JOHNSON.

Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.[2]
I ſpeak too long; but 'tis to peize the time;[3]
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To ſtay you from election.

BASS. Let me chooſe;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

POR. Upon the rack, Baſſanio? then confeſs
What treaſon there is mingled with your love.

BASS. None, but that ugly treaſon of miſtruſt,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween ſnow and fire, as treaſon and my love.

POR. Ay, but, I fear, you ſpeak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do ſpeak any thing.

BASS. Promiſe me life, and I'll confeſs the truth.

POR. Well then, confeſs, and live.

BASS. Confeſs, and love,
Had been the very ſum of my confeſſion:
O happy torment, when my torturer

[2] *Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.*] The meaning is, "If the worſt I fear ſhould happen, and it ſhould prove in the event, that I, who am juſtly yours by the free donation I have made you of myſelf, ſhould yet not be yours in conſequence of an unlucky choice, let fortune go to hell for robbing you of your juſt due, not I for violating my oath." HEATH.

[3] ——*to* peize *the time;*] Thus the old copies. To *peize* is from *peſer*, Fr. So, in *K. Richard III*:

"Leſt leaden ſlumber *peize* me down to-morrow."

To *peize the time*, therefore, is *to retard it by hanging weights upon it.* The modern editors read, without authority,—*piece.*

STEEVENS.

To *peize*, is to *weigh*, or *balance*; and figuratively, *to keep in ſuſpence*, to *delay.*

So, in Sir P. Sydney's *Apology for Poetry*:—"not ſpeaking words as they changeably fall from the mouth, but *peyzing* each ſillable." HENLEY.

Doth teach me anſwers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caſkets.
POR. Away then: I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.—
Neriſſa, and the reſt, ſtand all aloof.
Let muſick ſound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he loſe, he makes a ſwan-like end,
Fading in muſick: that the compariſon
May ſtand more proper, my eye ſhall be the ſtream,
And wat'ry death-bed for him: He may win;
And what is muſick then? then muſick is
Even as the flouriſh when true ſubjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: ſuch it is,
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And ſummon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no leſs preſence,[4] but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the ſea-monſter:[5] I ſtand for ſacrifice,
The reſt aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared viſages, come forth to view
The iſſue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live: With much much more diſmay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'ſt the fray.[6]

[4] *With no leſs preſence,*] With the ſame *dignity of mien.* JOHNSON.

[5] *To the ſea-monſter:*] See Ovid. Metamorph. Lib. XI. ver. 199, & ſeqq. Shakſpeare however, I believe, had read an account of this adventure in *The Deſtruction of Troy:*— "Laomedon caſt his eyes all bewept on him, [Hercules] and was all abaſhed to ſee his *greatneſs* and his *beauty.*" See B. I. p. 221, edit. 1617. MALONE.

[6] *Live thou, I live:— With much much more diſmay*
I view the fight, than thou that mak'ſt the fray.] One of the quartos [Roberts's] reads:
Live then, I live with much more diſmay
To view the fight, than, &c.

Muſick, whilſt BASSANIO *comments on the caſkets to himſelf.*

SONG.

1. *Tell me, where is fancy*[6] *bred,*
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nouriſhed?

Reply.[7]

2. *It is engender'd in the eyes,*
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,——Ding dong, bell.

All. *Ding dong, bell.*

BASS. So may the outward ſhows[8] be leaſt themſelves;
The world is ſtill deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But, being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voice,[9]
Obſcures the ſhow of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſs it, and approve it[a] with a text,

The folio, 1623, thus:

Live thou, I live with much more diſmay
I view the fight, than, &c.

Heyes's quarto gives the preſent reading. JOHNSON.

6 ——*fancy*—] i. e. *Love.* So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

"Than ſighs and tears, poor *fancy's* followers." STEEVENS.

7 *Reply.*] The words, *reply, reply,* were in all the late editions, except Sir T. Hanmer's, put as verſe in the ſong; but in all the old copies ſtand as a marginal direction. JOHNSON.

8 *So may the outward ſhows*——] He begins abruptly; the firſt part of the argument has paſſed in his mind. JOHNSON.

9 ——*gracious voice,*] Pleaſing; winning favour. JOHNSON.

a —approve *it*—] i. e. juſtify it. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"——I am full ſorry
"That he *approves* the common liar, fame." STEEVENS.

Hiding the groſſneſs with fair ornament?
There is no vice [3] ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtairs of ſand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
Who, inward ſearch'd, have livers white as milk?
And theſe aſſume but valour's excrement, [4]
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you ſhall ſee 'tis purchas'd by the weight; [5]
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt that wear moſt of it: [6]
So are thoſe criſped [7] ſnaky golden locks,
Which make ſuch wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon ſuppoſed fairneſs, often known
To be the dowry of a ſecond head,
The ſcull that bred them, in the ſepulchre. [8]

[3] *There is no vice* ——] The old copies read —— *voice*. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[4] —— *valour's* excrement,] i. e. what a little higher is called the *beard* of Hercules. So, "pedler's *excrement*," in *The Winter's Tale*. MALONE.

[5] —— *by the weight;*] That is, *artificial beauty* is purchaſed ſo; as, falſe hair, &c. STEEVENS.

[6] *Making them* lighteſt *that wear moſt of it:*] *Lighteſt* is here uſed in a wanton ſenſe. So afterwards:

"Let me be light, but let me not ſeem *light*." MALONE.

[7] —— *criſped* ——] i. e. curled. So, in *The Philoſopher's Satires*, by Robert Aoton:

"Her face as beauteous as the *criſped* morn." STEEVENS.

[8] —— *in the ſepulchre.*] See a note on *Timon of Athens*, Act IV. ſc. iii. Shakſpeare has likewiſe ſatirized this yet prevailing faſhion in *Love's Labour's Loſt*. STEEVENS.

The prevalence of this faſhion in Shakſpeare's times is evinced by the following paſſage in an old pamphlet entitled *The Honeſtie of this Age, proving by good circumſtance that the world was never honeſt till now*, by Barnabe Rich, quarto, 1615: — "My lady holdeth on her way, perhaps to the tire-maker's ſhop, where ſhe ſhaketh her crowoes to beſtow upon ſome new faſhioned attire, upon ſuch artificial deformed *periwigs*, that they were fitter to furniſh a theatre,

Thus ornament is but the guiled ſhore [9]
To a moſt dangerous ſea; the beauteous ſcarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; [2] in a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wiſeſt. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee!
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather threat'neſt, than doſt promiſe aught,
Thy plainneſs moves me more than eloquence, [3]
And here chooſe I; Joy be the conſequence!

or for her that in a ſtage-play ſhould repreſent ſome hag of hell, than to be uſed by a chriſtian woman." Again, *ibid:* "Theſe attire-makers within theſe fortie yeares were not knowu by that name; and but now very lately they kept their lowzie commodity of *periwigs*, and their monſtrous attires cloſed in boxes; — and thoſe women that uſed to weare them would not buy them but in ſecret. But now they are not aſhamed to ſet them forth upon their ſtalls, — ſuch monſtrous mop-powles of haire, ſo proportioned and deformed, that but within theſe twenty or thirty yeares would have drawne the paſſers-by to ſtand and gaze, and to wonder at them."

MALONE.

9 —— *the* guiled *ſhore*—] i. e. the *treacherous* ſhore. I ſhould not have thought the word wanted explanation, but that ſome of our modern editors have rejected it, and read *gilded*. *Guiled* is the reading of all the ancient copies. Shakſpeare in this inſtance, as in many others, confounds the participles. *Guiled* ſtands for *guiling*. STEEVENS.

2 —— *Indian beauty;*] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

——— *Indian dowdy.* JOHNSON.

3 *Thy* plainneſs *moves me more than eloquence,*] The old copies read — *paleneſs*. STEEVENS.

Baſſanio is diſpleaſed at the golden *caſket* for its *gaudineſs*, and the ſilver one for its paleneſs; but what! is he charmed with the leaden one for having the very ſame quality that diſpleaſed him in the ſilver? The poet certainly wrote:

Thy plainneſs *moves me more than eloquence:*

This characterizes the lead from the ſilver, which *paleneſs* does not, they being both *pale*. Beſides, there is a beauty in the antitheſis between *plainneſs* and *eloquence;* between *paleneſs* and *eloquence* none. So it is ſaid before of the *leaden caſket:*

"*This third, dull lead*, with warning all is blunt."

WARBURTON.

POR. How all the other paſſions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and raſh-embrac'd deſpair,
And ſhudd'ring fear and green-ey'd jealouſy.
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecſtaſy,
In meaſure rain thy joy,[4] ſcant this exceſs;

It may be that Dr. Warburton has altered the wrong word, if any alteration be neceſſary. I would rather give the character of *ſilver*.

" —— Thou *ſtale*, and common drudge
" 'Tween man and man." ——

The *paleneſs* of *lead* is for ever alluded to.

" Diane declining, *pale* as any *ledde*, "

Says *Stephen Hawes*. In *Fairfax's Taſſo*, we have

" The lord Tancredie, *pale* with rage as *lead*,"

Again, Sackville, in his *Legend of the Duke of Buckingham*:

" Now *pale* as *lead*, now cold as any ſtone."

And in the old ballad of *The King and the Beggar*:

" —— She bluſhed ſcarlet red,
" Then ſtraight again, as *pale as lead*."

As to the antitheſis, Shakſpeare has already made it in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

" When (ſays Theſeus) I have ſeen great clerks look *pale*,
" I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
" Of ſaucy and audacious *eloquence*." FARMER.

By laying an emphaſis on *Thy*, [*Thy* paleneſs moves me, &c.] Dr. W's. objection is obviated. Though Baſſanio might object to ſilver, that " pale and *common drudge*," lead, though *pale* alſo, yet not being in daily uſe, might, in his opinion, deſerve a preference. I have therefore great doubts concerning Dr. Warburton's emendation. MALONE.

[4] *In meaſure rain thy joy*,] The firſt quarto edition reads:

In meaſnre range *thy joy*.

The folio, and one of the quartos:

In meaſure raine *thy joy*.

I once believ'd Shakſpeare meant:

In meaſure rein *thy joy*.

The words *rain* and *rein* were not in theſe times diſtinguiſhed by regular orthography. There is no difficulty in the preſent reading, I only where the copies vary, ſome ſuſpicion of error is always raiſed. JOHNSON.

Having frequent occaſion to make the ſame obſervation in the peruſal of the firſt folio, I am alſo ſtrongly inclined to the former word; but as the text is intelligible, have made no change. *Rein* in the ſecond inſtance quoted below by Mr. Steevens is ſpelt in the old copy as it is here; — *raine*. So, in *The Tempeſt*, edit. 1623:

" —— do not give dalliance
" Too much the *raigne*." MALONE.

I feel too much thy bleſſing, make it leſs,
For fear I ſurfeit!

BASS. What find I here?[4]
[*Opening the leaden caſket.*

Fair Portia's counterfeit?[5] What demi-god
Hath come ſo near creation? Move theſe eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are ſever'd lips,
Parted with ſugar breath; ſo ſweet a bar

I believe Shakſpeare alluded to the well-known proverb, *It cannot rain, but it pours.*

So, in *The Laws of Candy*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" —— pour not too faſt joys on me,
" But ſprinkle them ſo gently, I may ſtand them."

The following quotation by Mr. Malone from *King Henry IV.* P. 1. confirms my ſenſe of the paſſage:

" —— but in ſhort ſpace
" It *rain'd* down *fortune* ſhow'ring on thy head,
" And ſuch a flood of greatneſs fell on you," &c.

Mr. Tollet is of opinion that *rein* is the true word, as it better agrees with the context; and more eſpecially on account of the following paſſage in *Coriolanus*, which approaches very near to the preſent reading:

" —— being once chaſ'd, he cannot
" Be *rein'd* again to temperance."

So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, A& V. ſc. ii.

" *Rein* thy tongue." STEEVENS.

[4] *What find I* here?] The latter word is here employed as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

Some monoſyllable appears to have been omitted. There is no example of — *here*, uſed as a diſſyllable; and even with ſuch aſſiſtance, the verſe, to the ear at leaſt, would be defective. Perhaps our author deſigned Portia to ſay —

" For fear I ſurfeit *me*." STEEVENS.

[5] *Fair Portia's* counterfeit?] *Counterfeit*, which is at preſent uſed only in a bad ſenſe, anciently ſignified a *likeneſs*, a *reſemblance*, without comprehending any idea of fraud. So, in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604: "I will ſee if I can agree with this ſtranger, for the drawing of my daughter's *counterfeit*."

Again, (as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves) Hamlet calls the pictures he ſhows to his mother,

" The *counterfeit* preſentment of two brothers."

STEEVENS.

Should ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: Here in her hairs
The painter plays the ſpider; and hath woven
A golden meſh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faſter than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes,—
How could he ſee to do them? having made one,
Methinks, it ſhould have power to ſteal both his,
And leave itſelf unfurniſh'd: [6] Yet look, how far
The ſubſtance of my praiſe doth wrong this ſhadow
In underprizing it, ſo far this ſhadow
Doth limp behind the ſubſtance. Here's the ſcroll,
The continent and ſummary of my fortune.

You that chooſe not by the view,
Chance as fair, and chooſe as true!

[6] *Methinks, it ſhould have power to ſteal both his,*
And leave itſelf unfurniſh'd:] Perhaps it might be:
And leave himſelf *unfurniſh'd.* JOHNSON.

If this be the right reading, *unfurniſhed* muſt mean "unfurniſhed with a companion, or fellow." M. MASON.

Dr. Johnſon's emendation would altogether ſubvert the poet's meaning. If the artiſt, in painting *one* of Portia's eyes, ſhould loſe both his own, that eye which he had painted, muſt neceſſarily be *left unfurniſhed*, or deſtitute of its fellow. HENLEY.

And leave itſelf unfurniſh'd:] i. e. and leave itſelf incomplete; unaccompanied with the other uſual component parts of a portrait, viz. another eye, &c. The various features of the face our author ſeems to have conſidered as the *furniture* of a picture. So, in *As you like it*: "——he was *furniſh'd* like a huntſman;" i. e. had all the appendages belonging to a huntſman. MALONE.

The hint for this paſſage appears to have been taken from Greene's *Hiſtory of Faire Bellora*; afterwards publiſhed under the title of *A Paire of Turtle Doves, or the Tragicall Hiſtory of Bellora and Fidelio*, bl. l.: "If Apelles had beene taſked to have drawne her *counterfeit*, her two bright-burning lampes would have ſo dazled his quicke-ſeeing ſences, that quite diſpairing to expreſſe with his cunning penſill ſo admirable a worke of nature, he had been inforced to have ſtaid his hand, and *left* this earthly Venus *unfiniſhed*."

A preceding paſſage in Baſſanio's ſpeech might have been ſuggeſted by the ſame novel.

A golden meſh to entrap the hearts of men: "What are our curled and criſped lockes, but *ſnares and nets* to catch and *entangle the hearts* of gazers," &c. STEEVENS.

Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and ſeek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliſs,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiſs.

A gentle ſcroll; Fair lady, by your leave;
[*Kiſſing her.*
I come by note, to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applauſe, and univerſal ſhout,
Giddy in ſpirit, ſtill gazing, in a doubt
Whether thoſe peals of praiſe[7] be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, ſtand I, even ſo;
As doubtful whether what I ſee be true,
Until confirm'd, ſign'd, ratify'd by you.

POR. You ſee me, lord Baſſanio, where I ſtand,
Such as I am: though, for myſelf alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh,
To wiſh myſelf much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myſelf;
A thouſand times more fair, ten thouſand times
More rich;
That only to ſtand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full ſum of me

[7] —— peals *of praiſe* ——] The ſecond quarto reads—*pearles* of praiſe. JOHNSON.

This reading may be the true one. So, in Whetſtone's *Arbour of Virtue*, 1576:

"The *pearles of praiſe* that deck a noble name."

Again, in R. C's verſes in praiſe of the ſame author's *Rock of Regard*:

"But that that bears the *pearle of praiſe* away."

STEEVENS.

Is ſum of ſomething;[8] which, to term in groſs,
Is an unleſſon'd girl, unſchool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learn;[9] and happier than this,
She is not bred ſo dull but ſhe can learn;
Happieſt of all, is, that her gentle ſpirit
Commits itſelf to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myſelf, and what is mine, to you, and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair manſion, maſter of my ſervants,
Queen o'er myſelf; and even now, but now,
This houſe, theſe ſervants, and this ſame myſelf,
Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, loſe, or give away,
Let it preſage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

BASS. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood ſpeaks to you in my veins:
And there is ſuch confuſion in my powers,
As, after ſome oration fairly ſpoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear

8 *Is* ſum *of ſomething;*] We ſhould read —*ſome* of ſomething, i. e. only a piece, or part only of an imperfect account; which ſhe explains in the following line. WARBURTON.

Thus one of the quartos. The folio reads:

" *Is ſum of* nothing." ——

The purport of the reading in the text ſeems to be this:

" —— the full *ſum* of me ——"

Is ſum of ſomething, i. e. is not entirely ideal, but amounts to as much as can be found in — *an unleſſon'd girl*, &c. STEEVENS.

9 *But ſhe may* learn;] The latter word is here uſed as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

Till the reader has reconciled his ear to this diſſyllabical pronunciation of the word *learn*, I beg his acceptance of—*and*, a harmleſs monoſyllable which I have ventured to introduce for the ſake of obvious metre. STEEVENS.

Among the buzzing pleaſed multitude;
Where every ſomething, being blent together,[2]
Turns to a wild of nothing, ſave of joy,
Expreſs'd, and not expreſs'd: But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to ſay, Baſſanio's dead.

NER. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have ſtood by, and ſeen our wiſhes proſper,
To cry, good joy; Good joy, my lord, and lady!

GRA. My lord Baſſanio, and my gentle lady,
I wiſh you all the joy that you can wiſh;
For, I am ſure, you can wiſh none from me:[3]
And, when your honours mean to ſolemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beſeech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

BASS. With all my heart, ſo thou canſt get a wife.

GRA. I thank your lordſhip; you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as ſwift as yours:
You ſaw the miſtreſs, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermiſſion[4]
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune ſtood upon the caſkets there;
And ſo did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here, until I ſweat again;
And ſwearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love; at laſt,—if promiſe laſt,—
I got a promiſe of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune

[2] —— *being* blent *together,*] i. e. *blended.* STEEVENS.

[3] —— *you can wiſh none from me:*] That is, none *away from* me; none that I ſhall loſe, if you gain it. JOHNSON.

[4] —— *for* intermiſſion —] *Intermiſſion* is *pauſe, intervening time, delay.* So, in *Macbeth:*

"—— gentle heaven
"Cut ſhort all *intermiſſion!*" STEEVENS.

Achiev'd her miſtreſs.

POR. Is this true, Neriſſa?

NER. Madam, it is, ſo you ſtand pleas'd withal.

BASS. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

GRA. Yes, 'faith, my lord.

BASS. Our feaſt ſhall be much honour'd in your marriage.

GRA. We'll play with them, the firſt boy, for a thouſand ducats.

NER. What, and ſtake down?

GRA. No; we ſhall ne'er win at that ſport, and ſtake down.——

But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SALERIO.

BASS. Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new intereſt here
Have power to bid you welcome:— By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

POR. So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.

LOR. I thank your honour:—For my part, my lord,
My purpoſe was not to have ſeen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, paſt all ſaying nay,
To come with him along.

SALE. I did, my lord,
And I have reaſon for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives* BASSANIO *a letter.*

BASS. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.
SALE. Not ſick, my lord, unleſs it be in mind;
Nor well, unleſs in mind: his letter there
Will ſhow you his eſtate.
GRA. Neriſſa, cheer yon' ſtranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio; What's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know, he will he glad of our ſucceſs;
We are the Jaſons, we have won the fleece. [1]
SALE. 'Would you had won the fleece that he hath loſt!
POR. There are ſome ſhrewd contents in yon' ſame paper,
That ſteal the colour from Baſſanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; elſe nothing in the world
Could turn ſo much the conſtitution
Of any conſtant man. What, worſe and worſe?—
With leave, Baſſanio; I am half yourſelf,
And I muſt freely have the half of any thing
That this ſame paper brings you.
BASS. O ſweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleaſant'ſt words,
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did firſt impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,

[1] *We are the Jaſons, we have won the fleece.*] So, in Abraham Fleming's "*Rythme Decaſyllabicall*, upon this laſt luckie voyage of worthie Capteine Frobiſher 1577:"

"The golden fleece (like Jaſon) hath he got,
"And rich return'd, ſaunce loſſe or luckleſs lot."

STEEVENS.

Rating myſelf at nothing, you ſhall ſee
How much I was a braggart: When I told you
My ſtate was nothing, I ſhould then have told you
That I was worſe than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myſelf to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body [6] of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Iſſuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Liſbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one veſſel 'ſcape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

SALE. Not one, my lord.
Beſides, it ſhould appear, that if he had
The preſent money to diſcharge the Jew,
He would not take it: Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the ſhape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning, and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the ſtate,
If they deny him juſtice: twenty merchants,
The duke himſelf, and the magnificoes
Of greateſt port, have all perſuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of juſtice, and his bond.

JES. When I was with him, I have heard him ſwear,

[6] *The paper* as *the body*——] I believe, the author wrote—*is* the body—. The two words are frequently confounded in the old copies. So, in the firſt quarto edition of this play, A& IV: "Is dearly bought, *as* mine," &c. inſtead of—*is* mine. MALONE.

The expreſſion is ſomewhat elliptical: "The paper *as* the body," means—the paper reſembles the body, is as the body. STEEVENS.

To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's fleſh,
Than twenty times the value of the ſum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

POR. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?

BASS. The deareſt friend to me, the kindeſt man,
The beſt condition'd and unwearied ſpirit
In doing courteſies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

POR. What ſum owes he the Jew?

BASS. For me, three thouſand ducats.

POR. What, no more?
Pay him ſix thouſand, and deface the bond;
Double ſix thouſand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this deſcription
Shall loſe a hair through Baſſanio's fault.
Firſt, go with me to church, and call me wife;
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never ſhall you lie by Portia's ſide
With an unquiet ſoul. You ſhall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over;
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid Neriſſa, and myſelf, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;
For you ſhall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, ſhow a merry cheer; [5]
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

[5] —— cheer;] i. e. countenance. So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*, Vol. VII. p. 161:

"That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with *cheer*."

See note on this paſſage. STEEVENS.

R. Westall pinx.

J. G. Bate sculpsit.

SHAKSPEARE.

Merchant of Venice

ACT. III. SCEN. III.

BASS. [reads.] *Sweet Baſſanio, my ſhips have all miſcarried, my creditors grow cruel, my eſtate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and ſince, in paying it, it is impoſſible I ſhould live, all debts are cleared between you and I,*[6] *if I might but ſee you at my death: notwithſtanding, uſe your pleaſure: if your love do not perſuade you to come, let not my letter.*

POR. O love, deſpatch all buſineſs, and be gone.

BASS. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haſte: but, till I come again,
No bed ſhall e'er be guilty of my ſtay,
No reſt be interpoſer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SHYLOCK, SALANIO, ANTONIO, *and* Gaoler.

SHY. Gaoler, look to him;——Tell not me of mercy;——
This is the fool that lent out money gratis;—
Gaoler, look to him.

ANT. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

SHY. I'll have my bond; ſpeak not againſt my bond;
I have ſworn an oath, that I will have my bond:
Thou call'dſt me dog, before thou had'ſt a cauſe:
But, ſince I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke ſhall grant me juſtice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art ſo fond[7]

[6] ——*and* I,] This inaccuracy, I believe, was our author's. Mr. Pope reads—and *me*. MALONE.

[7] ——*ſo* fond——] i. e. ſo fooliſh. So, in the old comedy of *Mother Bombie*, 1594, by *Lyly*: "—— that the youth ſeeing her fair cheeks, may be enamoured before they hear her *fond* ſpeech." STEEVENS.

To come abroad with him at his requeſt.

ANT. I pray thee, hear me ſpeak.

SHY. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee ſpeak:

I'll have my bond; and therefore ſpeak no more.
I'll not be made a ſoft and dull-ey'd fool,[8]
To ſhake the head, relent, and ſigh, and yield
To chriſtian interceſſors. Follow not;
I'll have no ſpeaking; I will have my bond.

[*Exit* SHYLOCK.

SALAN. It is the moſt impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.

ANT. Let him alone;
I'll follow him no more with bootleſs prayers.
He ſeeks my life; his reaſon well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

SALAN. I am ſure, the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

ANT. The duke cannot deny the courſe of law;[9]
For the commodity that ſtrangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied[a]

[8] ——dull-ey'd *fool,*] This epithet *dull-ey'd* is beſtowed on *melancholy* in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre.* STEEVENS.

[9] *The duke cannot deny,* &c.] As the reaſon here given ſeems a little perplex'd, it may be proper to explain it. If, ſays he, the duke ſtop the courſe of law, it will be attended with this inconvenience, that ſtranger merchants, by whom the wealth and power of this city is ſupported, will cry out of injuſtice. For the known ſtated law being their guide and ſecurity, they will never bear to have the current of it ſtopped on any pretence of equity whatſoever. WARBURTON.

[a] *For the* commodity *that ſtrangers have*
With us in Venice, if it be denied, &c.] i. e. for the denial of thoſe rights to ſtrangers, which render their abode at Venice ſo

Will much impeach the juſtice of the ſtate;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Conſiſteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
Theſe griefs and loſſes have ſo 'bated me,
That I ſhall hardly ſpare a pound of fleſh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.——
Well, gaoler, on:—Pray God, Baſſanio come
To ſee me pay his debt, and then I care not!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *Houſe.*

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* BALTHAZAR.

LOR. Madam, although I ſpeak it in your preſence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears moſt ſtrongly
In bearing thus the abſence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you ſhow this honour,
How true a gentleman you ſend relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your huſband,
I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than cuſtomary bounty can enforce you.
POR. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor ſhall not now: for in companions
That do converſe and waſte the time together,

commodious and agreeable to them, would much impeach the juſtice of the ſtate. The conſequence would be, that ſtrangers would not reſide or carry on traffick here; and the wealth and ſtrength of the ſtate would be diminiſhed. In *The Hiſtorye of Italye*, by W. Thomas, quarto, 1567, there is a ſection *On the libertee of ſtraungers* at Venice. MALONE.

Whoſe ſouls do bear an equal yoke of love,[2]
There muſt be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners,[3] and of ſpirit;
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the boſom lover of my lord,[4]

[2] *Whoſe ſouls do bear an* equal *yoke*, &c.] The folio, 1623, reads —*egal*, which, I believe, in Shakſpeare's time was commonly uſed for *equal*. So it was in Chaucer's:

" I will preſume hym ſo to dignifie
" Yet be not *egall*." Prol. to *The Remedy of Love*,

Again, in *Gorboduc*:

" Sith all as one do bear you *egall* faith." STEEVENS.

[3] *Of lineaments, of manners*, &c.] The wrong pointing has made this fine ſentiment nonſenſe. As implying that friendſhip could not only make a ſimilitude of manners, but of *faces*. The true ſenſe is, *lineaments of manners*, i. e. form of the *manners*, which, ſays the ſpeaker, muſt needs be proportionate. WARBURTON.

The poet only means to ſay, *that correſponding proportions of body and mind are neceſſary for thoſe who ſpend their time together*. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

" *Dol.* Why doth the prince love him ſo then?
" *Fal.* Becauſe *their legs are both of a bigneſs*," &c.

Every one will allow that the friend of a toper ſhould have a ſtrong head, and the intimate of a ſportſman ſuch an athletic conſtitution as will enable him to acquit himſelf with reputation in the exerciſes of the field. The word *lineaments* was uſed with great laxity by our ancient writers. In *The learned and true Aſſertion of the Original, Life*, &c. *of King Arthur, tranſlated from the Latin of John Leland*, 1582, it is uſed for the human frame in general. Speaking of the removal of that prince's bones,—he calls them *Arthur's* lineaments *three times tranſlated:* and again, *all the* lineaments *of them remaining in that moſt ſtately tomb, ſaving the ſhin bones of the king and queen*, &c.

Again, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617: " Nature hath ſo curiouſly performed his charge in the *lineaments* of his body," &c.

Again, in Chapman's tranſlation of the twenty-third book of *Homer's Iliad*:

" ——— ſo over-labour'd were
" His goodly *lineaments* with chaſe of Hector," &c.

STEEVENS.

[4] ——*the boſom* lover *of my lord*,] In our author's time this term was applied to thoſe of the ſame ſex who had an eſteem for each other. Ben Jonſon concludes one of his letters to Dr. Donne, by

Muſt needs be like my lord: If it be ſo,
How little is the coſt I have beſtow'd,
In purchaſing the ſemblance of my ſoul
From out the ſtate of helliſh cruelty?
This comes too near the praiſing of myſelf;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.[1] —
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The huſbandry and manage of my houſe,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a ſecret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Neriſſa here,
Until her huſband and my lord's return:
There is a monaſtery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do deſire you,
Not to deny this impoſition;
The which my love, and ſome neceſſity,
Now lays upon you.

LOR. Madam, with all my heart;
I ſhall obey you in all fair commands.

POR. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jeſſica
In place of lord Baſſanio and myſelf.
So fare you well, till we ſhall meet again.

LOR. Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on you!

telling him, "he is his true *lover*." So, in *Coriolanus*: "I tell thee, fellow, thy general is my *lover*." Many more inſtances might be added. See our author's Sonnets, paſſim. MALONE.

[1] —— hear *other things*.] In former editions:

This comes too near the praiſing of myſelf;
Therefore no more of it: here other things,
Lorenzo, I commit, &c.

Portia finding the reflections ſhe had made came too near ſelf-praiſe, begins to chide herſelf for it; ſays, She'll ſay no more of that ſort; but call a new ſubject. The regulation I have made in the text was likewiſe preſcribed by Dr. Thirlby. THEOBALD.

JES. I wiſh your ladyſhip all heart's content.

POR. I thank you for your wiſh, and am well pleas'd
To wiſh it back on you: fare you well, Jeſſica.—
[*Exeunt* JESSICA *and* LORENZO.
Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honeſt, true,
So let me find thee ſtill: Take this ſame letter,
And uſe thou all the endeavour of a man,
In ſpeed to Padua;[8] ſee thou render this
Into my couſin's hand, doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd ſpeed[9]
Unto the tranect,[1] to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice:—waſte no time in words,

[8] *In ſpeed to* Padua;] The old copies read — *Mantua*; and thus all the modern editors implicitly after them. But 'tis evident to any diligent reader, that we muſt reſtore, as I have done, — *In ſpeed to Padua*: for it was there, and not at *Mantua*, Bellario liv'd. So afterwards; — *A meſſenger, with letters from the* Doctor, *new come from* Padua — and again, *Came you from* Padua, *from Bellario?* — And again, *It comes from* Padua *from Bellario.* — Beſides, *Padua*, not *Mantua*, is the place of education for the civil law in Italy. THEOBALD.

[9] —— *with* imagin'd *ſpeed* —] i. e. with celerity like that of imagination. So, in the Chorus preceding the third act of *K. Henry V*:

" Thus with *imagin'd* wing our ſwift ſcene flies."

Again, in *Hamlet*: " — ſwift as *meditation* —" STEEVENS.

[1] *Unto the* tranect,] The old copies concur in this reading, which appears to be derived from *tranare*, and was probably a word current in the time of our author, though I can produce no example of it. STEEVENS.

Mr. Rowe reads — *traject*, which was adopted by all the ſubſequent editors. — Twenty miles from Padua, on the river Brenta there is a dam or ſluice, to prevent the water of that river from mixing with that of the marſhes of Venice. Here the paſſage-boat is drawn out of the river, and lifted over the dam by a crane. From hence to Venice the diſtance is five miles. Perhaps ſome novel-writer of Shakſpeare's time might have called this dam by the name of the *tranect*. See Du Cange in v. *Trana*. MALONE.

But get thee gone; I ſhall be there before thee.

BALTH. Madam, I go with all convenient ſpeed.
[*Exit.*

POR. Come on, Neriſſa; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll ſee our huſbands
Before they think of us.

NER. Shall they ſee us?

POR. They ſhall, Neriſſa; but in ſuch a habit,
That they ſhall think we are accompliſhed
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accouter'd[3] like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And ſpeak, between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing ſteps
Into a manly ſtride; and ſpeak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies ſought my love,
Which I denying, they fell ſick and died;
I could not do with all;[4]—then I'll repent,
And wiſh, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:
And twenty of theſe puny lies I'll tell,
That men ſhall ſwear, I have diſcontinued ſchool
Above a twelvemonth:—I have within my mind
A thouſand raw tricks of theſe bragging Jacks,
Which I will practiſe.

NER. Why, ſhall we turn to men?

POR. Fie! what a queſtion's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter?
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device

[3] —— *accouter'd*—] So the earlieſt quarto, and the folio. The other quarto — *apparel'd*. MALONE.

[4] —— do *with all*;] For the ſenſe of the word *do*, in this place, See a note on *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Vol. VI. p. 19. COLLINS.
The old copy reads — *withall*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

When I am in my coach, which ſtays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haſte away,
For we muſt meaſure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The ſame. A Garden.

Enter LAUNCELOT *and* JESSICA.

LAUN. Yes, truly:—for, look you, the ſins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promiſe you, I fear you. [5] I was always plain with you, and ſo now I ſpeak my agitation of the matter: Therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of baſtard hope neither.

JES. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

LAUN. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

JES. That were a kind of baſtard hope, indeed; ſo the ſins of my mother ſhould be viſited upon me.

LAUN. Truly then I fear you are damn'd both by father and mother: thus when I ſhun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: [6] well, you are gone both ways.

5 —— *therefore, I promiſe you,* I fear you.] I ſuſpect *for* has been inadvertently omitted; and we ſhould read — I fear *for* you. MALONE.

There is not the ſlighteſt need of emendation. The diſputed phraſe is authorized by a paſſage in *K. Richard III:*

" The king is ſickly, weak, and melancholy,
" And his phyſicians *fear him* mightily." STEEVENS.

6 —— *thus when I ſhun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother:*] Originally from the *Alexandreis* of Philippe Gualtier;

JES. I ſhall be ſaved by my huſband;[7] he hath made me a Chriſtian.

but ſeveral tranſlations of this adage were obvious to Shakſpeare. Among other places, it is found in an ancient poem, entitled "*A Dialogue between Cuſtom and Veritie*, concerning the uſe and abuſe of Dauncing and Minſtrelſie." bl. l. no date.

"While *Silla* they do ſeem to ſhun,
"In *Charibd* they do fall." &c.

Philip Gualtier de Chatillon (afterwards Biſhop of Megala) was born towards the latter end of the 12th Century. In the fifth book of his heroic Poem, Darius (who eſcaping from Alexander, fell into the hands of Beſſus) is thus apoſtrophized:

Nactus equum Darius, rorantia cæde ſuorum
Retrogrado fugit arva gradu. Quo tendis inertem
Rex periture fugam? neſcis, heu! perdite, neſcis
Quem fugias, hoſtes incurris dum fugis hoſtem:
Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charibdim,
Beſſus, Narzabanes, rerum pars magna tnarum,
Quos inter proceres humili de plebe locaſti,
Non veriti temerare fidem, capitiſq verendi
Perdere caniciem, ſpreto moderamine juris,
Proh dolor! in domini conjurant fata clientes.

The author of the line in queſtion (who was unknown to Eraſmus) was firſt aſcertained by Galeottus Martius, who died in 1476; (See *Menagiana*, Vol. I. p. 173. edit. 1729.) and we learn from *Henricus Gandavenſis de Scriptoribus Eccleſiaſticis*, [i. e. Henry of Gaunt,] that the *Alexandreis* had been a common ſchool-book. *In ſcholis Grammaticorum tantæ fuiſſe dignitatis, ut præ ipſo veterum Poetarum lectio negligeretur.* Barthius alſo, in his notes on Claudian, has words to the ſame effect. *Et media barbarie non plane ineptus verſificator Galterus ab Inſula* (*qui tempore Joannis Sareſberienſis, ut ex hujus ad eum epiſtolis diſcimus, vixit*) *Tam autem poſtea clarus fuit, ut expulſis quibuſvis bonis auctoribus, ſcholas tenuerit.* Freinſheim, however, in his comment on Quintus Curtius, confeſſes that he had never ſeen the work of Gualtier.

The corrupt ſtate in which this poem (of which I have not met with the earlieſt edition) ſtill appears, is perhaps imputable to frequent tranſcription, and injudicious attempts at emendation. Every pedagogue through whoſe hands the Mſ. paſſed, ſeems to have made ſome ignorant and capricious changes in its text; ſo that in many places it is as apparently interpolated and corrupted as the ancient copies of Shakſpeare. *Galterus* (ſays Hermann in his *Conſpectus Reipubliçæ Literariæ*, p. 120.) *ſecutus eſt Curtium, & ſæpe ad verbum expreſſit, unde ejus cum Curtio collatione, nonnulla ex hoc menda tolli*

LAUN. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Chriſtians enough before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another: This making of Chriſtians will raiſe the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we ſhall not ſhortly have a raſher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

JES. I'll tell my huſband, Launcelot, what you ſay; here he comes.

LOR. I ſhall grow jealous of you ſhortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

JES. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, becauſe I am a Jew's daughter: and he ſays, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Chriſtians, you raiſe the price of pork.

LOR. I ſhall anſwer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

LAUN. It is much, that the Moor ſhould be more[8] than reaſon: but if ſhe be leſs than an honeſt woman, ſhe is, indeed, more than I took her for.

poſſunt; id quod experiendo didici. See alſo I. G. Voſſius *de Poet. Lat.* p. 74, and *Journal des Sçavans* pour Avril, 1760.

Though Nicholas Grimoald (without mention of his original) had tranſlated a long paſſage of the *Alexandreis* into blank verſe before the year 1557, (See Surrey's Poems, and Warton's Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, Vol. III. p. 63.) it could have been little known in England, as it is not enumerated in Philips's *Theatrum*, &c. a work underſtood to be enriched by his uncle Milton's extenſive knowledge of modern as well as ancient poetry. STEEVENS.

[7] *I ſhall be ſaved by my huſband,*] From St. Paul:

"The unbelieving wife is ſanctified by the huſband."

HENLEY.

[8] *It is much that the* Moor *ſhould be* more, *&c.*] This reminds

LOR. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the beſt grace of wit will ſhortly turn into ſilence; and diſcourſe grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, ſirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

LAUN. That is done, ſir; they have all ſtomachs.

LOR. Goodly lord,[9] what a wit-ſnapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

LAUN. That is done too, ſir; only, cover is the word.

LOR. Will you cover then, ſir?

LAUN. Not ſo, ſir, neither; I know my duty.

LOR. Yet more quarrelling with occaſion! Wilt thou ſhow the whole wealth of thy wit in an inſtant? I pray thee, underſtand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, ſerve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

LAUN. For the table, ſir, it ſhall be ſerved in; for the meat, ſir, it ſhall be covered; for your com-

us of the quibbling epigram of Milton, which has the ſame kind of humour to boaſt of:

"*Galli* ex concubitu gravidam te, *Pontia*, *Mori*,
"Quis bene *moratam*, *morigeramque* neget?"

So, in *The Fair Maid of the Weſt*, 1631:

"And for you *Moors* thus much I mean to ſay,
"I'll ſee if *more* I eat the *more* I may." STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare, no doubt, had read or heard of the old epigram on Sir Thomas *More*:

"When *More* ſome years had chancellor been,
"No *more* ſuits did remain;
"The like ſhall never *more* be ſeen,
"Till *More* be there again." RITSON.

[9] *Goodly lord*,] Surely this ſhould be corrected *Good lord!* as it is in Theobald's edition. TYRWHITT.

ing in to dinner, ſir, why, let it be as humours and conceits ſhall govern. [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.

LOR. O dear diſcretion, how his words are ſuited![a]
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; And I do know
A many fools, that ſtand in better place,
Garniſh'd like him, that for a trickſy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'ſt thou, Jeſſica?
And now, good ſweet, ſay thy opinion,
How doſt thou like the lord Baſſanio's wife?

JES. Paſt all expreſſing: It is very meet,
The lord Baſſanio live an upright life;
For, having ſuch a bleſſing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reaſon he ſhould never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods ſhould play ſome heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there muſt be ſomething elſe
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

LOR. Even ſuch a huſband

[a] — *how his words are ſuited!*] I believe the meaning is — What a *ſeries* or *ſuite* of *words* he has independent of meaning; how one word draws on another without relation to the matter. JOHNSON.

I cannot think either that the word *ſuited* is derived from the word *ſuite*, as Johnſon ſuppoſes, as that, I believe, was introduced into our language long ſince the time of Shakſpeare; or that Launcelot's words were independent of meaning. Lorenzo expreſſes his ſurprize that a fool ſhould apply them ſo properly. So Jaques ſays to the Duke in *As you like it*:

"I met a fool
"That laid him down and baſk'd him in the ſun,
"And rail'd at Lady Fortune in good terms,
"In good *ſet* terms:"

That is, in *words* well ſuited. M. MASON.

Haſt thou of me, as ſhe is for a wife.

JES. Nay, but aſk my opinion too of that.

LOR. I will anon; firſt, let us go to dinner.

JES. Nay, let me praiſe you, while I have a ſtomach.

LOR. No, pray thee, let it ſerve for table-talk; Then, howſoe'er thou ſpeak'ſt, 'mong other things I ſhall digeſt it.

JES. Well, I'll ſet you forth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Court of Juſtice.*

Enter the Duke, *the Magnificoes;* ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALANIO, *and others.*

DUKE. What, is Antonio here?

ANT. Ready, ſo pleaſe your grace.

DUKE. I am ſorry for thee; thou art come to anſwer
A ſtony adverſary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

ANT. I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous courſe; but ſince he ſtands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach,[3] I do oppoſe

[3] ——— *his envy's reach,*] *Envy* in this place means *hatred* or

My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To ſuffer, with a quietneſs of ſpirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

DUKE. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

SALAN. He's ready at the door: he comes my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

DUKE. Make room, and let him ſtand before our face.—

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think ſo too,
That thou but lead'ſt this faſhion of thy malice
To the laſt hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt ſhow thy mercy, and remorſe,[4] more ſtrange
Than is thy ſtrange apparent[5] cruelty:
And, where[6] thou now exact'ſt the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's fleſh,)
Thou wilt not only looſe the forfeiture,
But touch'd with human gentleneſs and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his loſſes,
That have of late ſo huddled on his back;

malice. So, in Reynolds's *God's Revenge againſt Murder*, 1621: "—— he never looks on her (his wife) with affection, but *envy*." p. 109. edit. 1679. So alſo (as Mr. Malone obſerves) in Lazarus Pyot's *Orator*, &c. [See the notes at the end of this play.] "—they had ſlaine him for verie *envie*." STEEVENS.

[4] —— *remorſe,*] i. e. pity. So, in *Othello*:
"And to obey ſhall be in me *remorſe*." STEEVENS.

[5] —— *apparent*—] That is, *ſeeming*; not real. JOHNSON.

[6] —— *where*—] For *whereas*. JOHNSON.
So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:
"And *where* I thought the remnant of mine age
"Should have been cheriſh'd by her child-like duty," &c.
STEEVENS.

Enough to preſs a royal merchant down,[7]
And pluck commiſeration of his ſtate
From braſſy boſoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From ſtubborn Turks, and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courteſy.
We all expect a gentle anſwer, Jew.

SHY. I have poſſeſs'd your grace of what I pur-
poſe;
And by our holy Sabbath have I ſworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:

7 *Enough to preſs a* royal *merchant down,*] We are not to imagine the word *royal* to be only a ranting ſounding epithet. It is uſed with great propriety, and ſhows the poet well acquainted with the hiſtory of the people whom he here brings upon the ſtage. For when the French and Venetians, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, had won Conſtantinople, the French under the emperor Henry, endeavoured to extend their conqueſts into the provinces of the Grecian empire on the *Terra firma*; while the Venetians, who were maſters of the ſea, gave liberty to any ſubjects of the republick, who would fit out veſſels, to make themſelves maſters of the iſles of the Archipelago, and other maritime places; and to enjoy their conqueſts in ſovereignty; only doing homage to the republick for their ſeveral principalities. By virtue of this licence, the Sanudo's, the Juſtiniani, the Grimaldi, the Summaripo's, and others, all Venetian *merchants*, erected principalities in ſeveral places of the Archipelago, (which their deſcendants enjoyed for many generations) and thereby became truly and properly *royal merchants*. Which indeed was the title generally given them all over Europe. Hence, the moſt eminent of our own merchants (while publick ſpirit reſided amongſt them, and before it was aped by faction) were called *royal merchants*. WARBURTON.

This epithet was in our poet's time more ſtriking and better underſtood, becauſe Greſham was then commonly dignified with the title of the *royal merchant*. JOHNSON.

Even the pulpit did not diſdain the uſe of this phraſe. I have now before me "The *Merchant Royal* a Sermon, preached at Whitehall, before the king's majeſtie, at the nuptialls of the right honourable the Lord Hay and his lady, upon the twelfe day laſt, being Jan. 6, 1607." STEEVENS.

If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll aſk me, why I rather chooſe to have
A weight of carrion fleſh, than to receive
Three thouſand ducats: I'll not anſwer that:
But, ſay, it is my humour;[9] Is it anſwer'd?
What if my houſe be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thouſand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you anſwer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;[2]

9 ——*I'll* not *anſwer that:*
But, ſay, it is my humour;] The Jew being aſked a queſtion which the law does not require him to anſwer, ſtands upon his right, and refuſes; but afterwards gratifies his own malignity by ſuch anſwers as he knows will aggravate the pain of the enquirer. I will not anſwer, ſays he, as to a legal or ſerious queſtion, but ſince you want an anſwer, will this ſerve you? JOHNSON.

——*ſay*, it is my humour;] Suppoſe it is my particular fancy. HEATH.

2 ——*a gaping pig,*] So, in Webſter's *Dutcheſs of Malfy*, 1623:
" He could not abide to ſee a *pig's head gaping;*
" I thought your grace would find him out a Jew."
Again, in *The Maſtive*, &c. or, *A Collection of Epigrams and Satires:*
" Darkas cannot endure to ſee a eat,
" A breaſt of mutton, or a *pig's head gaping.*" STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare might have read of ſuch another antipathy [to a " *pigge* ſtufie"] in *Goulart's Hiſtories*, of which there was an earlier edition than that of 1607. RITSON.

By a *gaping* pig, Shakſpeare, I believe, meant a pig prepared for the table; for in that ſtate is the epithet, *gaping*, moſt applicable to this animal. So, in Fletcher's *Elder Brother:*
" And they ſtand *gaping* like a *roaſted pig.*"
A paſſage in one of Naſhe's pamphlets (which, perhaps furniſhed our author with his inſtance) may ſerve to confirm the obſervation: " The cauſes conducting unto wrath are as diverſe as the actions of a man's life. Some will take on like a madman, if they ſee a *pig come to the table.* Sotericus the ſurgeon was cholerick at the ſight of ſturgeon," &c. *Pierce Pennyleſſe his Supplication to the Devil*, 1592. MALONE.

Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag pipe ſings i' the noſe,
Cannot contain their urine; For affection,
Miſtreſs of paſſion, ſways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths:[3] Now, for your anſwer;

[3] *Cannot contain their urine;* &c.] Mr. Rowe reads:

Cannot contain their urine for affection.
Maſterleſs paſſion *ſways is to the mood*
Of what it likes, or loaths.

Maſterleſs paſſion Mr. Pope has ſince copied. I don't know what word there is to which this relative *it* is to be referred. The ingenious Dr. Thirlby would thus adjuſt the paſſage:

Cannot contain their urine; for affection,
Maſter *of paſſion, ſways* it, *&c.*

And then *it* is govern'd of *paſſion*. The two old quartos and folios read — Maſters *of paſſion*, &c.

It may be objected, that *affection* and *paſſion* mean the ſame thing. But I obſerve, the writers of our author's age made a diſtinction; as Jonſon in Sejanus:

" ——— *He hath ſtudied*
" Affection's paſſions, *knows their ſprings and ends.*"

And then, in this place, *affection* will ſtand for that *ſympathy* or *antipathy* of ſoul, by which we are provok'd to ſhow a *liking* or *diſguſt* in the working of our *paſſions*. THEOBALD.

Maſters of *paſſion*, is certainly right. He is ſpeaking of the power of ſound over the human affections, and concludes, very naturally, that the *maſters of paſſion* (for ſo he finely calls the muſicians) ſway the paſſions or affections as they pleaſe. Alluding to what the ancients tell us of the feats that Timotheus and other muſicians worked by the power of muſic. Can any thing be more natural? WARBURTON.

Does not the verb *ſway*, which governs the two nominative caſes *affection* and *maſters*, require that both ſhould be plural, and conſequently direct us to read thus?

For *affections*, *maſters* of paſſion ſway it, &c.

SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

That *affections* and *paſſions* anciently had different ſignifications, may be known from the following inſtance in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616:

" His heart was fuller of *paſſions* than his eyes of *affections*."

Affections, as uſed by Shylock, ſeem to ſignify *imaginations*, or *prejudices*. In *Othello*, Act I. is a paſſage ſomewhat ſimilar. " And

As there is no firm reaſon to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;

thoogh we have here a ſubſtitute of moſt allowed ſufficieocy, yet *opinion*, a *ſovereign miſtreſs of effects*, throws a more faſe voice oo you." STEEVENS.

Of this much controverted paſſage, my opinioo was formerly very different from what it is at preſeot. *Sways*, the reading of the old copies, *I* conceived, could not agree with *maſters* as a ſubſtaotive; but very ſoon after my former note on theſe words was printed, I found that this was not only our author's ufual phraſeology, but the common language of the time. Ionumerable inſtances of the ſame kind occur in theſe plays; in all of which I have followed the practice of my predeceſſors, and ſilently reduced the ſubſtantive and the verb to concord. [See Vol. III. p. 73. n. 5.] This is the only change that is now made in the preſeot paſſage: for all the ancient copies read—*affection*, not *affections*, as the word has been printed in late editions, in order to conoect it with the following lioe:

" Cannot contain their urioe for *affection*," I believe, means only—Caonot, &c. on accouot of *their being affected* by the noiſe of the bagpipe; or, in other words, on account of an involuntary aotipathy to ſuch a noiſe. In the next line, which is put in appoſitioo with that preceding, the word *it* may refer either to *paſſion*, or *affection*. To explain it, I ſhall borrow Dr. Johnſon's words, with a ſlight variation: " Thoſe who koow how to operate on the paſſion of men, rule it, (or rule the ſympathetick feeling,) by making it operate in obedience to the notes which pleaſe or diſguſt it." *It*, (" ſway *it*") in my opinion, refers to *affection*, that is, to the ſympathetick feeling. MALONE.

The true meaoing undoubtedly is,—The maſters of paſſion, that is, ſuch as are poſſeſſed of the art of engaging and managing the human paſſions, influence them by a ſkilful application to the particular likings or lnathings of the perſon they are addreſſing; this is a proof that men are generally gnverned by their likings aod loathings, aod therefore it is by no means ſtrange or unnatural that I ſhould be ſo too in the preſent inſtance. HEATH.

The reading of all the old editions is:

" Aod others, when the bag-pipe ſings i' th' noſe,
" Cannot cootain their urine for *affection*.
" Maſters of paſſion *ſways* it to the mood
" Of what it likes or loaths."

i. e. " *ſome men when they hear the ſound of a bag-pipe, are* ſo affected therewith *that they cannot retain their urine. For thoſe things*

Why he, a harmleſs neceſſary cat;
Why he, a ſwollen bag-pipe;[4] but of force

which are maſters over paſſion, make it like or loath whatever they will. RITSON.

After all that has been ſaid about this conteſted paſſage, I am convinced we are indebted for the true reading of it to Mr. Waldroo, the ingenious editor and continuator of Ben Jonſon's *Sad Shepherd.*

In his Appendix, p. 212, he obſerves that "*Miſtreſs* was formerly ſpelt *Maiſtreſſe* or *Maiſtres.* In Upton's and Church's Spenſer we have

"——young birds, which he had taught to ſing
"His *maiſtreſſe* praiſes." B. III. c. vii. ſt. 17.

This, I preſume, is the reading of the firſt edition of the three firſt books of *The Fairy Queen*, 1590, which I have not; in the ſecond edition, 1596, and the folio's 1609 and 1611, it is ſpelt *miſtreſſe.*

In Bulleyn's Dialogue we have "my maiſter, and my *maiſtreſs.*" See page 219 of this Appendix.

Perhaps *Maiſtreſs* (eaſily corrupted, by the tranſpoſition of the *r* and *e*, into *Maiſters*, which is the reading of the ſecond folio of Shakſpeare) might have been the poet's word.

Mr. Steevens, in his note on this difficult paſſage, gives a quotation from Othello, which countenances this ſuppoſed difference of gender in the noun:—"And though we have here a ſubſtitute of moſt allowed ſufficiency, yet *opinion* a *ſovereign miſtreſs of effects*, throws a more ſafe voice on you;"

Admitting *maiſtres* to have been Shakſpeare's word, we may, according to modern orthography, read the paſſage thus:

"——for affection
"*Miſtreſs* of paſſion, ſways it to the mood
"Of what it likes, or loaths."

In the Latin, it is to be obſerved, *Affectio* and *Paſſio* are feminine."

To the foregoing amendment, ſo well ſupported, and ſo modeſtly offered, I cannot refuſe a place in the text of our author.

This emendation may alſo receive countenance from the following paſſage in the fourth Book of Sidney's *Arcadia:* "—She ſaw in him how much fancy doth not only darken reaſon, but beguile ſenſe; ſhe found *opinion miſtreſſe* of the Lover's judgement."

So likewiſe in the *Prologue* to a MS. entitled *The Boke of Huntyng, that is cleped Mayſter of Game.*——"ymaginacion *maiſtreſſe* of alle workes," &c. STEEVENS.

[4] *Why he, a ſwollen* bag-pipe;] This incident Shakſpeare ſeems

Muſt yield to ſuch inevitable ſhame,
As to offend, himſelf being offended;

tn have taken frnm J. C. Scaliger's *Exot. Exercit.* againſt Cardan. A bonk that nur author was well read in, and much indebted to fnr a great deal nf his phyſics: it being then much in vogue, and indeed is excellent, though now long ſince ſnrgnt. In his 344 *Exercit.* Sect. vi. he has theſe words: "*Narrabo nunc tibi jocoſam* Sympathiam *Reguli Vaſconis equitis. Is dum viveret, audito phormingis ſono, urinam illico facere cogebatur.*"—And to make this jocular ſtory ſtill mnre ridiculous, Shakſpeare, I ſuppoſe, tranſlated *phorminx* by *bag-pipes*. But what I wnuld chiefly nbſerve from hence is this, that as Scallger nſes the word *Sympathiam*, which ſignifies, and ſo he interprets it, *communem* affectionem *duabus rebus*, ſn Shakſpeare tranſlates it by affectinn:

Cannot contain their urine for affectinn.

Which ſhows the truth of the preceding emendation nf the text accnrding to the nld cnpies; which have a full ſtnp at *affection*, and read *Maſters of paſſion*. WARBURTON.

In an nld tranſlatinn frnm the French nf Peter de Loier, intitled *A Treatiſe of Spectres, or ſtrange Sights, Viſions*, &c. we have this identical ſtnry from Scaliger; and what is ſtill mnre, a marginal note gives us in all prnbability the very fact alluded to. as well as the *word* of Shakſpeare. "Another gentleman nf this quality lived of late in Devon, neere Exceſter, who could not endure the playing nn a *bag-pipe*." We may juſtly add, as ſnme obſervation has been made upon it, that *affection* in the ſenſe of *ſympathy*, was fnrmerly *technical;* and ſn uſed by lord Bacon, ſir K. Digby, and many other writers. FARMER.

As all the editnrs agree with complete unifnrmity in reading *wollen* bag-pipe, I can hardly ſnrbear tn imagine that they underſtood it. But I never ſaw a *woollen bag-pipe*, nor can well cnnceive it, I ſuppoſe the authnur wrnte *wooden* bag-pipe, meaning that the bag was nf leather, and the pipe of *wood*. JOHNSON.

This paſſage is clear from all difficulty, if we read *ſwelling* or *ſwollen bag-pipe*, which, that we ſhould, I have not the leaſt doubt. SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

A paſſage in *Turberville's Epitaphes*, p. 13. ſupports the emendation propoſed by Sir Jnhn Hawkins:

"Firſt came the ruſtick ſnrth
"With pipe and *puffed* bag."

This inſtance was pointed out to me by Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

So can I give no reaſon, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A loſing ſuit againſt him. Are you anſwer'd?

BASS. This is no anſwer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuſe the current of thy cruelty.

SHY. I am not bound to pleaſe thee with my anſwer.

BASS. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

SHY. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

BASS. Every offence is not a hate at firſt.

SHY. What, would'ſt thou have a ſerpent ſting thee twice?

ANT. I pray you, think you queſtion[5] with the Jew:
You may as well go ſtand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his uſual height;
You may as well uſe queſtion with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines

Perhaps Shakſpeare calls the bagpipe *woollen*, from the bag being generally covered with woollen cloth. I have ſeen one at Alowick, belonging to one of the pipers in the Percy family, covered with black velvet, and guarded with ſilver fringe. R. G. ROBINSON.

An anonymous writer, in ſupport of the old reading, obſerves, that the ſkin or bladder of a bag-pipe is frequently covered with flannel. I am, however, of opinion that the old is the true reading. MALONE.

As the averſion was not cauſed by the outward appearance of the bag-pipe, but merely by the ſound ariſing from its inflation, I have placed the conjectural reading — *ſwollen*, in the text. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *you* queſtion ——] To queſtion is to converſe. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" — in the loſs of *queſtion* —" i. e. converſation that leads to nothing. To *reaſon* had anciently the ſame meaning. STEEVENS.

To wag their high tops, and to make no noiſe,
When they are fretted with the guſts of heaven;[5]
You may as well do any thing moſt hard,
As ſeek to ſoften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewiſh heart:—Therefore, I do beſeech you,
Make no more offers, uſe no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgement, and the Jew his will.

BASS. For thy three thouſand ducats here is ſix.

SHY. If every ducat in ſix thouſand ducats
Were in ſix parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

DUKE. How ſhalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

SHY. What judgement ſhall I dread, doing no wrong?

You have among you many a purchas'd ſlave,[6]
Which, like your aſſes, and your dogs, and mules,
You uſe in abject and in ſlaviſh parts,
Becauſe you bought them:—Shall I ſay to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why ſweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as ſoft as yours, and let their palates
Be ſeaſon'd with ſuch viands? You will anſwer,

5 —— *the mountain pines*
To wag their high tops, and to make no noiſe,
When they are fretted with the guſts of heaven;] This image ſeems to have been caught from Golding's verſion of Ovid, 1587. Book XV. p. 196:

"Such noiſe as pine-trees make, what time the headdy eaſterne wind
"Doth whizz amongſt them." — STEEVENS.

6 —— *many a purchas'd ſlave,*] This argument, conſidered as uſed to the particular perſons, ſeems concluſive. I ſee not how Venetians or Engliſhmen, while they practiſe the purchaſe and ſale of ſlaves, can much enforce or demand the law of *doing to others as we would that they ſhould do to us.* JOHNSON.

The ſlaves are ours:—So do I anſwer you:
The pound of fleſh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine,[7] and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I ſtand for judgement: anſwer; ſhall I have it?

DUKE. Upon my power, I may diſmiſs this court,
Unleſs Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have ſent for[8] to determine this,
Come here to-day.

SALAR. My lord, here ſtays without
A meſſenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

DUKE. Bring us the letters; Call the meſſenger.

BASS. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man? courage yet!
The Jew ſhall have my fleſh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou ſhalt loſe for me one drop of blood.

ANT. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meeteſt for death; the weakeſt kind of fruit
Drops earlieſt to the ground, and ſo let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Baſſanio,
Than to live ſtill, and write mine epitaph.

7 ——*is mine,*] The firſt quarto reads—*as* mine, evidently a miſprint for *is*. The other quarto and the folio—*'tis* mine. MALONE.

8 ——*Bellario, a learned doctor,*
Whom I have ſent for ——] The doctor and the court are here ſomewhat unſkilfully brought together. That the duke would, on ſuch an occaſion, conſult a doctor of great reputation, is not unlikely; but how ſhould this be foreknown by Portia? JOHNSON.

I do not ſee any neceſſity for ſuppoſing that *this* was *foreknown by Portia*. She conſults Bellario as an eminent lawyer, and her relation. If the Duke had not conſulted him, the only difference would have been, that ſhe would have come into court, as an advocate perhaps, inſtead of a judge. TYRWHITT.

Enter NERISSA, *dreſſed like a lawyer's clerk.*

DUKE. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

NER. From both my lord: Bellario greets your grace. [*Preſents a letter.*

BASS. Why doſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?

SHY. To cut the forfeiture[8] from that bankrupt there.

GRA. Not on thy ſole, but on thy ſoul, harſh Jew,[9]
Thou mak'ſt thy knife keen: but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenneſs
Of thy ſharp envy.[2] Can no prayers pierce thee?

SHY. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.

GRA. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog![3]

[8] ——*the forfeiture*——] Read——*forfeit.* It occurs repeatedly in the preſent ſcene for *forfeiture.* RITSON.

[9] *Not on thy ſole, but on thy ſoul, harſh Jew,*] This loſt jingle Mr. Theobald found again; but knew not what to make of it when he had it, as appears by his paraphraſe, *Though thou thinkeſt that thou art whetting thy knife on the ſole of thy ſhoe, yet it is upon thy ſoul, thy immortal part.* Abſurd! the conceit is, that his ſoul was ſo hard that it had given an edge to his knife. WARBURTON.

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

" Thou hid'ſt a thouſand daggers in thy thoughts;
" Which thou haſt *whetted on thy ſtony heart,*
" To ſtab at half an hour of my life." STEEVENS.

[2] *Of thy ſharp* envy.] *Envy* again, in this place, ſignifies *hatred* or *malice.* STEEVENS.

[3] ——inexorable *dog!*] All the old copies read——*inexecrable.*—— It was corrected in the third folio. STEEVENS.

Perhaps, however, unneceſſarily. *In* was ſometimes uſed in our author's time, in compoſition, as an augmentative or intenſive particle. MALONE.

And for thy life let juſtice be accus'd.
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That ſouls of animals infuſe themſelves
Into the trunks of men: thy curriſh ſpirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human ſlaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell ſoul fleet,
And, whilſt thou lay'ſt in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itſelf in thee; for thy deſires
Are wolfiſh, bloody, ſtarv'd and ravenous.

SHY. Till thou can'ſt rail the ſeal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'ſt thy lungs to ſpeak ſo loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureleſs ruin.—I ſtand here for law.

DUKE. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court:—
Where is he?

NER. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your anſwer, whether you'll admit him.

DUKE. With all my heart:—ſome three or four of you,
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Mean time, the court ſhall hear Bellario's letter.

[Clerk *reads.*] *Your grace ſhall underſtand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very ſick: but in the inſtant that your meſſenger came, in loving viſitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Balthaſar: I acquainted him with the cauſe in controverſy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turn'd o'er many books together: he is furniſh'd with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning, (the greatneſs whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him at my importunity, to fill up your grace's requeſt in my*

ſtead. I beſeech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend eſtimation; for I never knew ſo young a body with ſo old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whoſe trial ſhall better publiſh his commendation.

DUKE. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA, *dreſſed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?
POR. I did, my lord.
DUKE. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this preſent queſtion in the court?
POR. I am informed throughly of the cauſe.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
DUKE. Antonio and old Shylock, both ſtand forth.
POR. Is your name Shylock?
SHY. Shylock is my name.
POR. Of a ſtrange nature is the ſuit you follow;
Yet in ſuch rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you,[4] as you do proceed.—
You ſtand within his danger,[5] do you not?
[*To* ANTONIO.
ANT. Ay, ſo he ſays.

[4] *Cannot* impugn *you,*] To *impugn* is to oppoſe, to controvert. So, in the *Tragedy of Darius*, 1603:

"Yet though my heart would fain *impugn* my word."

Again;

"If any preſs t' *impugn* what I impart." STEEVENS.

[5] *You ſtand* within his danger,] So, in the *Coventry Play*, among the collection of Whitſun Myſteries repreſented at Cheſter. See Mſ. Harl. 1013, p. 106:

POR. Do you confeſs the bond?
ANT. I do.
POR. Then muſt the Jew be merciful.
SHY. On what compulſion muſt I? tell me that.
POR. The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd;[6]
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bleſs'd;
It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His ſcepter ſhows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majeſty,
Wherein doth ſit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this ſcepter'd ſway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himſelf;
And earthly power doth then ſhow likeſt God's,
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice.[7] Therefore, Jew,

" Two detters ſome tyme there were
" Oughten money to an uſurere,
" The one was *in his daungere*
" Fyve hundred poundes tolde." STEEVENS.

There are frequent inſtances in *The Paſton Letters* of the uſe of this phraſe in the ſame ſenſe; whence it is obvious, from the common language of the time, that *to be in* DEBT and *to be in* DANGER, were ſynonymous terms. HENLEY.

Again, in Powel's *Hiſtory of Wales*, 1587: " — laying for his excuſe that he had offended manie noblemen of England, and therefore would not come *in their danger*." MALONE.

6 *The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd;* &c.] In compoſing theſe beautiful lines, it is probable that Shakſpeare recollected the following verſe in *Eccleſiaſticus*, xxxv. 20: " Mercy is ſeaſonable in the time of affliction, as clouds of rain in the time of drought." DOUCE.

7 *And earthly power doth then ſhow likeſt God's,*
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice.] So, in *King Richard III.* a tragedy, 1596:
" And kings approach the neareſt unto God,
" By giving life and ſafety unto men." MALONE.

Though juſtice be thy plea, conſider this,—
That, in the courſe of juſtice, none of us
Should ſee ſalvation: [7] we do pray for mercy;
And that ſame prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have ſpoke thus much,
To mitigate the juſtice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this ſtrict court of Venice
Muſt needs give ſentence 'gainſt the merchant there

SHY. My deeds upon my head! [8] I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

POR. Is he not able to diſcharge the money?

BASS. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the ſum: [9] if that will not ſuffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not ſuffice, it muſt appear
That malice bears down truth. [2] And I beſeech you
Wreſt once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

7 —— *in the courſe of juſtice, none of us*
Should ſee ſalvation:] Portia referring the *Jew* to the Chriſtian doctrine of ſalvation, and the Lord's Prayer, is a little out of character. BLACKSTONE.

8 *My deeds upon my head?*] An imprecation adopted from that of the Jews to Pilate: "His blood be on us, and our children!" HENLEY.

9 *Yea*, twice *the ſum:*] We ſhould read — *thrice* the ſum. — Portia, a few lines below, ſays

"Shylock, there's *thrice* thy money offer'd thee."

And Shylock himſelf ſupports the emendation:

"I take his offer then; —'pay the bond *thrice*."

The editions, indeed, read — *this* offer; but Mr. Steevens has already propoſed the alteration we ought to adopt. RITSON.

2 —— *malice bears down truth.*] Malice oppreſſes honeſty; a *true man* in old language is an *honeſt man*. We now call the jury *good men and true*. JOHNSON.

POR. It muſt not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree eſtabliſhed:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the ſame example,
Will ruſh into the ſtate: it cannot be.
SHY. A Daniel come to judgement! yea, a Daniel!—
O wiſe young judge, how do I honour thee!
POR. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
SHY. Here 'tis, moſt reverend doctor, here it is.
POR. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.
SHY. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my ſoul?
No, not for Venice.
POR. Why, this bond is forfeit:
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of fleſh, to be by him cut off
Neareſt the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
SHY. When it is paid according to the tenour,—
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your expoſition
Hath been moſt ſound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deſerving pillar,
Proceed to judgement: by my ſoul I ſwear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I ſtay here on my bond.
ANT. Moſt heartily I do beſeech the court
To give the judgement.
POR. Why then, thus it is.
You muſt prepare your boſom for his knife:
SHY. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

POR. For the intent and purpoſe of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
SHY. 'Tis very true: O wiſe and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
POR. Therefore, lay bare your boſom.
SHY. Ay, his breaſt:
So ſays the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearеſt his heart, thoſe are the very words.
POR. It is ſo. Are there balance here, to weigh
The fleſh?
SHY. I have them ready.
POR. Have by ſome ſurgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To ſtop his wounds, leſt he do bleed to death.
SHY. Is it ſo nominated in the bond?
POR. It is not ſo expreſs'd; But what of that?
'Twere good, you do ſo much for charity.
SHY. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
POR. Come, merchant, have you any thing to ſay?
ANT. But little; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—
Give me your hand, Baſſanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune ſhows herſelf more kind
Than is her cuſtom: it is ſtill her uſe,
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of ſuch a miſery[9] doth ſhe cut me off.

[9] *Of ſuch a miſery*——] The firſt folio deſtroys the meaſure by omitting the particle — *a*; which, nevertheleſs, is found in the corrected ſecond folio, 1632. STEEVENS.

Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the proceſs of Antonio's end,
Say, how I lov'd you, ſpeak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Baſſanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you ſhall loſe your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it inſtantly with all my heart.

BASS. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itſelf;
But life itſelf, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me eſteem'd above thy life:
I would looſe all, ay, ſacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

POR. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If ſhe were by, to hear you make the offer.

GRA. I have a wife, whom, I proteſt, I love;
I would ſhe were in heaven, ſo ſhe could
Entreat ſome power to change this curriſh Jew.

NER. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wiſh would make elſe an unquiet houſe.

SHY. Theſe be the chriſtian huſbands: I have a daughter;
'Would, any of the ſtock of Barrabas[a]
Had been her huſband, rather than a Chriſtian!
[*Aſide.*

[a] —— *the ſtock of* Barrabas ——] The name of this robber is differently ſpelt as well as accented in the *New Teſtament*; [Μὴ τοῦτον, ἀλλὰ τὸν Βαραββᾶν. ἦν δὲ ὁ Βαραββᾶς λῃστής;] but Shakſpeare ſeems to have followed the pronunciation uſual to the theatre, *Barabbas* being ſounded Barabas throughout Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*. Our poet might otherwiſe have written —

"Would any of Barabbas' flock had been —
"Her huſband, rather than a chriſtian!" STEEVENS.

We trifle time; I pray thee, purſue ſentence.
POR. A pound of that ſame merchant's fleſh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
SHY. Moſt rightful judge!
POR. And you muſt cut this fleſh from off his breaſt;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
SHY. Moſt learned judge!—A ſentence; come, prepare.
POR. Tarry a little;—there is ſomething elſe.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expreſsly are, a pound of fleſh:
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of fleſh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou doſt ſhed
One drop of chriſtian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiſcate
Unto the ſtate of Venice.
GRA. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew;—O learned judge!
SHY. Is that the law?
POR. Thyſelf ſhalt ſee the act:
For, as thou urgeſt juſtice, be aſſur'd,
Thou ſhalt have juſtice, more than thou deſir'ſt.
GRA. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!
SHY. I take this offer then;[3]—pay the bond thrice,

[3] *I take* this *offer then;*] Perhaps we ſhould read—*his*, i. e. Baſſanio's, who offers *twice* the ſum, &c. STEEVENS.

This offer is right. Shylock ſpecifies the offer he means, which is, "to have the bond paid thrice." M. MASON.

He means, I think, to ſay, "I take *this* offer that has been made me." Baſſanio had offered at firſt but *twice* the ſum, but Portia had gone further—"Shylock there's *thrice* thy money," &c. The Jew naturally inſiſts on the larger ſum. MALONE.

And let the Chriſtian go.

BASS. Here is the money.

POR. Soft;
The Jew ſhall have all juſtice;—ſoft!—no haſte;—
He ſhall have nothing but the penalty.

GRA. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

POR. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the fleſh.[4]
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou leſs, nor more,
But juſt a pound of fleſh: if thou tak'ſt more,
Or leſs, than a juſt pound,—be it but ſo much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the ſubſtance,
Or the diviſion of the twentieth part
Of one poor ſcruple; nay, if the ſcale do turn
But in the eſtimation of a hair,—
Thou dieſt, and all thy goods are confiſcate.

GRA. A ſecond Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

[4] *Therefore prepare thee to cut off the fleſh.*] This judgement is related by *Gracian*, the celebrated Spaniſh jeſuit, in his *Hero*, with a reflexion at the concluſion of it. "—Compite con la del Salomon la promptitud de aquel gran Turco. Pretendia un Judio cortar una onza de carne á un Chriſtiano, pena ſobre uſura. Inſiſtia en ello con igual terqueria á ſu Principe, que perfidia á ſu Dios. Mando el gran Juez traer peſo, y cuchillo; conminole con el deguello ſi cortava mas ni menos. *Y fue dar agudo corte á la lid, y al mundo milagro del ingenio.*" El Heroe de Lorenzo Gracian. Primor. 3. Thus rendered by Sir John Skeffington, 1652.

"The vivacity of that great Turke enters in competition with that of Solomon: a *Jew* pretended to cut an ounce of the fleſh of a Chriſtian upon a penalty of uſury; he urged it to the Prince, with as much obſtinacy, as perfidiouſneſs towards God. The great Judge commanded a pair of ſcales to be brought, threatening the *Jew* with death if he cut either more or leſs: And this was to give a ſharp deciſion to a malicious proceſs, and to the world a miracle of ſubtilty." *The Heroe*, p. 24, &c.

Gregorio Leti, in his *Life of Sixtus V.* has a ſimilar ſtory. The papacy of Sixtus began in 1583. He died Aug. 29, 1590. The reader will find an extract from *Farneworth's Tranſlation*, at the concluſion of the play. STEEVENS.

POR. Why doth the Jew pauſe? take thy forfeiture.
SHY. Give me my principal, and let me go.
BASS. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
POR. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He ſhall have merely juſtice, and his bond.
GRA. A Daniel, ſtill ſay I? a ſecond Daniel! —
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
SHY. Shall I not have barely my principal?
POR. Thou ſhalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be ſo taken at thy peril, Jew.
SHY. Why then the devil give him good of it!
I'll ſtay no longer queſtion.
POR. Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice, —
If it be prov'd againſt an alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He ſeek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainſt the which he doth contrive,
Shall ſeize on half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the ſtate;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainſt all other voice.
In which predicament, I ſay, thou ſtand'ſt:
For it appears by manifeſt proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou haſt contriv'd againſt the very life
Of the defendant; and thou haſt incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.
GRA. Beg, that thou may'ſt have leave to hang thyſelf:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the ſtate,

Thou haſt not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou muſt be hang'd at the ſtate's charge.

DUKE. That thou ſhalt ſee the difference of our ſpirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aſk it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general ſtate,
Which humbleneſs may drive unto a fine.

POR. Ay, for the ſtate;[5] not for Antonio.

SHY. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:
You take my houſe, when you do take the prop
That doth ſuſtain my houſe; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

POR. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

GRA. A halter gratis; nothing elſe, for God's ſake.

ANT. So pleaſe my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content,[6] ſo he will let me have

[5] *Ay, for the ſtate;* &c.] That is, the ſtate's moiety may be commuted for a fine, but not Antonio's. MALONE.

[6] *I am content,*] The terms propoſed have been miſunderſtood. Antonio declares, that as the duke quits one half of the forfeiture, he is likewiſe content to abate his claim, and deſires not the property but the *uſe* or produce only of the half, and that only for the Jew's life, unleſs we read, as perhaps is right, *upon* my *death*. JOHNSON.

Antonio tells the duke, that if he will abate the fine for the ſtate's half, he (Antonio) will be contented to take the other, *in truſt*, after Shylock's death, to render it to his daughter's huſband. That is, it was, during Shylock's life, to remain *at intereſt* in Antonio's hands, and Shylock was to enjoy the produce of it. RITSON.

Antonio's offer is, "that he will quit the foe for one half of his fortune, provided that he will let him have it at intereſt during the Jew's life, to render it on his death to Lorenzo." That is the meaning of the words *to let me have in uſe*. M. MASON.

The other half in uſe,—to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately ſtole his daughter.
Two things provided more,—That, for this favour,
He preſently become a Chriſtian;
The other, that he do record a giſt,
Here in the court, of all he dies poſſeſs'd,
Unto his ſon Lorenzo, and his daughter.

DUKE. He ſhall do this; or elſe I do recant
The pardon, that I late pronounced here.

POR. Art thou contented, Jew? what doſt thou ſay?

SHY. I am content.

POR. Clerk, draw a deed of giſt.

SHY. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; ſend the deed after me,
And I will ſign it.

DUKE. Get thee gone, but do it.

GRA. In chriſtening thou ſhalt have two godfathers;
Had I been judge, thou ſhould'ſt have had ten more,[7]
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit* SHYLOCK.

DUKE. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

7 ——— *thou ſhould'ſt have had* ten *more*,] i. e. a jury of *twelve* men, to condemn thee to be hanged. THEOBALD.

So, in *The Devil is an Aſs*, by Ben Jonſon:

" ——— I will leave you
" To your godfathers in law. Let *twelve men* work."

STEEVENS.

This appears to have been an old joke. So, in *A Dialogue both pleaſaunt and pietifull*, &c. by Dr. William Bulleyne, 1564, (which has been quoted in a former page,) one of the ſpeakers, to ſhow his mean opinion of an oſtler at an inn, ſays, " I did ſee him aſke bleſſinge to xii godfathers at ones." MALONE.

POR. I humbly do deſire your grace of pardon;[8]
I muſt away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet, I preſently ſet forth.

DUKE I am ſorry, that your leiſure ſerves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt* Duke, *Magnificoes, and Train.*

BASS. Moſt worthy gentleman, I and my friend,
Have by your wiſdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thouſand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

ANT. And ſtand indebted, over and above,
In love and ſervice to you evermore.

POR. He is well paid, that is well ſatisfied;
And I, delivering you, am ſatisfied,
And therein do account myſelf well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again;
I wiſh you well, and ſo I take my leave.

BASS. Dear ſir, of force I muſt attempt you further;
Take ſome remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

POR. You preſs me far, and therefore I will yield.

[8] ——*grace of pardon;*] Thus the old copies: the modern editors read, leſs harſhly, but without authority, —*your grace's pardon.* The ſame kind of expreſſion occurs in Othello: —"*I humbly do beſeech you of your pardon.*"

In the notes to *As You like It*, and *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*, I have given repeated inſtances of this phraſeology. STEEVENS.

Your *grace's pardon*, was found in a copy of no authority, the 4to. of 1637. MALONE.

Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your ſake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:—
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love ſhall not deny me this.

BASS. This ring, good ſir,—alas, it is a trifle;
I will not ſhame myſelf to give you this.

POR. I will have nothing elſe but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

BASS. There's more depends on this, than on the value.
The deareſt ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

POR. I ſee, ſir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me firſt to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar ſhould be anſwer'd.

BASS. Good ſir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And, when ſhe put it on, ſhe made me vow,
That I ſhould neither ſell, nor give, nor loſe it.

POR. That 'ſcuſe ſerves many men to ſave their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deſerv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,[9]
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exeunt* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

ANT. My lord Baſſanio, let him have the ring;
Let his deſervings, and my love withal,
Be valued 'gainſt your wife's commandement.

[9] *She would not* hold *out* enemy *for ever,*] An error of the preſs.—Read "hold out *enmity.*" M. MASON.

I believe the reading in the text is the true one. So, in *Much ado about nothing*, Act I. ſc. i. the *Meſſenger* ſays to Beatrice—"I will *hold friends* with you, lady." STEEVENS.

BASS. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can'ſt,
Unto Antonio's houſe:—away, make haſte.
[*Exit* GRATIANO.
Come, you and I will thither preſently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: Come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Street.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

POR. Enquire the Jew's houſe out, give him this deed,
And let him ſign it; we'll away to-night,
And be a day before our huſbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

GRA. Fair ſir, you are well overtaken:
My lord Baſſanio, upon more advice,*
Hath ſent you here this ring; and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.
POR. That cannot be:
This ring I do accept moſt thankfully,
And ſo, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,
I pray you, ſhow my youth old Shylock's houſe.
GRA. That will I do.
NER. Sir, I would ſpeak with you:—
I'll ſee if I can get my huſband's ring, [*to* PORTIA.

* —— *upon more* advice,] i. e. more *reflection*. So, in *All's well that ends well*: "You never did lack *adviſe* ſo much," &c. STEEVENS.

Which I did make him ſwear to keep for ever.

POR. Thou may'ſt, I warrant: We ſhall have old ſwearing,[2]

That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outſwear them too.
Away, make haſte; thou know'ſt where I will tarry.

NER. Come, good ſir, will you ſhow me to this houſe? [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Belmont. *Avenue to* Portia's *Houſe.*

Enter LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

LOR. The moon ſhines bright:—In ſuch a night as this,[3]

[2] —— old *ſwearing,*] Of this ooce commoo augmentative in colloquial language, there are various ioſtaoces in our author. Thus in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:* "Here will be an *old* abuſing of God's patieoce and the King's Engliſh." Agaio, io *K. Henry IV.* P. II: "—— here will be *old* utis." The ſame phraſe alſo occurs in *Macbeth.* STEEVENS.

[3] —— *In ſuch a night as this,*] The ſeveral ſpeeches begioning with theſe words, &c. are imitated in the old Comedy of *Wily Beguiled:* which though not aſcertaining the exact date of that play, prove it to have beeo writteo after Shakſpeare's:

"In ſueh a night did Paris win his love.
"*Lelia.* In ſuch a night, Æneas prov'd unkind.
"*Sophoſ.* In ſuch a night did Troilus court his dear.
"*Lelia.* In ſuch a night, fair Phillis was betray'd."
Orig. of the Drama, Vol. III. p. 365. WHALLEY.

Wily Beguil'd was written before 1596, being mentioned by Naſhe in ooe of his pamphlets publiſhed in that year. MALONE.

When the ſweet wind did gently kiſs the trees,
And they did make no noiſe; in ſuch a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls, [4]
And ſigh'd his ſoul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Creſſid lay that night.

JES. In ſuch a night,
Did Thiſbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And ſaw the lion's ſhadow ere himſelf,
And ran diſmay'd away.

LOR. In ſuch a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand [5]
Upon the wild ſea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.

JES. In ſuch a night, [6]

[4] *Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,*] This image is from Chaucer's *Troilus and Creſſeide*, 5 B. 666 and 1142:

" Upon the *wallis* faſt eke would he walke,
" And on the Grekis hoſt he would yſe, &c.
" The daie goth faſt, and after that came eve
" And yet came not to Troilus Creſſeide,
" He lokith forth, by hedge, by tre, by greve,
" And ſerre his heade *ovir the walls* he leide," &c.

Again, *ibid:*

" And up and doune by weſt and eke by eſt,
" *Upon the wallis* made he many a went." STEEVENS.

[5] *In ſuch a night,*
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand—] This paſſage contains a ſmall inſtance out of many that might be brought to prove that Shakſpeare was no reader of the claſſicks. STEEVENS.

Mr. Warton ſuggeſts in his *Hiſt. of Eng. Poetry*, that Shakſpeare might have taken this image from ſome ballad on the ſubject. MALONE.

[6] *In ſuch a night*, &c.] So, Gower, ſpeaking of Medea:

" Thus it befell upon a night
" Whann there was nought but ſterre light,
" She was vaniſhed right as hir liſt,
" That no wight but herſelf wiſt:
" And that was at midnight tide,
" The world was ſtill on every ſide," &c.
Confeſſio Amantis, 1554. STEEVENS.

Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æſon.

LOR. In ſuch a night,
Did Jeſſica ſteal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

JES. And in ſuch a night,[7]
Did young Lorenzo ſwear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her ſoul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

LOR. And in ſuch a night,
Did pretty Jeſſica, like a little ſhrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

JES. I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter a Servant.

LOR. Who comes ſo faſt in ſilence of the night?

SERV. A friend.

LOR. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

SERV. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My miſtreſs will before the break of day

[7] And *in ſuch a night,*] The word — *and* was neceſſarily added by Mr. Pope, for the ſake of metre, both in this and the following ſpeech of Lorenzo.

Mr. Malone, however, aſſures us that *ſwear* is to be read as a diſſyllable, and divides the paſſage, as follows:

"In ſuch a night did
"Young Lorenzo ſwear he lov'd her well."

and afterwards:

"In ſuch a night, did
"Pretty Jeſſica, like a little ſhrew," STEEVENS.

Be here at Belmont: ſhe doth ſtray about
By holy croſſes, [8] where ſhe kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.
LOR. Who comes with her?
SERV. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my maſter yet return'd?
LOR. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jeſſica,
And ceremoniouſly let us prepare
Some welcome for the miſtreſs of the houſe.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

LAUN. Sola, ſola, wo ha, ho, ſola, ſola!
LOR. Who calls?
LAUN. Sola! did you ſee maſter Lorenzo, and miſtreſs Lorenzo! ſola, ſola!
LOR. Leave hollaing, man; here.
LAUN. Sola! where? where?
LOR. Here.
LAUN. Tell him, there's a poſt come from my maſter, with his horn full of good news; my maſter will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*
LOR. Sweet ſoul, [9] let's in, and there expect their coming.

8 ——*ſhe doth ſtray about*
By holy croſſes,] So, in the *The Merry Devil of Edmonton:*
"But there are *Croſſes*, wife; here's one in Waltham,
"Another at the Abbey, and the third
"At Ceſton; and 'tis ominous to paſs
"Any of theſe without a Pater-noſter."
and this is a reaſon aſſigned for the delay of a wedding.
STEEVENS.

9 *Sweet ſoul,*] Theſe words in the old copies are placed at the end of Launcelot's ſpeech. MALONE.

And yet no matter;—Why ſhould we go in?
My friend Stephano, ſignify, I pray you,
Within the houſe, your miſtreſs is at hand;
And bring your muſick forth into the air.—
[*Exit* Servant.
How ſweet the moon-light ſleeps upon this bank!
Here will we ſit, and let the ſounds of muſick
Creep in our ears;[2] ſoft ſtillneſs, and the night,
Become the touches of ſweet harmony.
Sit, Jeſſica: Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;[3]

Theſe two words ſhould certainly be placed at the beginning of the following ſpeech of *Lorenzo*:

" *Sweet ſoul*, let's in," &c.

Mr. Pope, I ſee, has corrected this blunder of the old edition, but he has changed *ſoule* into *love*, without any neceſſity. TYRWHITT.

Mr. Rowe firſt made the preſent regulation, which appears to me to be right. Inſtead of *ſoul* he reads — *love*, the latter word having been capriciouſly ſubſtituted in the place of the former by the editor of the ſecond folio, who introduced a large portion of the corruptions which for a long time diſfigured the modern editions. MALONE.

I rather ſuppoſe, that the printer of the ſecond folio, judiciouſly correcting ſome miſtakes, through inattention committed others. STEEVENS.

[2] —— *and let the* ſounds *of* muſick
Creep in our ears;] So, in *Churchyard's Worthines of Wales*, 1587:

" A *muſick* ſweete, that through *our eares ſhall creepe.*
" By ſecret arte, and lull a man aſleepe."

Again, in *The Tempeſt*:

" This muſick *crept* by me upon the waters." REED.

[3] —— *with* patines *of bright gold;*] Dr. Warburton ſays we ſhould read — *patens;* a round broad plate of gold borne in heraldry. STEEVENS.

Pattens is the reading of the firſt folio, and *pattents* of the quarto. *Patterns* is printed firſt in the folio 1632. JOHNSON.

One of the quartos, 1600, reads — *pattens*, the other *pattents*. STEEVENS.

There's not the ſmalleſt orb, which thou behold'ſt,
But in his motion like an angel ſings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal ſouls;
But, whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſsly cloſe it in, we cannot hear it. [4]

A patine, from *patina*, Lat. A *patine* is the ſmall flat diſh or plate uſed with the chalice, in the adminiſtration of the euchariſt. In the time of popery, and probably in the following age, it was commonly made of gold. MALONE.

[4] *Such* harmony *is in immortal* ſouls; &c.] It is proper to exhibit the lines as they ſtand in the copies of the firſt, ſecond, third, and fourth editions, without any variation, for a change has been ſilently made by Rowe, and adopted by all the ſucceeding editors:

Such harmony is in immortal ſouls;
But while this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſsly cloſe in it, *we cannot hear it.*

That the third line is corrupt muſt be allowed, but it gives reaſon to ſuſpect that the original was:

Doth groſsly cloſe it in.

Yet I know not whether from this any thing better can be produced than the received reading. Perhaps *harmony* is *the power of perceiving harmony*, as afterwards, *Muſick in the ſoul* is the quality of being *moved with concord of ſweet ſounds*. This will ſomewhat explain the old copies, but the ſentence is ſtill imperfect; which might be completed by reading:

Such harmony is *in* th' *immortal* ſoul,
But while this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſsly cloſe it in, *we cannot hear it.* JOHNSON.

—— *cloſe* it *in* ——] This idea might have been adopted from a paſſage in Phaer's tranſlation of Virgil, B. VI.

"Nor *cloſed* ſo *in darke* can they regard their heaveoly kinde,
"For caikaſſe foul of fleſh, and dungeon vile of priſon blinde" STEEVENS.

Such harmony is in immortal ſouls, &c.] This paſſage having been much miſunderſtood, it may be proper to add a ſhort explanation of it.

"*Such harmony*," &c. is not an explanation ariſing from the foregoing line "So great is the harmony!" but an illuſtration: —"Of the *ſame kind* is the harmony."—The whole runs thus:

There is not one of the heavenly orbs but ſings as it moves, ſtill quiring to the cherubin. Similar to the harmony they make, is that of

Enter Muſicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn ;[f]
With ſweeteſt touches pierce your miſtreſs' ear,

immortal ſouls; or, (in other words) *each of us have a perfect harmony in our ſouls as the harmony of the ſpheres, inaſmuch as we have the quality of being moved by ſweet ſounds* (as he expreſſes it afterwards); *but our groſs terreſtrial part, which environs us, deadens the ſound, and prevents our hearing.* — *It*, [Doth groſsly cloſe *it* in,] I apprehend, refers to *harmony*. This is the reading of the firſt quarto printed by Heyes; the quarto printed by Roberts and the folio read — cloſe *in it*.

It may be objected that this *internal* harmony is not an object of ſenſe, cannot be heard; — but Shakſpeare is not always exact in his language: he confounds it with that external and artificial harmony which *is* capable of being heard. — Dr. Warburton (who appears to have entirely miſunderſtood this paſſage,) for *ſouls* reads *ſounds*.

This hath been imitated by Milton in his *Arcades:*

" Such ſweet compulſion doth in muſick lie,
" To lull the daughters of neceſſity,
" And keep unſteady nature in her law,
" And the low world in meaſur'd motion draw
" After *the heavenly tune, which none can hear*
" *Of human mould, with groſs unpurged ear.*" MALONE.

Thus in *Comus:*

" Can any mortal mixture of earth's mold
" Breathe ſuch divine enchanting raviſhment?
" Sure *ſomething holy lodges in that breaſt*,
" And with theſe raptures moves the vocal air
" To teſtify HIS *hidden reſidence.*" HENLEY.

The old reading *in* immortal ſouls is certainly right, and the whole line may be well explained by Hooker, in his *Eccleſiaſtical Polity*, B. V. "Touching muſical harmony, whether by inſtrument or by voice, it being but of high and low ſounds in a due proportionable diſpoſition, ſuch notwithſtanding is the force thereof, and ſo pleaſing effects it hath in that very part of man which is moſt divine, that ſome have been thereby induced to think, that the ſoul itſelf by nature is or hath in it harmony." For this quotation I am indebted to Dr. Farmer.

Mr. Malone obſerves that " the fifth Book of the E. P. was publiſhed ſingly, in 1597." STEEVENS.

[f] —— *wake Diana with a hymn;*] Diana is the moon, who is in the next ſcene repreſented as ſleeping. JOHNSON.

And draw her home with muſick.[6]

JES. I am never merry, when I hear ſweet muſick.
[*Muſick.*

LOR. The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet ſound,
Or any air of muſick touch their ears,
You ſhall perceive them make a mutual ſtand,[7]
Their ſavage eyes turn'd to a modeſt gaze,
By the ſweet power of muſick: Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, ſtones, and floods;
Since naught ſo ſtockiſh, hard, and full of rage,
But muſick for the time doth change his nature:

6 *And draw her home with muſick.*] Shakſpeare was, I believe, here thinking of the cuſtom of accompanying the laſt waggon-load, at the end of harveſt, with ruſtick muſick. He again alludes to this yet common practice, in *As you like it.* MALONE.

7 —— *do but note a wild and wanton herd,*
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet ſound,
Or any air of muſick touch their ears,
You ſhall perceive them make a mutual ſtand, &c.] We find the ſame thought in *The Tempeſt:*

"—— Then I beat my tabor,
"At which, like *unback'd colts*, they prick'd their ears,
"Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noſes,
"*As they ſmelt muſick.*" MALONE.

The man that hath no muſick in himſelf,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,[8]

[8] *The man that hath no muſick in himſelf,*
Nor is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,] The thought here is extremely fine; as if the being affected with muſick was only the harmony between the *internal* [*muſick in himſelf*] and the *external muſick* [*concord of ſweet ſounds;*] which were mutually affected like uniſon ſtrings. This whole ſpeech could not chooſe but pleaſe an Engliſh audience, whoſe great paſſion, as well then as now, was *love of muſick. Jam vero video naturam* (ſays Eraſmus in praiſe of Folly) *ut ſingulis nationibus, ac pene civitatibus, communem quandam inſeviſſe Philautiam: atque hinc fieri, ut* Britanni, *præter alia, Formam,* Muſicam, *& lautas Menſas proprie ſibi vindicent.*
WARBURTON.

This paſſage, which is neither pregnant with phyſical or moral truth, nor poetically beautiful in an eminent degree, has conſtantly enjoyed the good fortune to be repeated by thoſe whoſe inhoſpitable memories would have refuſed to admit or retain any other ſentiment or deſcription of the ſame author, however exalted or juſt. The truth is, that it furniſhes the vacant fiddler with ſomething to ſay in defence of his profeſſion, and ſupplies the coxcomb in muſick with an invective againſt ſuch as do not pretend to diſcover all the various powers of language in inarticulate ſounds.

Our ancient ſtatutes have often received their beſt comment by means of reference to the particular occaſion on which they were framed. Dr. Warburton has therefore properly accounted for Shakſpeare's ſeeming partiality to this amuſement. He might have added, that Peacham requires of his Gentleman ONLY to be able "to ſing his part ſure, and at firſt ſight, and withal to play the ſame on a viol or lute."

Let not, however, this capricious ſentiment of Shakſpeare deſcend to poſterity, unattended by the opinion of the late Lord Cheſterfield on the ſame ſubject. In his 148th letter to his ſon, who was then at Venice, his lordſhip, after having enumerated muſick among the *illiberal* pleaſures, adds —— "if you love muſick, hear it: go to opera, concerts, and pay fiddlers to play to you; but I muſt inſiſt upon your neither piping nor fiddling yourſelf. It puts a gentleman in a very frivolous contemptible light; brings him into a great deal of bad company, and takes up a great deal of time, which might be much better employed. Few things would mortify me more, than to ſee you bearing a part in a concert, with a fiddle under your chin, or a pipe in your mouth." Again, Letter 153, "A taſte of ſculpture and painting is, in my mind, as be-

Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoils;
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no ſuch man be truſted.— Mark the Muſick.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA, *at a diſtance.*

POR. That light we ſee, is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So ſhines a good deed in a naughty world.

NER. When the moon ſhone, we did not ſee the candle.

POR. So doth the greater glory dim the leſs:
A ſubſtitute ſhines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his ſtate
Empties itſelf, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Muſick! hark!

NER. It is your muſick, madam, of the houſe.

POR. Nothing is good, I ſee, without reſpect;[9]
Methinks, it ſounds much ſweeter than by day.

NER. Silence beſtows that virtue on it, madam.

POR. The crow doth ſing as ſweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,

coming as a taſte of fiddling and piping is unbecoming a man of faſhion. The former is connected with hiſtory and poetry, the latter with nothing that I know of, but *bad company.*" Again,—— "Painting and ſculpture are very juſtly called liberal arts; a lively and ſtrong imagination, together with a juſt obſervation, being abſolutely neceſſary to excel in either; which, in my opinion, is by no means the caſe of muſick, though called a liberal art, and now in Italy placed above the other two; a proof of the decline of that country." *Ibidem.* STEEVENS.

9 —— *without reſpect;*] Not abſolutely good, but relatively good as it is modified by circumſtances. JOHNSON.

The nightingale,[2] if ſhe ſhould ſing by day,
When every gooſe is cackling, would be thought
No better a muſician than the wren.
How many things by ſeaſon ſeaſon'd are
To their right praiſe, and true perfection!—
Peace, hoa! the moon ſleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd![3] [*Muſick ceaſes.*

[2] *The nightingale*, &c.] So, in our author's 102d Sonnet:

" Our love was new, and then but in the ſpring,
" When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
" As *Philomel* in ſummer's front doth ſing,
" And ſtops his pipe in growth of riper days;
" Not that the ſummer is leſs pleaſant now,
" Than when her mouroful hymns did huſh the night;
" *But that wild muſick burdens every bough,*
" *And ſweets grown common loſe their dear delight.*"

MALONE.

[3] *Peace*, hoa! *the moon ſleeps with Endymion,*
And would not be awak'd!] The old copies read—Peace! *how*, &c. For the emendation now made I am anſwerable. The oddneſs of the phraſe. " *How* the moon would not be awak'd!" firſt made me ſuſpect the paſſage to be corrupt; and the following lines in *Romeo and Juliet* ſuggeſted the emendation, and appear to me to put it beyond a doubt:

" *Peace, hoa*, for ſhame! confuſion's cure lives not
" In theſe confuſions."

Again, in *As you like it*, Act I.

" *Peace, hoa!* I bar confuſion."

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

" *Hoa! peace* be in this place!"

Again, ibid:

" *Peace, hoa*, be here!"

In *Antony and Cleopatra* the ſame miſtake, I think, has happened. In the paſſage before us, as exhibited in the old copies, there is not a note of admiration after the word *awak'd*. Portia firſt enjoins the muſick to ceaſe, " Peace, hoa!" and then ſubjoins the reaſon for her injunction; " The moon," &c.

Mr. Tyrwhitt ſeems to be of opinion that the interjection *Ho* was formerly uſed to command a ceſſation of noiſe, as well as of fighting. See *Cant. Tales* of Chaucer, IV. p. 230. MALONE.

LOR. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

POR. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

LOR. Dear lady, welcome home.

POR. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

LOR. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

POR. Go in, Nerissa,
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;—
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you.
[*A tucket*[4] *sounds.*

LOR. Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

POR. This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick,
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

[4] —— *A tucket*——] *Toccata*, Ital. a flourish on a trumpet. STEEVENS.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, *and their followers.*

BASS. We ſhould hold day [5] with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in abſence of the ſun. [6]

POR. Let me give light, [7] but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy huſband,
And never be Baſſanio ſo for me;
But God ſort all!—You are welcome home, my lord.

BASS. I thank you, madam: give welcome to my friend.—
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am ſo infinitely bound.

[5] *We ſhould hold day* &c.] If you would always walk in the night, it would be day with us, as it now is on the other ſide of the globe. MALONE.

[6] *We ſhould hold day with the Antipodes,*
If you would walk in Abſence of the ſun.] Thus Rowe, in his *Ambitious Stepmother:*

"Your eyes, which, could the ſun's fair beams decay,
"Might ſhine for him, and bleſs the world with day."

STEEVENS.

[7] *Let me give light*, &c.] There is ſcarcely any word with which Shakſpeare ſo much delights to trifle as with *light*, in its various ſignifications. JOHNSON.

Moſt of the old dramatic writers are guilty of the ſame quibble. So Marſton in his *Infatiate Counteſs*, 1613:

"By this bright *light* that is deriv'd from thee —
"So, ſir, you make me a very *light* creature."

Again, Middleton, in *A Mad World my Maſters*, 1608:

"— *more* lights — I call'd for *lights* here come in two are *light* enough for a whole houſe."

Again, in *Springes for Woodcocks*, a collection of epigrams, 1606:

"Lais of *lighter* metal is compos'd
"Than hath her *lightneſs* till of late diſclos'd;
"For *lighting* where ſhe *light* acceptance feels,
"Her fingers there prove *lighter* than her heels."

STEEVENS.

POR. You ſhould in all ſenſe be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.
ANT. No more than I am well acquitted of.
POR. Sir, you are very welcome to our houſe:
It muſt appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I ſcant this breathing courteſy.[8]
[GRATIANO *and* NERISSA *ſeem to talk apart.*
GRA. By yonder moon, I ſwear, you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, ſo much at heart.
POR. A quarrel, ho, already? what's the matter?
GRA. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That ſhe did give me; whoſe poſy was[9]
For all the world, like cutler's poetry[a]
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*
NER. What talk you of the poſy, or the value?
You ſwore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death;
And that it ſhould lie with you in your grave:

[8] ——*this* breathing *courteſy.*] This verbal complimentary form, made up only of *breath*, i. e. words. So, in *Timon of Athens*, a ſenator replies to Alcibiades, who had made a long ſpeech, — "You *breathe* in vain." MALONE.

So, in *Macbeth*:
"—— mouth-honour, *breath.*" STEEVENS.

9 *That ſhe did give me; whoſe poſy was* —] For the ſake of meaſure, I ſuppoſe we ſhould read—
"That ſhe did give *to* me; &c. STEEVENS.

[a] — *like cutler's poetry* —] Knives, as Sir J. Hawkins obſerves, were formerly inſcribed, by means of *aqua fortis*, with ſhort ſentences in diſtich. In *Decker's Satiromaſtix*, Sir Edward Vaughan, ſays, "You ſhall ſwear by Phœbus, who is your poet's good lord and maſter, that hereafter you will not hire Horace to give you poeſies for rings, or handkerchers, or *knives*, which you underſtand not." REED.

Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You ſhould have been reſpective,[2] and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! — but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face, that had it.

GRA. He will, an if he live to be a man.

NER. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

GRA. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little ſcrubbed boy,
No higher than thyſelf, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy,[3] that begg'd it as a fee;
I could not for my heart deny it him.

[2] —— *have been* reſpective,] *Reſpective* has the ſame meaoing as *reſpectful*. Mr. M. Maſon thinks it rather meaos *regardful*. See *K. John*. Act. I. STEEVENS.

Chapman, Marſton, and other poets of that time, uſe this word in the ſame ſenſe. [i. e. for *reſpectful*.] MALONE.

[3] —— *a youth*,—
A kind of boy; a little ſcrubbed *boy*,
No higher than thyſelf, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, &c.] It is certain from the words of the cootext aod the tenor of the ſtory, that Gratiano does not here ſpeak contemptuouſly of the judge's clerk, who was oo other than Neriſſa diſguiſed io mao's clothes. He only meaos to deſcribe the perſon and appearance of this ſuppoſed youth, which he does by ioſinuatiog what ſeemed to be the preciſe time of his age: he repreſents him as haviog the look of a young ſtripling, of a boy beginning to advaoce towards puberty. I am therefore of opinion, that the poet wrote:

——a little *ſtubbed* boy.

In many counties it is a common proviocialiſm, to call youog birds oot yet fledged *ſtubbed young ones*. But, what is more to our purpoſe, the author of the *Hiſtory and Antiquities of Glaſtonbury*, priuted by Hearoe, an antiquarian, and a plain unaffected writer, ſays, that "Saunders muſt be a *ſtubbed boy*, if oot a man, at the diſſolution of abbeys," &c. edit. 1722, Pref. Sigoat. o. 2. It therefore ſeems to have been a common expreſſioo for *ſtripling*, the very idea which the ſpeaker means to eonvey. If the emeodation be juſt here, we ſhould alſo correct Neriſſa's ſpeech which follows:

For that ſame *ſtubbed* boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, did lie with me laſt night. T. WARTON.

I believe *ſcrubbed* and *ſtubbed* have a like meaniog, and ſignify

POR. You were to blame, I muſt be plain with you,
To part ſo ſlightly with your wife's firſt gift;
A thing ſtuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted ſo with faith unto your fleſh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him ſwear
Never to part with it; and here he ſtands;
I dare be ſworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world maſters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cauſe of grief;
An 'twere to me, I ſhould be mad at it.

BASS. Why, I were beſt to cut my left hand off,
And ſwear, I loſt the ring defending it. [*Aſide.*

GRA. My lord Baſſanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deſerv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took ſome pains in writing, he begg'd mine:
And neither man, nor maſter, would take aught
But the two rings.

POR. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

BASS. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you ſee, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

ſtunted, or *ſhrub-like*. So, in P. Hollaod's tranſlation of Plioy's *Nat. Hiſt.* "—— but ſuch will never prove fair trees, but *ſhrubs* ooly." STEEVENS.

Stubbed in the ſenſe contended for by Mr. Warton was in uſe ſo late as the Reſtoratiou. In the *Parliamentary Regiſter*, July 30, 1660, is an advertiſement enquiring after a perſon deſcribed as "a thick ſhort *ſtubbed fellow*, round faced, ruddy complexion, dark brown hair and eyebrows, with a ſad gray ſuit." REED.

Scrubbed perhaps meant *dirty*, as well as *ſhort*. Cole, in his Dictionary, 1672, renders it by the Latin word *ſqualidus*. MALONE.

POR. Even ſo void is your falſe heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I ſee the ring.

NER. Nor I in yours,
Till I again ſee mine.

BASS. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the ſtrength of your diſpleaſure.

POR. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthineſs that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,[4]
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there ſo much unreaſonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modeſty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?[5]

[4] —— *contain* the *ring*,] The old copies concur in this reading JOHNSON.

Mr. Pope and the other modern editors read — to *retain*, but *contain* might in our author's time have had nearly the ſame meaning. The word has been already employed in this ſenſe:

" Cannot *contain* their urine for affection."

So alſo, in Montaigne's *Eſſaies*, tranſlated by Florio, 1603. B. II. c. iii. " Why doſt thou complaine againſt this world? It doth not *containe* thee: if thou liveſt in paine and ſorrow, thy baſe courage is the cauſe of it; to die there wanteth but will." Again, in Bacon's *Eſſaies*, 4to. 1625, p. 327: " To *containe* anger from miſchiefe, though it take hold of a man, there be two things." MALONE.

[5] *What man —— wanted the modeſty*
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?] This is a very licentious expreſſion. The ſenſe is, *What man could have ſo little modeſty*, or

Neriſſa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but ſome woman had the ring.

BASS. No, by mine honour, madam, by my ſoul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuſe three thouſand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And ſuffer'd him to go diſpleas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What ſhould I ſay, ſweet lady?
I was enforc'd to ſend it after him;
I was beſet with ſhame and courteſy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much beſmear it: Pardon me, good lady;
For, by theſe bleſſed candles of the night, [6]
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

POR. Let not that doctor e'er come near my houſe:
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did ſwear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my huſband's bed:

wanted modeſty ſo much, as to urge the demand of a thing kept on an account in ſome ſort religious. JOHNSON.

Thus Calphurnia ſays to Julius Cæſar:

"Cæſar, I never ſtood on *ceremonies*." STEEVENS.

6 —— *candles of the night*,] We have again the ſame expreſſion in one of our author's Sonnets, in *Macbeth*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. It likewiſe occurs in *Diella*, *Certaine Sonnets adjoyned to the amorous poeme of Dom Diego and Ginevra*, by R. L. 1596:

"He who can count the *candles of the ſkie*,
"Reckon the ſands whereon Padolus flows," &c.

MALONE.

In ſome Saxon poetry preſerved in *Hickes's Theſaurus*, (Vol. I. p. 181,) the ſun is called *God's candle*. So that this periphraſis for the ſtars, ſuch a favourite with our poet, might have been an expreſſion not grown obſolete in his days. HOLT WHITE.

Know him I ſhall, I am well ſure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

NER. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

GRA. Well, do you ſo: let not me take him then;
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

ANT. I am the unhappy ſubject of theſe quarrels.

POR. Sir, grieve not you; You are welcome notwithſtanding.

BASS. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of theſe many friends,
I ſwear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I ſee myſelf,——

PRO. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly ſees himſelf:
In each eye, one:—ſwear by your double ſelf,[7]
And there's an oath of credit.

BASS. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my ſoul I ſwear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

ANT. I once did lend my body for his wealth;[8]
Which, but for him that had your huſband's ring,
[*To* PORTIA.

[7] —*ſwear by your* double *ſelf,*] *Double* is here uſed in a bad ſenſe for—*full of duplicity.* MALONE.

[8] —— *for his* wealth;] For his advantage; to obtain his happineſs. *Wealth* was, at that time, the term oppoſite to *adverſity*, or *calamity.* JOHNSON.

So, in the *Litany:* "In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our *wealth.*" — STEEVENS.

Had quite miſcarried: I dare be bound again,
My ſoul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith adviſedly.
POR. Then you ſhall be his ſurety: Give him this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.
ANT. Here, lord Baſſanio; ſwear to keep this ring.
BASS. By heaven, it is the ſame I gave the doctor!
POR. I had it of him: pardon me, Baſſanio;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.
NER. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that ſame ſcrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, laſt night did lie with me.
GRA. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In ſummer, where the ways are fair enough:
What? are we cuckolds, ere we have deſerv'd it?
POR. Speak not ſo groſsly.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leiſure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you ſhall find, that Portia was the doctor;
Neriſſa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witneſs, I ſet forth as ſoon as you,
And but even now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my houſe.—Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in ſtore for you,
Than you expect: unſeal this letter ſoon;
There you ſhall find, three of your argoſies
Are richly come to harbour ſuddenly:
You ſhall not know by what ſtrange accident
I chanced on this letter.
ANT. I am dumb.

BASS. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

GRA. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?

NER. Ay; but the clerk, that never means to do it,

Unleſs he live until he be a man.

BASS. Sweet doctor, you ſhall be my bedfellow; When I am abſent, then lie with my wife.

ANT. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living:

For here I read for certain, that my ſhips Are ſafely come to road.

POR. How now, Lorenzo? My clerk hath ſome good comforts too for you.

NER. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—

There do I give to you, and Jeſſica, From the rich Jew, a ſpecial deed of gift, After his death, of all he dies poſſeſs'd of.

LOR. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way Of ſtarved people.

POR. It is almoſt morning, And yet, I am ſure, you are not ſatisfied Of theſe events at full: Let us go in; And charge us there upon intergatories, And we will anſwer all things faithfully.

GRA. Let it be ſo: The firſt intergatory, That my Neriſſa ſhall be ſworn on, is, Whether till the next night ſhe had rather ſtay; Or go to bed now, being two hours to-day: But were the day come, I ſhould wiſh it dark, That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.

Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So ſore, as keeping ſafe Neriſſa's ring. [*Exeunt.*[9]

[9] It has been lately diſcovered, that this fable is taken from a ſtory in the *Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, a noveliſt, who wrote in 1378. [The firſt novel of the fourth day.] The ſtory has been publiſhed in Engliſh, and I have epitomized the tranſlation. The tranſlator is of opinion, that the choice of the caſkets is borrowed from a tale of *Boccace*, which I have likewiſe abridged, though I believe that Shakſpeare muſt have had ſome other novel in view.* JOHNSON.

There lived at Florence, a merchant whoſe name was Bindo. He was rich, and had three ſons. Being near his end, he called for the two eldeſt, and left them heirs: to the youngeſt he left nothing. This youngeſt, whoſe name was Giannetto, went to his father, and ſaid, What has my father done? The father replied, Dear Giannetto, there is none to whom I wiſh better than to you. Go to Venice to your godfather, whoſe name is Anſaldo; he has no child, and has wrote to me often to ſend you thither to him. He is the richeſt merchant amongſt the Chriſtians: if you behave well, you will be certainly a rich man. The ſon anſwered I am ready to do whatever my dear father ſhall command: upon which he gave him his benediction, and in a few days died.

Giannetto went to Anſaldo, and preſented the letter given by the father before his death. Anſaldo reading the letter, cried out, My deareſt godſon is welcome to my arms. He then aſked news of his father. Giannetto replied, He is dead. I am much grieved, replied Anſaldo, to hear of the death of Bindo; but the joy I feel, in ſeeing you, mitigates my ſorrow. He conducted him to his houſe, and gave orders to his ſervants, that Giannetto ſhould be obeyed, and ſerved with more attention than had been paid to himſelf. He then delivered him the keys of his ready money: and told him, Son, ſpend this money, keep a table, and make yourſelf known: remember, that the more you gain the good will of every body, the more you will be dear to me.

Giannetto now began to give entertainments. He was more obedient and courteous to Anſaldo, than if he had been an hundred times his father. Every body in Venice was fond of him. Anſaldo could think of nothing but him; ſo much was he pleaſed with his good manners and behaviour.

* See Dr. Farmer's note at the beginning of this play, from which it appears that Dr. Johnſon was right in his conjecture. MALONE.

It happened, that two of his moſt intimate acquaintance deſigned to go with two ſhips to Alexandria, and told Giannetto, he would do well to take a voyage and ſee the world. I would go willingly, ſaid he, if my father Anſaldo will give leave. His companions go to Anſaldo, and beg his permiſſion for Giannetto to go in the ſpring with them to Alexandria; and deſire him to provide him a ſhip. Anſaldo immediately procured a very fine ſhip, loaded it with merchandize, adorned it with ſtreamers, and furniſhed it with arms; and, as ſoon as it was ready, he gave orders to the captain and ſailors to do every thing that Giannetto commanded. It happened one morning early, that Giannetto ſaw a gulph, with a fine port, and aſked the captain how the port was called? He replied, That place belongs to a widow lady, who has ruined many gentlemen. In what manner? ſays Giannetto. He anſwered, This lady is a fine and beautiful woman, and has made a law, that whoever arrives here is obliged to go to bed with her, and if he can have the enjoyment of her, he muſt take her for his wife, and be lord of all the country; but if he cannot enjoy her, he loſes every thing he has brought with him, Giannetto, after a little reflection, tells the captain to get into the port. He was obeyed; and in an inſtant they ſlide into the port ſo eaſily that the other ſhips perceived nothing.

The lady was ſoon informed of it, and ſent for Giannetto, who waited on her immediately. She, taking him by the hand, aſked him who he was? whence he came? and if he knew the cuſtom of the country? He anſwered, That the knowledge of that cuſtom was his only reaſon for coming. The lady paid him great honours, and ſent for barons, counts, and knights in great numbers, who were her ſubjects, to keep Giannetto company. Theſe nobles were highly delighted with the good breeding and manners of Giannetto; and all would have rejoiced to have him for their lord.

The night being come, the lady ſaid, it ſeems to be time to go to bed. Giannetto told the lady, he was entirely devoted to her ſervice: and immediately two damſels enter with wine and ſweetmeats. The lady entreats him to taſte the wine; he takes the ſweetmeats, and drinks ſome of the wine, which was prepared with ingredients to cauſe ſleep. He then goes into the bed, where he inſtantly falls aſleep, and never wakes till late in the morning, but the lady roſe with the ſun, and gave orders to unload the veſſel, which ſhe found full of rich merchandize. After nine o' clock the women ſervants go to the bed-ſide, order Giannetto to riſe and be gone, for he had loſt the ſhip. The lady gave him a horſe and money, and he leaves the place very melancholy, and goes to Venice. When he arrives, he dares not return home for ſhame: but at night goes to the houſe of a friend, who is ſurpriſed to ſee him, and inquires of him the cauſe of his return: He anſwers, his ſhip had ſtruck on a rock in the night, and was broke in pieces.

This friend, going one day to make a viſit to Anſaldo, found him very diſconſolate. I fear, ſays Anſaldo, ſo much, that this ſon of mine is dead, that I have no reſt. His friend told him, that he had heeo ſhipwreck'd, and had loſt his all, but that he himſelf was ſafe. Aoſaldo ioſtantly gets up aod runs to find him. My dear ſon, ſaid he, you need oot fear my diſpleaſure; it is a common accident; trouble yourſelf no further. He takes him home, all the way telling him to he chearful and eafy.

The news was ſoon known all over Venice, and every one was concerned for Giannetto. Some time after, his compaoions arriving from Alexandria very rich, demanded what was become of their friend, aud having heard the ſtory, ran to ſee him. and rejoiced with him for his ſafety; telliog him that next ſpring, he might gain as much as he had loſt the laſt. But Giannetto had no other thoughts than of his return to the lady; aod was reſolved to marry her, or die. Anſaldo told him frequently, not to be caſt down. Giaonetto ſaid, he ſhould never be happy, till he was at liberty to make another voyage. Aoſaldo provided another ſhip of more value than the firſt. He again entered the port of Belmonte, and the lady looking on the port from her bed-chamber, and ſeeing the ſhip, aſked her maid, if ſhe knew the ſtreamers, the maid ſaid, it was the ſhip of the young man who arrived the laſt year. You are in the right, anſwered the lady; he muſt ſurely have a great regard for me, for never any one came a ſecood time: the maid ſaid, ſhe had never ſeen a more agreeable man. He weot to the caſtle, and preſented himſelf to the lady; who, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him embraced him, and the day was paſſed in joy and revels. Bed-time being come, the lady entreated him to go to reſt: when they were ſeated in the chamber, the two damſels eoter with wine and ſweetmeats; and haviog eat and drank of them, they go to bed, and immediately Giannetto falls aſleep; the lady uodreſſed, aod lay down by his ſide; but he waked not the whole night. In the morning, the lady riſes, and gives orders to ſtrip the ſhip. He has a horſe and money given him, and away he goes, aud never ſtops till he gets to Venice; and at night goes to the ſame friend, who with aſtooiſhment aſked him what was the matter? I am undone, ſays Giannetto. His friend anſwered, You are the cauſe of the ruin of Anſaldo, and your ſhame ought to be greater than the loſs you have ſuffered. Giannetto lived privately many days. At laſt he took the reſolutiou of ſeeing Aoſaldo, who roſe from his chair, and running to embrace him, told him he was welcome: Giannetto with tears returned his embraees. Anſaldo heard his tale: Do not grieve, my dear ſon, ſays he, we have ſtill enough: the ſea enriches ſome meo, others it ruins.

Poor Giaonetto's head was day and night full of the thoughts of his bad ſucceſs. When Aoſaldo enquired what was the matter, he confeſſed, he could never be contented till he ſhould be in a con-

dition to regain all that he loſt. When Anſaldo found him reſolved, he began tu ſell every thing he had, to furniſh this other fine ſhip with merchandize: but, as he wanted ſtill ten thouſand ducats, he applied himſelf to a Jew at Meſtri, and borrowed them on condition, that if they were not paid on the feaſt of St. Jnhn in the next month of June, that the Jew might take a pound of fleſh from any part of his body he pleaſed. Anſaldo agreed, and the Jew had an obligation drawn, and witneſſed, with all the form and ceremony neceſſary; aod then counted him the ten thouſand ducats of gold, with which Anſaldo bought what was ſtill wanting for the veſſel. This laſt ſhip was finer and better freighted than the other two; and his companions made ready for their voyage, with a deſign that whatever they gained ſhould be for their frieud. When it was time to depart, Anſaldo tnld Giannetto, that ſince he well knew of the nbligation to the Jew, he entreated, that if any misfortuue happened, he would return to Veniee, that he might ſee him before he died; and theo he could leave the world with ſatisfadion: Giannetto promiſed to do every thing that he conceived might give him pleaſure. Anſaldo gave him his bleſſing, they took their leave, and the ſhips ſet out.

Giannetto had nnthing in his head hut to ſteal into Belmonte; and he prevailed with one of the ſailors in the night to ſail the veſſel into the port. It was told the lady that Giaonetto was arrived in port. She ſaw from the window the veſſel, and immediately ſeut for him.

Giannetto goes to the caſtle, the day is ſpent in joy and feaſting; and to honnur him, a tournament is ordered, and many barons and knights tilted that day. Giannetto did wonders, ſo well did he underſtand the lanee, and was ſn graceful a figure nn horſeback: he pleaſed ſo much, that all were deſirous to have him for their lord.

The lady, when it was the uſual time, catching him by the hand, begged him to take his reſt. When he paſſed the door of the chamher, one of the damſels in a whiſper ſaid to him, Make a pretence to drink the liquor, hut touch nnt nne drop. The lady ſaid, I know you muſt be thirſty, I muſt have you drlok before you go to bed: immediately two damſels entered the room, and prefented the wine. Who can refuſe wine from ſuch heautiful hands? cries Giannetto: at which the lady ſmiled. Giannetto takes the cup, and making as if he drank, pours the wine into his boſom. The lady thinking he had drank, ſays aſide to heiſelf with great joy, You muſt gn, young man, and bring another ſhip, for this is condemned. Giannetto went to hed, and began tn ſnore as if he ſlept ſoundly. The lady perceiving this, laid herſelf down hy his ſide. Giannetto lnſes no time, hut turning to the lady, embraces her, ſayiog, Now am I in poſſeſſion of my utmoſt wiſhes. When Giannetto eame out of his chamber, he was knighted and placed in the chair of ſtate, had the ſceptre put iutn his hand, and was

proclaimed ſovereign of the country, with great pomp and ſplendour; and when the lords and ladies were come to the caſtle, he married the lady in great ceremony.

Giannetto governed excellently, and cauſed juſtice to be adminiſtered impartially. He continued ſome time in his happy ſtate, and never entertained a thought of poor Anſaldo, who had given his bond to the Jew for ten thouſand ducats. But one day, as he ſtood at the window of his palace with his bride, he ſaw a number of people paſs along the piazza, with lighted torches in their hands. What is the meaning of this? ſay he. The lady anſwered, they are artificers, going to make their offerings at the church of St. John, this day being his feſtival. Giannetto inſtantly recollected Anſaldo, gave a great ſigh, and turned pale. His lady enquired the cauſe of his ſudden change. He ſaid, he felt nothing. She continued to preſs with great earneſtneſs, till he was obliged to confeſs the cauſe of his uneaſineſs; that Anſaldo was engaged for the money; that the term was expired; and the grief he was in was leſt his father ſhould loſe his life for him: that if the ten thouſand ducats were not paid that day, he muſt loſe a pound of his fleſh. The lady told him to mount on horſeback, and go by land the neareſt way, to take ſome attendants, and an hundred thouſand ducats; and not to ſtop till he arrived at Venice; and if he was not dead, to endeavour to bring Anſaldo to her. Giannetto takes horſe with twenty attendants, and makes the beſt of his way to Venice.

The time being expired, the Jew had ſeized Anſaldo, and inſiſted on having a pound of his fleſh. He entreated him only to wait ſome days, that if his dear Giannetto arrived, he might have the pleaſure of embracing him: the Jew replied he was willing to wait; but, ſays he, I will cut off the pound of fleſh, according to the words of the obligation. Anſaldo anſwered, that he was content.

Several merchants would have jointly paid the money; the Jew would not hearken to the propoſal, but inſiſted that he might have the ſatisfaction of ſaying, that he had put to death the greateſt of the Chriſtian merchants. Giannetto making all poſſible haſte to Venice, his lady ſoon followed him in a lawyer's habit, with two ſervants attending her. Giannetto, when he came to Venice, goes to the Jew, and (after embracing Anſaldo) tells him, he is ready to pay the money, and as much more as he ſhould demand. The Jew ſaid, he would take no money, ſince it was not paid at the time due; but that he would have the pound of fleſh. Every one blamed the Jew; but as Venice was a place where juſtice was ſtrictly adminiſtered, and the Jew had his pretenſions grounded on publick and received forms, their only reſource was entreaty; and when the merchant of Venice applied to him, he was inflexible. Giannetto offered him twenty thouſand, then thirty thouſand, afterwards forty, fifty, and at laſt an hundred thouſand ducats. The

Jew told him, if he would give as much gold as Venice was worth, he would not accept it; and, says he, you know little of me, if you think I will desist from my demand.

The lady now arrives at Venice, in her lawyer's dress; and alighting at an inn, the landlord asks of one of the servants who his master was: the servant answered, that he was a young lawyer who had finished his studies at Bologna. The landlord upon this shows his guest great civility: and when he attended at dinner, the lawyer enquiring how justice was administered in that city, he answered, justice in this place is too severe, and related the case of Anfaldo. Says the lawyer, this question may be easily answered. If you can answer it, says the landlord, and save this worthy man from death, you will get the love and esteem of all the best men of this city. The lawyer caused a proclamation to be made, that whoever had any law matters to determine, they should have recourse to him: so it was told to Giannetto, that a famous lawyer was come from Bologna, who could decide all cases in law. Giannetto proposed to the Jew to apply to this lawyer. With all my heart, says the Jew; but let who will come, I will stick to my bond. They came to this judge, and saluted him. Giannetto did not remember him: for he had disguised his face with the juice of certain herbs. Giannetto, and the Jew, each told the merits of the cause to the judge; who, when he had taken the bond and read it, said to the Jew, I must have you take the hundred thousand ducats, and release this honest man, who will always have a grateful sense of the favour done to him. The Jew replied, I will do no such thing. The judge answered, it will be better for you. The Jew was positive to yield nothing. Upon this they go to the tribunal appointed for such judgements: and our Judge says to the Jew, Do you cut a pound of this man's flesh where you choose. The Jew ordered him to be stripped naked; and takes in his hand a razor, which had been made on purpose. Giannetto, seeing this, turning to the judge, this, says he, is not the favour I asked of you. Be quiet, says he, the pound of flesh is not yet cut off. As soon as the Jew was going to begin, Take care what you do, says the judge, if you take more or less than a pound, I will order your head to be struck off: and beside, if you shed one drop of blood, you shall be put to death. Your paper makes no mention of the shedding of blood; but says expressly, that you may take a pound of flesh, neither more nor less. He immediately sent for the executioner to bring the block and ax; and now, says he, if I see one drop of blood, off goes your head. At length the Jew, after much wrangling, told him, Give me the hundred thousand ducats, and I am content. No, says the judge, cut off your pound of flesh according to your bond: why did not you take the money when it was offered? The Jew came down to ninety, and then to eighty thousand: but the judge was still resolute. Giannetto told the

judge to give what he required, that Aofaldo might have his liberty: but he replied, let me maoage him. Then the Jew would have taken fifty thoufand: he faid, I will not give you a penny. Give me at leaft, fays the Jew, my own ten thoufand ducats, and a curfe confound you all. The judge replies, I will give you nothiog: if you will have the pouod of flefh, take it; if not, I will order your bond to be proteſted and annulled. The Jew feeiog he could gain nothing, tore io pieces the bond io a great rage. Anfaldo was releafed, and conducted home with great joy by Gianoetto, who carried the hundred thoufand ducats to the inn to the lawyer. The lawyer faid, I do not want money; carry it back to your lady, that fhe may not fay, that you have fquaodered it away idly. Says Giaonetto, my lady is fo kind, that I might fpeod four times as much without lneurring her difpleafure. How are you pleafed with that lady? fays the lawyer. I love her better than aoy earthly thing, anfwers Gianuettò: nature feems to have done her utmoft in forming her. If you will come and fee her, you will be furprifed at the honours fhe will fhow you. I canoot go with you, fays the lawyer; but fince you fpeak fo much good of her, I muft defire you to preſent my reſpects to her. I will oot fail, Giannetto anfwered; and now, let me entreat you to accept of fome of the money. While he was fpeaking, the lawyer obferved a ring on his finger, aod faid, if you give me this ring, I fhall feek no other reward. Willingly, fays Giannetto; but as it is a ring given me by my lady, to wear for her fake, I have fome reluctance to part with it, and fhe, not feeing it on my finger, will believe that I have giveo it to a womao. Says the lawyer, lhe eſteems you fufficiently to credit what you tell her, and you may fay you made a preſent of it to me; but I rather think you want to give it to fome former miſtreſs here io Venice. So great, fays Giaonetto, is the love and reverence I bear to her, that I would not chaoge her for any woman in the world. After this he takes the ring from his finger, and preſents it to him. I have ſtill a favour to aſk fays the lawyer. It fhall be granted, fays Gianoetto. It is, replied he, that you do not ſtay any time here, but go as ſoon as poſſible to your lady. It appears to me a thouſaud years till I ſee her, aofwered Giaonetto: aod immediately they take leave of each other. The lawyer embarked, and left Veoice. Giannetto took leave of his Veoetian frieods, and carried Anfaldo with him, aod fome of his old acquaiotance accompanied them. The lady arrived fome days before, and having reſumed her female habit, pretended to have ſpent the time at the baths; aod now gave order to have the ſtreets lined with tapeſtry: and when Gianoetto and Anfaldo were landed, all the court weot out to meet them. When they arrived at the palace, the lady rao to embrace Anfaldo, but feigoed anger againſt Giannetto, though fhe loved him exceſſively: yet the feaſtings, tilts, and diverſions went on as uſual, at which all the lords

and ladies were preſent. Giannetto ſeeing that his wife did not receive him with her accuſtomed good countenance, called her, and would have ſaluted her. She told him, ſhe wanted none of his careſſes: I am ſure, ſays ſhe, you have been laviſh of them to ſome of your former miſtreſſes. Giannetto began to make excuſes. She aſked him where was the ring ſhe had given him: It is no more than what I expected, cries Giannetto, and I was in the right to ſay you would be angry with me; but, I ſwear by all that is ſacred, and by your dear ſelf, that I gave the ring to the lawyer who gained our cauſe. And I can ſwear, ſays the lady, with as much ſolemnity, that you gave the ring to a woman: therefore ſwear no more. Giannetto proteſted that what he had told her was true, and that he ſaid all this to the lawyer, when he aſked for the ring. The lady replied, you would have done much better to ſtay at Venice with your miſtreſſes, for I fear they all wept when you came away. Giannetto's tears began to fall, and in great ſorrow he aſſured her, that what ſhe ſuppoſed could not be true. The lady ſeeing his tears, which were daggers in her boſom, ran to embrace him, and in a fit of laughter ſhewed the ring, and told him, that ſhe was herſelf the lawyer, and how ſhe obtained the ring. Giannetto was greatly aſtoniſhed, finding it all true, and told the ſtory to the nobles and to his companions; and this heightened greatly the love between him and his lady. He then called the damſel who had given him the good advice in the evening not to drink the liquor, and gave her to Anſaldo for a wife; and they ſpent the reſt of their lives in great felicity and contentment.

RUGGIERI de Figiovanni took a reſolution of going, for ſome time, to the court of Alfonſo king of Spain. He was graciouſly received, and living there ſome time in great magnificence, and giving remarkable proofs of his courage, was greatly eſteemed. Having frequent opportunities of examining minutely the behaviour of the king, he obſerved, that he gave, as he thought, with little diſcernment, caſtles, and baronies, to ſuch who were unworthy of his favours; and to himſelf, who might pretend to be of ſome eſtimation, he gave nothing: he therefore thought the fitteſt thing to be done, was to demand leave of the king to return home.

His requeſt was granted, and the king preſented him with one of the moſt beautiful and excellent mules, that had ever been mounted. One of the king's truſty ſervants was commanded to accompany Ruggieri, and riding along with him, to pick up, and recollect every word he ſaid of the king, and then mention that it was the order of his ſovereign, that he ſhould go back to him. The man watching the opportunity, joined Ruggieri when he ſet

out, ſaid he was going towards Italy, and would be glad to ride in company with him. Ruggieri jogging on with his mule, and talking of one thing or other, it being near nine o'clock, told his companion, that they would do well to put up their mules a little; and as ſoon as they entered the ſtable, every beaſt, except his, began to ſtale! Riding on further, they came to a river, and watering the beaſts, his mule ſtaled in the river: you untoward beaſt, ſays he, you are like your maſter, who gave you to me. The ſervant remembered this expreſſion, and many others as they rode on all day together; but he heard not a ſingle word drop from him, but what was in praiſe of the king. The next morning Ruggieri was told the order of the king, and inſtantly turned back. When the king had heard what he ſaid of the mule, he commanded him into his preſence, and with a ſmile, aſked him, for what reaſon he had compared the mule to him. Ruggieri anſwered, My reaſon is plain, you give where you ought not to give, and where you ought to give, you give nothing; in the ſame manner the mule would not ſtale where ſhe ought, and where ſhe ought not, there ſhe ſtaled. The king ſaid upon this, If I have not rewarded you as I have many, do not entertain a thought that I was inſenſible to your great merit; it is Fortune who hindered me; ſhe is to blame, and not I; and I will ſhow you manifeſtly that I ſpeak truth. My diſcontent, ſir, proceeds not, anſwered Ruggieri, from a deſire of being enriched, but from your not having given the ſmalleſt teſtimony to my deſerts in your ſervice: nevertheleſs your excuſe is valid, and I am ready to ſee the proof you mention, though I can eaſily believe you without it. The king conducted him to a hall, where he had already commanded two large caſkets, ſhut cloſe, to be placed: and before a large company told Ruggieri, that in one of them was contained his crown, ſceptre, and all his jewels, and that the other was full of earth: chooſe which of them you like beſt, and then you will ſee that it is not I, but your fortune that has been ungrateful. Ruggieri, chooſe one. It was found to be the caſket full of earth. The king ſaid to him with a ſmile, Now you may ſee Ruggieri that what I told you of fortune was true; but for your ſake, I will oppoſe her with all my ſtrength. You have no intention, I am certain, to live in Spain, therefore I will offer you no preferment here; but that caſket which fortune denied you, ſhall be yours in deſpite of her: carry it with you into your own country, ſhow it to your friends and neighbours, as my gift to you; and you have my permiſſion to boaſt, that it is a reward of your virtues.

Of The MERCHANT of VENISE the ſtyle is even and eaſy, with few peculiarities of diction, or anomalies of conſtruction. The comick part raiſes laughter, and the ſerious fixes expectation. The probability of either one or the other ſtory cannot be maintained.

The union of two actions in one event is in this drama evidently happy. Dryden was much pleaſed with his own addreſs in connecting the two plots of his *Spaniſh Friar*, which yet, I believe, the critick will find excelled by this play. JOHNSON.

Of the incident of the *bond*, no Engliſh original has hitherto been pointed out, I find, however, the following in *The Orator: handling a hundred ſeverall Diſcourſes, in form of Declamations: ſome of the Arguments being drawne from Titus Livius and other ancient Writers, the reſt of the Author's owa invention: Part of which are of Matters happened in our Age.—— Written in French by Alexander Silvayn, and Engliſhed* by *L. P.* [i. e. Lazarus Pilot*] *London, printed by Adam Iſlip*, 1596.—[This book is not mentioned by Ames.] See p. 401.

"DECLAMATION 95.

"*Of a Jew, who would for his debt have a pound of the fleſh of a Chriſtian.*

"A Jew, unto whom a Chriſtian merchant ought nine hundred crownes, would have ſummoned him for the ſame in Turkie: the merchant, becauſe he would not be diſcredited, promiſed to pay the ſaid ſumme within the tearme of three months, and if he paid it not, he was bound to give him a pound of the fleſh of his bodie. The tearme being paſt ſome fifteene daies, the Jew refuſed to take his money, and demaunded the pound of fleſh: the ordinarie judge of that place appointed him to cut a juſt pound of the Chriſtian's fleſh, and if he cut either more or leſſe, then his owo head ſhould be ſmitten off: the Jew appealed from this ſentence, unto the chiefe judge, ſaying:

"Impoſſible is it to breake the credit of traffick amongſt men without great detriment to the common wealth: wherefore no man ought to bind himſelfe unto ſuch covenants which hee cannot or will not accompliſh, for by that means ſhould no man feare to be deceaved, and credit being maintained, every mao might be aſſured of his owne; but ſince deceit hath taken place, never wonder if obligations are made more rigorous and ſtrict then they were woot, ſeeing that although the bonds are made never ſo ſtrong, yet cao no man be very certaine that he ſhall not be a loſer. It ſeemeth at the firſt ſight that it is a thing no leſs ſtrange thao cruel, to biod a man to pay a pound of the fleſh of his bodie, for want of money: ſurely, in that it is a thing not uſuall, it appeareth to be ſomewhat the more admirable; but there are divers others that are more cruell, which becauſe they are in uſe ſeeme nothing terrible at all: as to biode all the bodie unto a moſt lothſome priſon, or unto an intolerable ſlaverie, where not only the whole bodie but alſo all the

* Lazarus *Pyot*, (not Pilot) is Anthony Mundy. RITSON.

ſences and ſpirits are tormented; the which is commonly practiſed, not only betwixt thoſe which are either in ſect or nation contrary, but alſo even amongſt thoſe that are of one ſect and nation; yea amongſt Chriſtians it hath been ſeene that the ſon hath impriſoned the father for monie. Likewiſe in the Roman commonwealth, ſo famous for lawes and armes, it was lawful for debt to impriſon, beat, and afflict with torment the free citizens: how manie of them (do ynu thinke) would have thought themſelves happie, if for a ſmall debt they might have been excuſed with the paiment of a pounde of their fleſh? who ought then to marvile if a Jew requireth ſo ſmall a thing of a Chriſtian, to diſcharge him of a good round ſumme? A man may aſke why I would not rather take ſilver of this man, then his fleſh: I might allenge many reaſons; for I might ſay that none but my ſelfe can tell what the breach of his promiſe hath coſt me, and what I have thereby paied for want of money unto my creditors, of that which I have loſt in my credit: for the miſerie of thoſe men which eſteem their reputation, is ſo great, that oftentimes they had rather endure any thing ſecretlie, then to have their diſcredit blazed abroad, becauſe they would not be both ſhamed and harmed: nevertheleſſe, I doe freely confeſſe, that I had rather loſe a pound of my fleſh then my credit ſhould be in any ſort cracked: I might alſo ſay, that I have need of this fleſh to cure a friend of mine of a certaine maladie, which is otherwiſe incurable; or that I would have it to terrifie thereby the Chriſtians for ever abuſing the Jews once more hereafter: but I will onlie ſay, that by his obligation he oweth it me. It is lawfull to kill a ſouldier if he come unto the warres but an hour too late; and alſo to hang a theeſe though he ſteal never ſo little: is it then ſuch a great matter to cauſe ſuch a one to pay a pound of his fleſh, that hath broken his promiſe manie times, or that putteth another in danger to loſe both credit and reputation, yea and it may be life, and al for griefe? were it not better for him to loſe that I demand, then his ſoule, alreadie bound by his faith? Neither am I to take that which he oweth me, but he is to deliver it to me: and eſpeciallie becauſe no man knoweth better than he where the ſame may be ſpared to the leaſt hurt of his perſon; for I might take it in ſuch place as hee might thereby happen to loſe his life: What matter were it then if I ſhould cut off his privie members, ſuppoſing that the ſame would altogether weigh a juſt pound? or els his head, ſhould I be ſuffered to cut it off, although it were with the danger of mine own life? I believe, I ſhould not; becauſe there were as little reaſon therein, as there could be in the amends whereunto I ſhould be bound: or els if I would cut off his noſe, his lips, his ears, and pull out his eies, to make them altogether a pound. ſhould I be ſuffered? ſurely I think not, becauſe the obligation doth not ſpecifie that I ought either to chooſe, cut, or take the ſame, but that he ought to give me a pound of his fleſh. Of every thing that

is ſold, he which delivereth the ſame is to make waight, aod he which receiveth, taketh heed that it be juſt: ſeeing then that oeither the obligation, cuſtome, uor law doth bind me to cut, or weigh, much leſſe unto the abnve mentiooed ſatisfaction, I refuſe it all, aod require that the ſame which is due ſhould be delivered unto me."

"*The Chriſtian's Anſwere.*

"It is no ſtrange matter to here thoſe diſpute of equitie which are themſelves moſt unjuſt; aod ſuch as have oo faith at all, deſirous that others ſhould obſerve the ſame inviolable; the which were yet the more tolerable, if ſuch men would be contented with reaſooable things, or at leaſt not altogether unreaſooable: but what reaſon is there that one man ſhould uoto his own prejudice deſire the hurt of aoother? as this Jew is cootent to loſe nine hundred crowoes to have a pouod of my fleſh; whereby is maoiſeſtely ſeene the aocient and cruel hate which he beareth not only uoto Chriſtiaos, but unto all others which are not of his ſect; yea, even unto the Turkes, who overkiodly doe ſuffer ſnch vermioe to dwell amongſt them: ſeeing that this preſumptuous wretch dare nnt onely doubt, but appeale from the judgemeot of a good aod juſt judge, and afterwards he would by ſophiſticall reaſons prove that his abhominatiou is equitie. Trulie I confeſſe that I have ſuffered fifteen daies of the tearme to paſſe; yet who cau tell whether he or I is the cauſe thereof? as for me, I think that by ſecret meaoes he hath cauſed the monie to be delaied, which from ſundry places ought to have come unto me before the tearm which I promiſed uoto him; otherwiſe, I would never have heen ſo raſh as to bind myſelfe ſo ſtrictly: but although he were not the eauſe of the fault, is it therefore ſaid, that he ought to be ſo impudent as to go about to prove it oo ſtrange matter that be ſhould be willing to be paied with man's fleſh, which is a thing more natural for tigres, than men, the which alſo was never heard of? but this divell in ſhape of man, ſeeiog me oppreſſed with neceſſitie, proponnded this curſed obligation uoto me. Whereas he alleageth the Romaioes for an example, why doth he not as well tell on how for that crueltie in afflicting debtors over grievouſly, the commonwealth was almoſt overthrowne, and that ſhortly after it was forbidden to impriſon men aoy more for debt? To breake promiſe is, wheo a man ſweareth or promiſeth a thiog, the which he hath no deſire to perſorme, which yet upoo an extreame neceſſity is ſomewhat excuſable: as for me I have promiſed, and accompliſhed my promiſe, yet not ſo ſooo as I would; and although I koew the danger wherein I was to ſatisfie the crueltie of this miſchievous man with the price of my fleſh aod blood, yet did I not flie away, but ſubmitted my ſelfe unto the diſcretioo of the judge who hath juſtly repreſſed his beaſtlineſs. Wherein then have I ſalſified my promiſe? is it in that I

would not (like him) diſobey the judgement of the judge? Behold I will preſent a part of my bodie unto him, that he may paie himſelfe, accurding tu the contents of the judgement: where is then my prumiſe brukeu? But it is nu marvaile if this race he ſu uhſtinat and cruell agaiuſt us: for they do it of ſet purpoſe to uffend our Gud whum they have crucified: and wherefore? Becauſe he was holie, as he is yet ſo reputed of this worthy Turkiſh nation. But what ſhall I ſay? Their uwn Bible is full of their rebellion againſt God, againſt their prieſts, judges and leaders. What did nut the very patriarchs themſelves, frum whum they have their beginning? They ſuld their brother, and had it not beeu ſur one amuugſt them, they had ſlain him for verie envie. Huw many adulteries and ahhominations were commmitted amongſt them? How many murthers? Abſalom did he nut cauſe his brnther to he murthered? Did he not perſecute his father? Is it not ſur their iniquitie that God hath diſperſed them, without leaving them one onlie fnot of ground? If then, when they had newlie received their law frum God, when they ſaw his wonderous works with their eies, and had yet their judges amongſt them, they were ſo wicked, what may one hope of them nuw, when they have neither faith nor law but their rapines and uſuries? and that they believe they do a charitahle work, when they du ſome great wrung untu nne that is not a Jew? It may pleaſe you then, moſt rightenus judge, tu conſider all theſe circumſtances, having pittie of him whu doth wholly ſubmit himſelfe upon your juſt clemencie: hnping therehy to be delivered from this monſter's cruelhie." FARMER.

Gregorio Leti, in his *Life of Sixtus V.* tranſlated by Ellis Farneworth, 1745, has likewiſe this kind of ſtury.

It was currently reported in Rume that Drake had taken and plundered S. Domingn in Hiſpaninla, and carried off an immenſe bonty: this aceount came in a private letter to *Paul Secchi*, a very conſiderable merchant in the city, who had large cuncerns in thuſe parts which he had inſured. Upon the receiving this news he ſent ſur the inſurer Samſon Ceneda, a Jew, and acquainted him with it. The Jew, whoſe intereſt it was tu have ſuch a repurt thought falſe, gave many reaſuns why it cnuld nut puſſihly he true: and at laſt worked himſelf up into ſuch a paſſion, that he ſaid, "I'll lay you a pnund of my fleſh that it is a lie."

Secchi, who was uf a fiery hot temper, replied, "If you like it, I'll lay you a thnuſand crowns againſt a pound of your fleſh that it is true." The Jew accepted the wager, and articles were immediately executed hetween them, the ſubſtance uf which was, "That if Secchi wnn, he ſhnuld himſelf cut the fleſh with a ſharp knife from whatever part uf the Jew's bndy he pleaſed." Unfortnnately for the Jew, the truth of the accnunt was ſoon after confirmed, by other advices from the Weſt-Indies, which threw him almoſt into

diſtraction; eſpecially when he was informed that Secchi had ſolemnly ſworn he would compel him to the exact literal performance of his contract, and was determined to cut a pound of fleſh from that part of his body which it is not neceſſary to mention. Upon this he went to the governor of Rome, and begged he would interpoſe in the affair, and uſe his authority to prevail with Secchi to accept of a thouſand piſtoles as an equivalent for the pound of fleſh: but the governor not daring to take upon him to determine a caſe of ſo uncommon a nature, made a report of it to the pope, who ſent for them both, and having heard the articles read, and informed himſelf perfectly of the whole affair from their own mouths, ſaid, "When contracts are made, it is juſt they ſhould be fulfilled, as we intend this ſhall. Take a knife, therefore, Secchi, and cut a pound of fleſh from any part you pleaſe of the Jew's Body. We would adviſe you, however, to be very careful; for if you cut but a ſcruple or grain more or leſs than your due, you ſhall certainly be hanged. Go, and bring hither a knife, and a pair of ſcales, and let it be done in our preſence."

The merchant at theſe words, began to tremble like an aſpen-leaf, and throwing himſelf at his holineſs's feet, with tears in his eyes proteſted, "It was far from his thoughts to inſiſt upon the performance of the contract." And being aſked by the pope what he demanded; anſwered, "Nothing, holy father, but your benediction, and that the articles may be torn in pieces." Then turning to the Jew, he aſked him, "What he had to ſay, and whether he was content." The Jew anſwered, "That he thought himſelf extremely happy to come off at ſo eaſy a rate, and that he was perfectly content." "But we are not content," replied Sixtus, "nor is there ſufficient ſatisfaction made to our laws. We deſire to know what authority you have to lay ſuch wagers? The ſubjects of princes are the property of the ſtate, and have no right to diſpoſe of their bodies, nor any part of them, without the expreſs conſent of their ſovereigns."

They were both immediately ſent to priſon, and the governor ordered to proceed againſt them with the utmoſt ſeverity of the law, that others might be deterred by their example from laying any more ſuch wagers.—[The governor interceding for them, and propoſing a fine of a thouſand crowns each, Sixtus ordered him to condemn them both to death, the Jew for felling his life, by conſenting to have a pound of fleſh cut from his body, which he ſaid was direct ſuicide, and the merchant for premeditated murder, in making a contract with the other that he knew muſt be the occaſion of his death.]

As Secchi was of a very good family, having many great friends and relations, and the Jew one of the moſt leading men in the ſynagogue, they both had recourſe to petitions. Strong application was made to cardinal Montalto, to intercede with his holineſs at

leaſt to ſpare their lives. Sixtus, who did not really deſign to put them to death, but to deter others from ſuch practices, at laſt conſented to change the ſentence into that of the galleys, with liberty to buy off that too, by paying each of them two thouſand crowns, to be applied to the uſe of the hoſpital which he had lately founded, before they were releaſed.

Life of Sixtus V. Fol. B. VII. p. 293, &c.
STEEVENS.

In a Perſian Manuſcript in the poſſeſſion of Enſign Thomas Munro, of the firſt battalion of Sepoys, now at Tanjore, is found the following ſtory of a Jew and a Muſſulman, Several leaves being wanting both at the beginning and end of the Mſ. its age has not been aſcertained. The tranſlation, in which the idiom is Perſian, though the words are Engliſh, was made by Mr. Munro, and kindly communicated to me (together with a copy of the original) by Daniel Braithwaite, Eſq.

"It is related, that in a town of Syria a poor Muſſulman lived in the neighbourhood of a rich Jew. One day he went to the Jew, and ſaid, lend me 100 dinars, that I may trade with it, and I will give thee a ſhare of the gain.—This Muſſulman had a beautiful wife, and the Jew had ſeen and fallen in love with her, and thinking this a lucky opportunity, he ſaid, I will not do thus, but I will give thee a hundred dinars, with this condition, that after ſix months thou ſhalt reſtore it to me. But give me a bond in this form, that if the term of the agreement ſhall be exceeded one day, I ſhall cut a pound of fleſh from thy body, from whatever part I chooſe. The Jew thought that by this means he might perhaps come to enjoy the Muſſulman's wife. The Muſſulman was dejected and ſaid, how can this be? But as his diſtreſs was extreme, he took the money on that condition, and gave the bond, and ſet out on a journey; and in that journey he acquired much gain, and he was every day ſaying to himſelf, God forbid that the term of the agreement ſhould paſs away, and the Jew bring vexation upon me. He therefore gave a hundred gold dinars into the hand of a truſty perſon, and ſent him home to give it to the Jew. But the people of his own houſe, being without money, ſpent it in maintaining themſelves. When he returned from his journey, the Jew required payment of the money, and the pound of fleſh. The Muſſulman ſaid, I ſent thy money a long time ago. The Jew ſaid, thy money came not to me. When this on examination appeared to be true, the Jew carried the Muſſulman before the Cazi, and repreſented the affair. The Cazi ſaid to the Muſſulman, either ſatisfy the Jew, or give the pound of fleſh. The Muſſulman not agreeing to this, ſaid, let us go to another Cazi. When they went, he alſo ſpoke in the ſame manner. The Muſſulman aſked the advice of an ingenious friend. He ſaid,

"ſay to him, let us go to the Cazi of Hems.* Go there, for thy buſineſs will be well." Then the Muſſulman went to the Jew, and ſaid, I ſhall be ſatisfied with the decree of the Cazi of Hems; the Jew ſaid, I alſo ſhall be ſatisfied. Then both departed for the city of Hems.† When they preſented themſelves before the judgement-ſeat, the Jew ſaid, O my Lord Judge, this man borrowed an hundred dinars of me, and pledged a pound of fleſh from his own body. Command that he give the money and the fleſh. It happened, that the Cazi was the friend of the father of the Muſſulman, and for this reſpect, he ſaid to the Jew, "Thou ſayeſt true, it is the purport of the bond; and he deured, that they ſhould bring a ſharp knife. The Muſſulman on hearing this, became ſpeechleſs. The knife being brought, the Cazi turned his face to the Jew, and ſaid, "Ariſe, and cut one pound of fleſh from the body of him, in ſuch a manner, that there may not be one grain more or leſs, and if more or leſs thou ſhalt cut, I ſhall order thee to be killed. The Jew ſaid, I cannot. I ſhall leave this buſineſs and depart. The Cazi ſaid, thou mayeſt not leave it. He ſaid, O Judge, I have releaſed him. The Judge ſaid, it cannot be, either cut the fleſh, or pay the expence of his journey. It was ſettled at two hundred dinars: the Jew paid another hundred, and departed."

MALONE.

To the collection of novels, &c. wherein the plot of the foregoing play occurs, may be added another, viz. from "*Roger Bontemps en Belle Humeur.*" In the ſtory here related of the Jew and the Chriſtian, the Judge is made to be Solyman, Emperor of the Turks. See the edition of 1735, Tom. II. p. 105.

So far Mr. Douce:—Perhaps, this Tale (like that of Parnell's *Hermit,*) may have found its way into every language. STEEVENS.

* Hems-Emeſſa, a city of Syria, long. 70. lat. 34.

The Orientals ſay that Hippocrates made his ordinary reſidence there; and the Chriſtians of that country have a tradition, that the head of St. John the Baptiſt was found there, under the reign of Theodoſius the younger.

This city was famous in the times of paganiſm for the Temple of the Sun, under the name of Heliogabalus, from which the Roman emperor took his name.

It was taken from the Muſſulmen by the Tartars, in the year of Chriſt 1098. Saladin retook it in 1187. The Tartars took it in the year 1258. Afterwards it paſſed into the hands of the Mamalukes, and from them to the Turks, who are now in poſſeſſion of it. This city ſuffered greatly by a moſt dreadful earthquake in 1157, when the Franks were in poſſeſſion of Syria. HEADLOT.

† Here follows the relation of a number of unlucky adventures, in which the Muſſulman is involved by the way: but as they only tend to ſhow the ſagacity of the Cazi in extricating him from them, and have no connection with Shylock, I have omitted them. T. M.

AS YOU LIKE IT. *

* As you Like it.] Was *certainly borrowed*, if we believe Dr. Grey and Mr. Upton, from the *Coke's Tale of Gamelyn*; which by the way was not *printed* till a century afterward: when in truth the old bard, who was no hunter of MS. contented himself solely with *Lodge's Rosalynd*, or *Euphues' Golden Legacye*, 4to. 1590. FARMER.

Shakspeare has followed Lodge's novel more exactly than is his general custom when he is indebted to such worthless originals: and has sketched some of his principal characters, and borrowed a few expressions from it. His imitations, &c. however, are in general too insignificant to merit transcription.

It should be observed that the characters of *Jaques*, the *Clown*, and *Audrey*, are entirely of the poet's own formation.

Although I have never met with any edition of this comedy before the year 1623, it is evident, that such a publication was at least designed. At the beginning of the second volume of the entries at Stationers' Hall, are placed two leaves of irregular prohibitions, notes, &c. Among these are the following:

Aug. 4.

"*As you Like it*, a book. . . }
"*Henry the Fift*, a book. . . } to be staid."
"Comedy of *Much Ado*, a book. }

The dates scattered over these pages are from 1596 to 1615.

STEEVENS.

This comedy, I believe, was written in 1600. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. II. MALONE.

PERSONS represented.

Duke, *living in exile.*
Frederick, *brother to the* Duke, *and uſurper of his dominions.*
Amiens, } *Lords attending upon the* Duke *in his*
Jaques, } *baniſhment.*
Le Beau, *a courtier attending upon* Frederick:
Charles, *his wreſtler.*
Oliver, }
Jaques, } *Sons of Sir* Rowland de Bois.
Orlando, }
Adam, }
Dennis, } *Servants to* Oliver.
Touchſtone, *a clown.*
Sir Oliver Mar-text, *a vicar.*
Corin, } *Shepherds.*
Sylvius, }
William, *a country fellow, in love with* Audrey.
A perſon repreſenting Hymen.

Roſalind, *daughter to the baniſhed* Duke.
Celia, *daughter to* Frederick.
Phebe, *a ſhepherdeſs.*
Audrey, *a country wench.*

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; Pages, Foreſters, and other Attendants.

The SCENE lies, firſt, near Oliver's *houſe; afterwards, partly in the Uſurper's court, and partly in the foreſt of* Arden.

The liſt of the perſons being omitted in the old editions, was added by Mr. Rowe. JOHNSON.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Orchard, near Oliver's *Houſe.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

ORL. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this faſhion bequeathed me: By will, but a poor thouſand crowns; and, as thou ſay'ſt, charged my brother, on his bleſſing, to breed me well:[2] and there begins my ſadneſs. My brother Jaques he keeps

[2] *As I remember, Adam, it was upon this* faſhion *bequeathed me: By will, but a poor thouſand crowns;* &c.] The grammar, as well as ſenſe, ſuffers cruelly by this reading. There are two nominatives to the verb *bequeathed*, and not ſo much as one to the verb *charged*: and yet, to the nominative there wanted, [*his bleſſing*] refers. So that the whole ſentence is confuſed and obſcure. A very ſmall alteration in the reading and pointing ſets all right. — *As I remember, Adam, it was upon this* my father *bequeathed me*, &c. The grammar is now rectified, and the ſenſe alſo; which is this. Orlando and Adam were diſcourſing together on the cauſe why the younger brother had but a thouſand crowns left him. They agree upon it; and Orlando opens the ſcene in this manner, *As I remember it was upon this*, i. e. for the reaſon we have been talking of, that my father left me but a thouſand crowns; however, to make amends for this ſcanty proviſion, he charged my brother on his bleſſing to breed me well. WARBURTON.

There is, in my opinion, nothing but a point miſplaced, and an omiſſion of a word which every hearer can ſupply, and which therefore an abrupt and eager dialogue naturally excludes.

I read thus: *As I remember, Adam, it was on this faſhion bequeathed me. By will, but a poor thouſand crowns; and, as thou ſayeſt, charged my brother, on his bleſſing, to breed me well.* What is there in this difficult or obſcure? The nominative *my father* is certainly left out, but ſo left out that the auditor inſerts it, in ſpite of himſelf. JOHNSON.

at ſchool, and report ſpeaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me ruſtically at home, or, to ſpeak more properly, ſtays me here at home unkept:[3] For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the ſtalling of an ox? His horſes are bred better; for beſides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Beſides this nothing that he ſo plentifully gives me, the ſomething that nature gave me, his countenance ſeems to take from me:[4] he lets me feed with his hinds,

—— *it was on this faſhion bequeathed me*, as Dr. Johnſon reads, is but aukward Engliſh. I would read: *As I remember, Adam, it was on this faſhion.* — He *bequeathed me by will*, &c. Orlando and Adam enter abruptly in the midſt of a converſation on this topick; and Orlando is correcting ſome miſapprehenſion of the other. As *I* remember (ſays he) it was thus. He left me a thouſand crowns; and, *as thou ſayeſt*, charged my brother, &c. BLACKSTONE.

Omiſſinn being of all the errors of the preſs the moſt common, I have adopted the emendatinn propoſed by Sir W. Blackſtone. MALONE.

Being ſatisfied with Dr. Johnſon's explanation of the paſſage as it ſtands in the old copy, I have followed it. STEEVENS.

[3] Stays *me here at home unkept:*] We ſhould read *flys*, i. e. keeps me like a brute. The followiug words — *for call you that keeping — that differs not from the ſtalling of an ox?* confirms this emendation. So Caliban ſays,

" And here you *fly* me
" In this hard rock." WARBURTON.

Sties is better than *ſtays*, and more likely to be Shakſpeare's. JOHNSON.

So, in *Noah's Flood*, by Drayton:

" And *fly* themſelves up in a little room." STEEVENS.

[4] —— *his* countenance *ſeems to take from me:*] We ſhould certainly read — *his* diſcountenance. WARBURTON.

There is no need of change; a countenance is either good or bad. JOHNSON.

bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the ſpirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny againſt this ſervitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wiſe remedy how to avoid it.

Enter OLIVER.

ADAM. Yonder comes my maſter, your brother.

ORL. Go apart, Adam, and thou ſhalt hear how he will ſhake me up.

OLI. Now, ſir! what make you here?[5]

ORL. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

OLI. What mar you then, ſir?

ORL. Marry, ſir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleneſs.

OLI. Marry, ſir, be better employ'd, and be naught awhile.[6]

[5] —— *what* make you *here?*] i. e. what do you here? So, in *Hamlet:*

"What *make you* at Elſinour?" STEEVENS.

[6] —— *be better employ'd, and* be naught a while.] Mr. Theobald has here a very critical note; which, though his modeſty ſuffered him to withdraw it from his ſecond edition, deſerves to be perpetuated, i. e. (ſays he) *be better employed, in my opinion, in being and doing nothing. Your idleneſs, as you call it, may be an exerciſe by which you make a figure, and endear yourſelf to the world: and I had rather you were a contemptible cypher. The poet ſeems to me to have that trite proverbial ſentiment in his eye, quoted from Attilius, by the younger Pliny and others;* ſatius eſt otioſum eſſe quàm nihil agere. *But Oliver, in the perverſeneſs of his diſpoſition, would reverſe the doctrine of the proverb.* Does the reader know what all this means? But 'tis no matter. I will aſſure him — *be nought a*

ORL. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat huſks with them? What prodigal portion have I ſpent, that I ſhould come to ſuch penury?

while is only a north-country proverbial curſe equivaleot to, a *miſchief on you*. So, the old poet Skeltoo:

" Correct firſt thy ſelfe, walk and *be nought*,
" Deeme what thou liſt, thou kooweſt oot my thought."

But what the Oxford editor could oot explaio, he would ameod, and reads:

—— *and do aught a while*. WARBURTON.

If *be nought awhile* has the ſignificatioo here giveo it, the reading may certainly ſtand; but till I learned its meaoing from this note, I read:

Be better employed, and be naught *a while*.

In the ſame ſenſe as we ſay, — *It is better to do miſchief, than to do nothing*. JOHNSON.

Notwithſtaoding Dr. Warburton's far-fetched explaoation, I believe that the words *be naught awhile*, mean oo more than this: " Be conteot to be a *cypher*, till I ſhall thiok fit to elevate you into conſequence."

This was certaioly a proverbial ſaying, I find it io *The Storie of King Darius*, ao interlude, 1565:

" Come away, *and be nought a whyle*,
" Or ſurely I will you both defyle."

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P II. Falſtaff ſays to Piſtol: " Nay, if he do nothing but ſpeak nothiog, *he ſhall be nothing* here."

STEEVENS.

Naught and *nought* are frequently coofounded in old Eogliſh books. I once thought that the latter was here iotended, in the ſenſe affixed to it by Mr. Steevens: " Be conteot to he a *cypher*, till I ſhall elevate you ioto conſequeoce." But the followiog paſſage io *Swetnam*, a comedy, 1620, induces me to thiok that the reading of the old copy (*naught*) and Dr. Johofoo's explanation are right:

" —— get you both in, aod be *naught a while*."

The ſpeaker is a chamber-maid, and ſhe addreſſes herſelf to her miſtreſs aod her lover. MALONE.

Malone ſays that *nought* (meaning *nothing*) was formerly ſpelled with ao *a*, *naught*; which is clearly the maoner io which it ought ſtill to be ſpelled, as the word *aught* (any thing) from wheoce it is derived, is ſpelled ſo.

A ſimilar expreſſion occors in *Bartholomew Fair*, where Urſula ſays to Mooncalf? " Leave the bottle behiod you, aod *be curs'd awhile*;" which ſeems to confirm Warburton's explanation. M. MASON.

OLI. Know you where you are, ſir?

ORL. O, ſir, very well: here in your orchard.

OLI. Know you before whom, ſir?

ORL. Ay, better than he I am before knows me.[7] I know, you are my eldeſt brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you ſhould ſo know me: The courteſy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the firſt-born; but the ſame tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confeſs, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.[8]

OLI. What, boy!

ORL. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

[7] *Ay, better than* he *I am before knows me.*] The firſt folio reads—*better than* him —. But, little reſpect is due to the anomalies of the play-houſe editors; and of this comedy there is no quarto edition. STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors read — *he* I am before; more correctly, but without authority. Our author is equally irregular in *The Winter's Tale:*

"I am appointed *him* to murder you." MALONE.

Of *The Winter's Tale* alſo there is noue but the play-houſe copy. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*albeit, I confeſs, your coming before me is nearer to his* reverence.] This is ſenſe indeed, and may be thus underſtood. — The reverence due to my father is, in ſome degree, derived to you, as the firſt born. But I am perſuaded that Orlando did not here mean to complimeot his brother, or condemn himſelf; ſomething of both which there is in that ſenſe. I rather think he intended a ſatirical reflection on his brother, who by *letting him feed with his kinds*, treated him as one not ſo nearly related to old Sir Rowland as himſelf was. I imagine therefore Shakſpeare might write, — *Albeit your coming before me is nearer his* revenue, i. e. though you are no nearer in blood, yet it muſt be owned, indeed, you are nearer in eſtate. WARBURTON.

This, I apprehend, refers to the courteſy of diſtinguiſhing the *eldeſt ſon* of a knight, by the title of eſquire. HENLEY.

OLI. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

ORL. I am no villain:[9] I am the youngeſt ſon of ſir Rowland de Bois; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain, that ſays, ſuch a father begot villains: Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for ſaying ſo; thou haſt railed on thyſelf.

ADAM. Sweet maſters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

OLI. Let me go, I ſay.

ORL. I will not, till I pleaſe: you ſhall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peaſant, obſcuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the ſpirit of my father grows ſtrong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me ſuch exerciſes as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by teſtament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

OLI. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is ſpent? Well, ſir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you ſhall have ſome part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

ORL. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

OLI. Get you with him, you old dog.

ADAM. Is old dog my reward? Moſt true, I have loſt my teeth in your ſervice.—God be with my old maſter! he would not have ſpoke ſuch a word.

[*Exeunt* ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

[9] *I am no* villain:] The word *villain* is uſed by the elder brother, in its preſent meaning, for a *worthleſs, wicked*, or *bloody man*; by Orlando in its original ſignification, for a *fellow of baſe extraction*. JOHNSON.

OLI. Is it even ſo? begin you to grow upon me? I will phyſick your rankneſs, and yet give no thouſand crowns neither. Hola, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

DEN. Calls your worſhip?

OLI. Was not Charles, the duke's wreſtler, here to ſpeak with me?

DEN. So pleaſe you, he is here at the door, and importunes acceſs to you.

OLI. Call him in. [*Exit* DENNIS.]—'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wreſtling is.

Enter CHARLES.

CHA. Good morrow to your worſhip.

OLI. Good monſieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?

CHA. There's no news at the court, ſir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is baniſhed by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themſelves into voluntary exile with him, whoſe lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave[2] to wander.

OLI. Can you tell, if Roſalind, the duke's daughter,[3] be baniſhed with her father.

[2] —— *good leave*—] As often as this phraſe occurs, it means a *ready aſſent*. So, in *King John*:

"*Baſt.* James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?

"*Gur. Good leave*, good Philip." STEEVENS.

[3] —— *the duke's daughter*,] The words *old* and *new* [inſerted by Sir T. Hanmer] ſeem neceſſary to the perſpicuity of the dialogue. JOHNSON.

CHA. O, no; for the duke's daughter,[3] her couſin, ſo loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that ſhe would have followed her exile, or have died to ſtay behind her. She is at the court, and no leſs beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

OLI. Where will the old duke live?

CHA. They ſay, he is already in the foreſt of Arden,[4] and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they ſay, many young gentlemen flock to him every day; and fleet the time careleſsly, as they did in the golden world.

OLI. What, you wreſtle to-morrow before the new duke?

CHA. Marry, do I, ſir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, ſir, ſecretly to underſtand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath

—— *the duke's daughter,*] I. e. the *baniſhed* duke's daughter. MALONE.

The author of *The Reviſal* is of opinion, that the ſubſequent words, — *her couſin*, ſufficiently diſtinguiſh the perſon intended. STEEVENS.

[3] —— *for the duke's daughter,*] i. e. the *uſurping* duke's daughter. Sir T. Hanmer reads here — the *new* duke's; and in the preceding ſpeech—the *old* duke's daughter; but in my opinion unneceſſarily. The ambiguous uſe of the word *duke* in theſe paſſages is much in our author's manner.. MALONE.

[4] —— *in the foreſt of* Arden,] *Ardenne* is a foreſt of conſiderable extent in French Flanders, lying near the Meuſe, and between Charlemont and Rocroy. It is mentioned by Spenſer, in his *Colin Clout's come home again*, 1595:

"Into a foreſt wide and waſte he came,
"Where ſtore he heard to be of ſavage prey;
"So wide a foreſt, and ſo waſte as this,
"Not famous *Ardeyn*, nor foul Arlo is."

But our author was furniſhed with the ſcene of his play by Lodge's Novel. MALONE.

a diſpoſition to come in diſguis'd againſt me to try a fall: To-morrow, ſir, I wreſtle for my credit; and he that eſcapes me without ſome broken limb, ſhall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I muſt, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might ſtay him from his intendment, or brook ſuch diſgrace well as he ſhall run into, in that it is a thing of his own ſearch, and altogether againſt my will.

OLI. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou ſhalt find I will moſt kindly requite. I had myſelf notice of my brother's purpoſe herein, and have by underhand means laboured to diſſuade him from it; but he is reſolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, —it is the ſtubborneſt young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a ſecret and villainous contriver againſt me his natural brother; therefore uſe thy diſcretion; I had as lief thou didſt break his neck as his finger: And thou wert beſt look to't; for if thou doſt him any ſlight diſgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himſelf on thee, he will practiſe againſt thee by poiſon, entrap thee by ſome treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy live by ſome indirect means or other: for, I aſſure thee, and almoſt with tears I ſpeak it, there is not one ſo young and ſo villainous this day living. I ſpeak but brotherly of him; but ſhould I anatomize him to thee as he is, I muſt bluſh and weep, and thou muſt look pale and wonder.

CHA. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment:

If ever he go alone again, I'll never wreſtle for prize more: And ſo, God keep your worſhip!

[*Exit.*

OLI. Farewell good Charles.—Now will I ſtir this gameſter:[3] I hope, I ſhall ſee an end of him; for my ſoul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never ſchool'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all ſorts[4] enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, ſo much in the heart of the world, and eſpecially of my own people, who beſt know him, that I am altogether miſpriſed: but it ſhall not be ſo long; this wreſtler ſhall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither,[5] which now I'll go about.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Lawn before the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

CEL. I pray thee, Roſalind, ſweet my coz, be merry.

ROS. Dear Celia, I ſhow more mirth than I am miſtreſs of; and would you yet I were merrier?[6]

[3] —— *this* gameſter:] *Gameſter*, in the preſent inſtance, and ſome others, does not ſignify a man viciouſly addicted to games of chance, but a frolickſome perſon. Thus, in *King Henry VIII:*

" You are a merry *gameſter*, my lord Sands." STEEVENS.

[4] —— *of all* ſorts —] *Sorts* in this place means ranks and degrees of men. RITSON.

[5] —— kindle *the boy thither,*] A ſimilar phraſe occurs in *Macbeth*, A& I. ſc. iii:

" —— *enkindle* you unto the crown." STEEVENS.

[6] —— I *were merrier?*] *I* which was inadvertently omitted in the old copy, was inſerted by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Unleſs you could teach me to forget a baniſhed father, you muſt not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleaſure.

CEL. Herein, I ſee, thou loveſt me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy baniſhed father, had baniſhed thy uncle, the duke my father, ſo thou hadſt been ſtill with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; ſo would'ſt thou, if the truth of thy love to me were ſo righteouſly temper'd as mine is to thee.

ROS. Well, I will forget the condition of my eſtate, to rejoice in yours.

CEL. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou ſhalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monſter: therefore, my ſweet Roſe, my dear Roſe, be merry.

ROS. From henceforth I will, coz, and deviſe ſports: let me ſee; What think you of falling in love?

CEL. Marry, I pry'thee, do, to make ſport withal: but love no man in good earneſt; nor no further in ſport neither, than with ſafety of a pure blush thou may'ſt in honour come off again.

ROS. What ſhall be our ſport then?

CEL. Let us ſit and mock the good houſewife, Fortune, from her wheel, [7] that her gifts may henceforth be beſtowed equally.

[7] —— *mock the good houſewife, Fortune, from her wheel,*] The wheel of Fortune is not the *wheel* of a *houſewife*. Shakſpeare has confounded Fortune, whoſe wheel only figures uncertainty and

Ros. I would, we could do ſo; for her benefits are mightily miſplaced: and the bounteiful blind woman doth moſt miſtake in her gifts to women.

CEL. 'Tis true: for thoſe, that ſhe makes fair, ſhe ſcarce makes honeſt; and thoſe, that ſhe makes honeſt ſhe makes very ill-favour'dly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goeſt from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

CEL. No? When nature hath made a fair creature, may ſhe not by fortune fall into the fire?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune ſent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

CEL. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who perceiving our natural wits too dull to reaſon of ſuch goddeſſes, hath ſent this natural for our whetſtone: [8] for always the dulneſs of the fool is the whetſtone of the wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

vieiſſitude, with the deſtiny that ſpins the thread of life, though not indeed with a wheel. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare is very fond of this idea. He has the ſame in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" —— and rail ſo high,
" That the falſe houſewife, Fortune, break her wheel."

STEEVENS.

[8] —— *who perceiving our natural wits too dull to reaſon of ſuch goddeſſes hath ſent*, &c.] The old copy reads — " *perceiveth* —." Mr. Malone retains the old reading, but adds — " *and* hath ſent," &c. STEEVENS.

TOUCH. Miſtreſs, you muſt come away to your father.

CEL. Were you made the meſſenger?

TOUCH. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

ROS. Where learned you that oath, fool?

TOUCH. Of a certain knight, that ſwore by his honour they were good pancakes, and ſwore by his honour the muſtard was naught: now, I'll ſtand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the muſtard was good; and yet was not the knight forſworn.

CEL. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

ROS. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wiſdom.

TOUCH. Stand you both forth now: ſtroke your chins, and ſwear by your beards that I am a knave.

CEL. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

TOUCH. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you ſwear by that that is not, you are not forſworn: no more was this knight, ſwearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had ſworn it away, before ever he ſaw thoſe pancakes or that muſtard.

CEL. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'ſt?

TOUCH. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

CEL. My father's love is enough to honour him.[9]

[9] Touch. *One that old* Frederick, *your father, loves.*

Roſ. *My father's love is enough to honour him.*] This reply to the Clown is in all the books placed to Rôſalind; but Frederick was not her father, but Celia's: I have therefore ventured to prefix the name of Celia. There is no countenance from any paſſage in the play, or from the *Dramatis Perſonæ*, to imagine, that both the Brother-Dukes were nameſakes; and one called the Old, and the other the Younger-Frederick; and without ſome ſuch authority, it would make confuſion to ſuppoſe it. THEOBALD.

Enough! ſpeak no more of him; you'll be whip'd for taxation,[2] one of theſe days.

TOUCH. The more pity, that fools may not ſpeak wiſely, what wiſe men do fooliſhly.

CEL. By my troth, thou ſay'ſt true: for ſince the little wit, that fools have, was ſilenced,[3] the

Mr. Theobald ſeems not to know that the *Dramatis Perſonæ* were firſt enumerated by Rowe. JOHNSON.

Frederick is here clearly a miſtake, as appears by the anſwer of Roſalind, to whom Touchſtone addreſſes himſelf, though the queſtion was put to him by Celia. I ſuppoſe ſome abbreviation was uſed in the MS. for the name of the rightful, or *old* duke, as he is called, [perhaps *Fer.* for *Ferdinand*,] which the tranſcriber or printer converted into Frederick. *Fernardyne* is one of the perſons introduced in the novel on which this comedy is founded. Mr. Theobald ſolves the difficulty by giving the next ſpeech to Celia, inſtead of Roſalind; but there is too much of filial warmth in it for Celia:—beſides, why, ſhould her father be called *old* Frederick? It appears from the laſt ſcene of this play that this was the name of the *younger* brother. MALONE.

Mr. Malone's remark may be juſt; and yet I think the ſpeech which is ſtill left in the mouth of Celia, exhibits as much tenderneſs for the fool, as reſpect for her own father. She ſtops Touchſtone, who might otherwiſe have proceeded to ſay what ſhe could not hear without inflicting puniſhment on the ſpeaker.—*Old* is an unmeaning term of familiarity. It is ſtill in uſe, and has no reference to age. The Duke in *Meaſure for Meaſure* is called by Lucio "the *old* fantaſtical Duke," &c. STEEVENS.

[2] —— *you'll be* whip'd *for* taxation,] This was the diſcipline uſually inflicted upon fools, Brantome informs us that Legat, fool to Elizabeth of France, having offended her with ſome indelicate ſpeech, "*fut bien fouettè a la cuiſine pour ces paroles.*" A repreſentation of this ceremony may be ſeen in a cut prefixed to B. II. ch. c. of the German Petrarch already mentioned in Vol. VII. p. 44. DOUCE.

Taxation is cenſure, or ſatire. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*: "Niece, you *tax* Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you." Again, in the play before us:

"—— my *taxing* like a wildgooſe flies —." MALONE.

[3] —— *ſince the little wit, that fools have, was ſilenced,*] Shakſpeare probably alludes to the uſe of *fools* or *jeſters*, who for ſome ages had been allowed in all courts an unbridled liberty of cenſure and mockery, and about this time began to be leſs tolerated. JOHNSON.

little foolery, that wiſe men have, makes a great ſhow. Here comes Monſieur Le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

ROS. With his mouth full of news.

CEL. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

ROS. Then ſhall we be news-cramm'd.

CEL. All the better; we ſhall be the more marketable. *Bon jour*, Monſieur le Beau: What's the news?

LE BEAU. Fair princeſs, you have loſt muſt good ſport.

CEL. Sport? Of what colour?

LE BEAU. What colour, madam? How ſhall I anſwer you?

ROS. As wit and fortune will.

TOUCH. Or as the deſtinies decree.

CEL. Well ſaid; that was laid on with a trowel.[4]

TOUCH. Nay, if I keep not my rank,——

ROS. Thou loſeſt thy old ſmell.

LE BEAU. You amaze me, ladies:[5] I would have

[4] —— *laid on with a trowel.*] I ſuppoſe the meaning is, that there is too heavy a maſs of big words laid upon a ſlight ſubject. JOHNSON.

This is a proverbial expreſſion, which is generally uſed to ſignify a *glaring falſhood*. See Ray's *Proverbs*. STEEVENS.

It means a good round hit, thrown in without judgment or deſign RITSON.

To lay on with a trowel is, to do any thing ſtrongly and without delicacy. If a man flatters groſsly, it is a common expreſſion to ſay, that he *lays it on with a trowel*. M. MASON.

[5] *You* amaze *me, ladies:*] To *amaze*, here, is not to aſtoniſh or ſtrike with wonder, but to perplex; to confuſe, ſo as to put out of the intended narrative. JOHNSON.

So, in *Cymbeline*, Act IV. ſc. iii:

" I am *amazed* with matter." STEEVENS.

told you of good wreſtling, which you have loſt the ſight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wreſtling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it pleaſe your ladyſhips, you may ſee the end; for the beſt is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three ſons,——

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and preſence;——

Ros. With bills on their necks,—*Be it known unto all men by theſe preſents*,[6]——

[6] *With* bills *on their necks, — Be it known unto all men by theſe preſents,*] The *ladies* and the *fool*, according to the mode of wit at that time, are at a kind of *croſs purpoſes* Where the words of one ſpeaker are wreſted by another, in a repartee, to a different meaning. As where the Clown ſays juſt before — *Nay, if I keep not my rank.* Roſalind replies — *Thou loſeſt thy old ſmell.* So here when Roſalind had ſaid — *With bills on their necks*, the Clown, to be quits with her, puts in — *Know all men by theſe preſents.* She ſpoke of an inſtrument of war, and he turns it to an inſtrument of law of the ſame name, beginning with theſe words: So that they muſt be given to him. Warburton.

This conjecture is ingenious. Where meaning is ſo very thin, as in this vein of jocularity, it is hard to catch, and therefore I know not well what to determine; but I cannot ſee why Roſalind ſhould ſuppoſe that the competitors in a wreſtling match carried *bills* on their ſhoulders, and I believe the whole conceit is in the poor reſemblance of *preſence* and *preſents*. Johnson.

With bills *on their necks*, ſhould be the concluſion of Le Beau's ſpeech. Mr. Edwards ridicules Dr. Warburton, "As if people carried ſuch inſtruments of war, as *bills* and *guns* on *their necks*, not *on their ſhoulders!*" But unluckily the ridicule falls upon himſelf. Laſſels, in his *Voyage of Italy*, ſays of Turin, "Some perſuade their pupils, that it is fine carrying a *gun* upon *their necks*.

LE BEAU. The eldeſt of the three wreſtled with Charles, the duke's wreſtler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: ſo he ſerved the ſecond, and ſo the third: Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making ſuch pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

ROS. Alas!

TOUCH. But what is the ſport, monſieur, that the ladies have loſt?

LE BEAU. Why, this that I ſpeak of.

TOUCH. Thus men may grow wiſer every day! it is the firſt time that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was ſport for ladies.

But what is ſtill more, the expreſſion is taken immediately from Lodge, who furniſhed our author with his plot. "Ganimede on a day ſitting with Aliena, (the aſſumed names, as in the play,) caſt up her eye, and ſaw where Roſader came pacing towards them with his *foreſt-bill on his neck*." FARMER.

The quibble may be countenanced by the following paſſage in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

"Good-morrow, taylor, I abhor *bills* in a morning—
"But thou may'ſt watch at night with *bill* in hand."

Again, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book I:

"——with a ſword by his ſide, a foreſt-*bille on his neck*," &c.

Again, in Rowley's *When you ſee me you know me*, 1621:

"Enter King, and Comptoo, with *bills on his back*."

Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

"And each of you a good bat *on his neck*."

Again,

"——are you not big enough to bear
"Your bats *upon your necks*?" STEEVENS.

I don't think that by *bill* is meant either an inſtrument of war, or one of law, but merely a label or advertiſement—as we ſay a *play-bill*; a *hand-bill*; unleſs Farmer's ingenious amendment be admitted and theſe words become part of Le Beau's ſpeech; in which caſe the word *bill* would be uſed by him to denote a weapon, and by Roſalind perverted to mean a *label*. M. MASON.

CEL. Or I, I promiſe thee.

ROS. But is there any elſe longs to ſee this broken muſick in his ſides?[7] is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? —Shall we ſee this wreſtling, couſin?

LE BEAU. You muſt, if you ſtay here; for here is the place appointed for the wreſtling, and they are ready to perform it.

CEL. Yonder, ſure, they are coming: Let us now ſtay and ſee it.

Flouriſh. Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, *and Attendants.*

DUKE F. Come on; ſince the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardneſs.

ROS. Is yonder the man?

[7] —— *is there any elſe longs to* ſee *this broken muſick in his ſides?*] A ſtupid error in the copies. They are talking here of ſome who had their ribs broke in wreſtling: and the pleaſantry of Roſalind's repartee muſt conſiſt in the alluſion ſhe makes to *compoſing* in *muſick*. It neceſſarily follows therefore, that the poet wrote—SET *this* broken muſick *in his ſides*. WARBURTON.

If any change were neceſſary, I ſhould write, *feel this broken muſick*, for *ſee*. But *ſee* is the colloquial term for perception or experiment. So we ſay every day, *ſee* if the water be hot; I will *ſee* which is the beſt time; ſhe has tried, and *ſees* that ſhe cannot lift it. In this ſenſe *ſee* may be here uſed. The ſufferer can, with no propriety, be ſaid to *ſet* the muſick; neither is the alluſion to the act of tuning an inſtrument, or pricking a tune, one of which muſt be meant by *ſetting* muſick. Roſalind hints at a whimſical ſimilitude between the ſeries of ribs gradually ſhorteniog, and ſome muſical inſtruments, and therefore calls *broken ribs*, *broken muſick*. JOHNSON.

This probably alludes to the pipe of Pan, which conſiſting of reeds of unequal length, and gradually leſſening, bore ſome reſemblance to the ribs of a man. M. MASON.

Broken muſick either means the noiſe which the breaking of ribs would occaſion, or the hollow ſound which proceeds from a perſon's receiving a violent fall. DOUCE.

LE BEAU. Even he, madam.

CEL. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks ſucceſsfully.

DUKE F. How now, daughter, and couſin? are you crept hither to ſee the wreſtling?

ROS. Ay, my liege; ſo pleaſe you give us leave.

DUKE F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is ſuch odds in the men: [8] In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain diſſuade him, but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies; ſee if you can move him.

CEL. Call him hither, good Monſieur Le Beau.

DUKE F. Do ſo; I'll not be by.

[DUKE *goes apart.*

LE BEAU. Monſieur the challenger, the princeſſes call for you. [9]

ORL. I attend them, with all reſpect and duty.

ROS. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wreſtler? [a]

ORL. No, fair princeſs; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the ſtrength of my youth.

CEL. Young gentleman, your ſpirits are too bold for your years: You have ſeen cruel proof of this man's ſtrength: if you ſaw yourſelf with your eyes, or knew yourſelf with your judgment, [3] the

[8] —— *odds in the* men:] Sir T. Hanmer. In the old editions, the *man*. JOHNSON.

[9] —— *the* princeſſes call *for you.*] The old copy reads — the *princeſſe calls*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[a] —— *have you challenged Charles the wreſtler?*] This wreſtling match is minutely deſcribed in Lodge's *Roſalynde*, 1592. MALONE.

[3] —— *if you ſaw yourſelf with* your *eyes, or knew yourſelf with* your *judgment,*] Abſurd! The ſenſe requires that we ſhould read,

fear of your adventure would counſel you to a more equal enterpriſe. We pray you, for your own ſake, to embrace your own ſafety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young ſir; your reputation ſhall not therefore be miſpriſed: we will make it our ſuit to the duke, that the wreſtling might not go forward.

ORL. I beſeech you, puniſh me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confeſs me muſt guilty, to deny ſo fair and excellent ladies any thing.[4] But let your fair eyes, and gentle wiſhes, go with me

— our *eyes*, and — our *judgment*. The argument is, *Your ſpirits are too bold, and therefore your judgment deceives you; but did you ſee and know yourſelf with our more impartial judgment, you would forbear* WARBURTON.

I cannot find the abſurdity of the preſent reading. *If you were not blinded and intoxicated*, ſays the princeſs, *with the ſpirit of enterpriſe, if you could uſe* your own eyes to *ſee*, or your own judgment to know *yourſelf, the fear of your adventure would counſel you*.

JOHNSON.

[4] *I beſeech you, puniſh me not*, &c.] I ſhould wiſh to read, *I beſeech you, puniſh me not with your hard thoughts*. Therein *I confeſs myſelf much guilty to deny ſo fair and excellent ladies any thing*.

JOHNSON.

As the word *wherein* muſt always refer to ſomething preceding, I have no doubt but there is an error in this paſſage, and that we ought to read *herein*, inſtead of *wherein*. The hard thoughts that he complains of are the apprehenſions expreſſed by the ladies of his not being able to contend with the wreſtler. He beſeeches that they will not puniſh him with them; and then adds, "Herein I confeſs me much guilty to deny ſo fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wiſhes go with me to my trial." M. MASON.

The meaning I think is, "puniſh me not with your unfavourable opinion (of my abilities); *which, however, I confeſs, I reſerve to incur*, for denying ſuch fair ladies any requeſt." The expreſſion is licentious, but our author's plays furniſh many ſuch.

MALONE.

to my trial:[9] wherein if I be foiled, there is but one ſhamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be ſo: I ſhall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better ſupplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little ſtrength that I have, I would it were with you.

CEL. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you!

CEL. Your heart's deſires be with you!

CHA. Come, where is this young gallant, that is ſo deſirous to lie with his mother earth?

ORL. Ready, ſir; but his will hath in it a more modeſt working.

DUKE. F. You ſhall try but one fall.

CHA. No, I warrant your grace; you ſhall not entreat him to a ſecond, that have ſo mightily perſuaded him from a firſt.

ORL. You mean to mock me after; you ſhould not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy ſpeed, young man!

CEL. I would I were inviſible, to catch the ſtrong fellow by the leg. [CHARLES *and* ORLANDO *wreſtle.*

Ros. O excellent young man!

[9] —— *let your gentle wiſhes, go with me to my trial:*] Addiſon might have had this paſſage in his memory, when he put the following words into Juba's mouth:

" —— Marcia, may I hope
" That thy kind wiſhes follow me to battle?"

STEEVENS.

CEL. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who ſhould down. [CHARLES *is thrown. Shout.*

DUKE F. No more, no more.

ORL. Yes, I beſeech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

DUKE. F. How doſt thou, Charles?

LE BEAU. He cannot ſpeak, my lord.

DUKE F. Bear him away. [CHARLES *is borne out.*] What is thy name, young man?

ORL. Orlando, my liege; the youngeſt ſon of ſir Rowland de Bois.

DUKE F. I would, thou hadſt been ſon to ſome man elſe.
The world eſteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him ſtill mine enemy:
Thou ſhould'ſt have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadſt thou deſcended from another houſe.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would, thou hadſt told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke* FRED. *Train, and* LE BEAU.

CEL. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

ORL. I am more proud to be ſir Rowland's ſon,
His youngeſt ſon;[3]—and would not change that calling,[4]
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

ROS. My father lov'd ſir Rowland as his ſoul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his ſon,

[3] *His youngeſt ſon;*] The words "than to be deſcended from any other houſe, however high," muſt be underſtood. Orlando is replying to the duke, who is juſt gone out, and had ſaid,

"Thou ſhould'ſt have better pleas'd me with this deed,
"Hadſt thou deſcended from another houſe." MALONE.

[4] —— *that* calling,] i. e. appellation: a very unuſual, if not unprecedented ſenſe of the word. STEEVENS.

I ſhould have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he ſhould thus have ventur'd.

CEL. Gentle couſin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious diſpoſition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deſerv'd:
If you do keep your promiſes in love,
But juſtly, as you have exceeded promiſe,[5]
Your miſtreſs ſhall be happy.

ROS. Gentleman,
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*
Wear this for me; one out of ſuits with fortune;[6]
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.—
Shall we go, coz?

CEL. Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

ORL. Can I not ſay, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that which here ſtands up,
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeleſs block.[7]

[5] —— *as you have exceeded promiſe,*] The old copy, without regard to the meaſure, reads—*all* promiſe. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *one out of ſuits with fortune,*] This ſeems an alluſion to cards, where he that has no more cards to play of any particular ſort, is *out of ſuit.* JOHNSON.

Out of ſuits with fortune, I believe means, turned out of her ſervice, and ſtripped of her livery. STEEVENS.

So afterwards Celia ſays, "— but turning theſe jeſts *out of ſervice*, let us talk in good earneſt." MALONE.

[7] *Is but a* quintain, *a mere lifeleſs block.*] A *quintain* was a *poſt* or *butt* ſet up for ſeveral kinds of martial exerciſes, againſt which they threw their darts and exerciſed their arms. The alluſion is beautiful. *I am*, ſays Orlando, *only a* quintain, *a lifeleſs block on which love only exerciſes his arms in jeſt; the great diſparity of condition between Roſalind and me, not ſuffering me to hope that love will ever make a ſerious matter of it.* The famous ſatiriſt Regnier, who lived about the time of our authour, uſes the ſame metaphor, on the ſame ſubject, though the thought be different:

Ros. He calls us back: My pride fell with my fortunes:
I'll aſk him what he would:—Did you call, ſir?—
Sir, you have wreſtled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.
CEL. Will you go, coz?
Ros. Have with you:—Fare you well.
[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.
ORL. What paſſion hangs theſe weights upon my tongue?
I cannot ſpeak to her, yet ſhe urg'd conference.

" *Et qui depuis dix ans juſqu'en ſes derniers jours,*
" *A ſoutenu le prix en l'eſcrime d'amours;*
" *Laſſe enfin de ſervir au peuple de* quintaine,
" *Elle!*" &c. WARBURTON.

This is but an imperfect (to call it no worſe) explanation of a beautiful paſſage. The *quintain* was not the object of the darts and arms: it was a ſtake driven into a field, upon which were hung a ſhield and other trophies of war, at which they ſhot, darted, or rode, with a lance. When the ſhield and the trophies were all thrown down, the quintain remained. Without this information how could the reader underſtand the alluſion of

——— *My better parts*
Are all thrown down? GUTHRIE.

Mr. Malone has diſputed the propriety of Mr. Guthrie's animadverſions; and Mr. Douce is equally diſſatisfied with thoſe of Mr. Malone.

The phalanx of our auxiliaries, as well as their circumſtantiality, is ſo much increaſed, that we are often led (as Hamlet obſerves) to

" ——— fight for a ſpot
" Whereon the numbers cannot try the cauſe."

The preſent ſtrictures therefore of Mr. Malone and Mr. Douce, (which are too valuable to be omitted, and too ample to find their place under the text of our author,) muſt appear at the concluſion of the play. STEEVENS.

For a more particular deſcription of a *quintain*, ſee, a note on a paſſage in Jonſon's *Underwoods*, Whalley's edit. Vol. VII. p. 55.
M. MASON.

A humorous deſcription of this amuſement may alſo be read in Laneham's Letter from " Killingwoorth Caſtle. HENLEY.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;
Or Charles, or ſomething weaker, maſters thee.

LE BEAU. Good ſir, I do in friendſhip counſel you
To leave this place: Albeit you have deſerv'd
High commendation, true applauſe, and love;
Yet ſuch is now the duke's condition, [8]
That he miſconſtrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,
More ſuits you to conceive, than me to ſpeak of. [9]

ORL. I thank you, ſir: and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wreſtling?

LE BEAU. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the ſhorter [2] is his daughter:

[8] ——*the duke's* condition,] The word *condition* means character, temper, diſpoſition. So Antonio, the merchant of Veoice, is called by his friend the *beſt condition'd man.* JOHNSON.

[9] ——*than* me *to ſpeak of.*] The old copy has — than *I.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[2] ——*the* ſhorter—] Thus Mr. Pope. The old copy reads — the *taller.* Mr. Malone — the *ſmaller.* STEEVENS.

Some change is abſolutely neceſſary, for Roſalind, in a ſubſequent ſcene, expreſsly ſays that *ſhe* is "more than common *tall*," and aſſigns that as a reaſon for her aſſuming the dreſs of a man, while her couſin Celia retained her female apparel. Again, in Act IV. ſc. iii. Celia is deſcribed by theſe words — "the woman *low*, and browner than her brother;" i. e Roſalind. Mr. Pope reads — "the *ſhorter* is his daughter;" which has been admitted in all the ſubſequent editions: but ſurely *ſhorter* and *taller* could never have been confounded by either the eye or the ear. The preſent emendation, it is hoped, has a preferable claim to a place in the text, as being much nearer to the corrupted reading. MALONE.

Shakſpeare ſometimes ſpeaks of *little* women, but I do not recollect that he, or any other writer, has mentioned *ſmall* ones. Otherwiſe, Mr. Malone's conjecture ſhould have found a place in our text. STEEVENS.

The other is daughter to the baniſh'd duke,
And here detain'd by her uſurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whoſe loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of ſiſters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en diſpleaſure 'gainſt his gentle niece;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praiſe her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's ſake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainſt the lady
Will ſuddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,[a]
I ſhall deſire more love and knowledge of you.

ORL. I reſt much bounden to you: fare you well! [*Exit* LE BEAU.

Thus muſt I from the ſmoke into the ſmother;
From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother:—
But heavenly Roſalind! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter CELIA *and* ROSALIND.

CEL. Why, couſin; why, Roſalind;—Cupid have mercy!—Not a word?

ROS. Not one to throw at a dog.

CEL. No, thy words are too precious to be caſt away upon curs, throw ſome of them at me; come, lame me with reaſons.

ROS. Then there were two couſins laid up; when the one ſhould be lamed with reaſons, and the other mad without any.

[a] ——*in a better world than this,*] So, in *Coriolanus*, Act III. ſc. iii: — "There is a world elſewhere." STEEVENS.

CEL. But is all this for your father?

ROS. No, ſome of it is for my child's father:[3] O, how full of briars is this working-day world!

CEL. They are but burs, couſin, thrown upon thee in holyday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

ROS. I could ſhake them off my coat; theſe burs are in my heart.

CEL. Hem them away.

ROS. I would try; if I could cry hem, and have him.

CEL. Come, come, wreſtle with thy affections.

ROS. O, they take the part of a better wreſtler than myſelf.

CEL. O, a good wiſh upon you! you will try in time, in deſpite of a fall.—But, turning theſe jeſts out of ſervice, let us talk in good earneſt: Is it poſſible, on ſuch a ſudden, you ſhould fall into ſo ſtrong a liking with old ſir Rowland's youngeſt ſon?

ROS. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

CEL. Doth it therefore enſue, that you ſhould love his ſon dearly? By this kind of chaſe,[4] I ſhould hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

ROS. No 'faith, hate him not, for my ſake.

CEL. Why ſhould I not? doth he not deſerve well?[5]

[3] —— *for my child's father:*] i. e. for him whom I hope to marry, and have children by. THEOBALD.

[4] *By this kind of* chaſe,] That is, by this way of *following* the argument. *Dear* is uſed by Shakſpeare in a double ſenſe for *beloved*, and for *hurtful*, *hated*, *baleful*. Both ſenſes are authoriſed, and both drawn from etymology; but properly, *beloved* is *dear*, and *hateful* is *dere*. Roſalind uſes *dearly* in the good, and Celia in the bad ſenſe. JOHNSON.

[5] *Why ſhould I* not? *doth he not deſerve well?*] Celia anſwers Roſalind, (who had deſired her "*not to hate* Orlando, for her

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, becauſe I do:—Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke Frederick, *with* Lords.

Duke F. Miſtreſs, deſpatch you with your ſafeſt haſte,
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me uncle?

Duke F. You, couſin:
Within theſe ten days if that thou be'ſt found
So near our publick court as twenty miles,
Thou dieſt for it.

Ros. I do beſeech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myſelf I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own deſires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,
(As I do truſt I am not,) then, dear uncle,
Never, ſo much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highneſs.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did conſiſt in words,
They are as innocent as grace itſelf:—
Let it ſuffice thee, that I truſt thee not.

Ros. Yet your miſtruſt cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

ſake,") as if ſhe had ſaid — "*love* him, for my ſake:" to which the former replies, "Why ſhould I *not* [i. e. love him?] So, in the following paſſage, in *King Henry VIII*:

"———— Which of the peers
"Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at leaſt
"Strangely neglected?"

Uncontemn'd muſt be underſtood as if the author had written — *not* contemn'd; otherwiſe the ſubſequent words would convey a meaning directly contrary to what the ſpeaker intends. Malone.

DUKE F. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

ROS. So was I, when your highneſs took his dukedom;

So was I, when your highneſs baniſh'd him:
Treaſon is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, miſtake me not ſo much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

CEL. Dear ſovereign, hear me ſpeak.

DUKE F. Ay, Celia; we ſtay'd her for your ſake,
Elſe had ſhe with her father rang'd along.

CEL. I did not then entreat to have her ſtay,
It was your pleaſure, and your own remorſe;[6]
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: if ſhe be a traitor,
Why ſo am I; we ſtill have ſlept together,
Roſe at an inſtant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;[7]
And whereſoe'er we went, like Juno's ſwans,
Still we went coupled, and inſeparable.

DUKE F. She is too ſubtle for thee; and her ſmoothneſs,
Her very ſilence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: ſhe robs thee of thy name;

[6] ——*remorſe;*] i. e. *compaſſion.* So, in *Macbeth:*
"Stop the acceſs and paſſage to *remorſe.*" STEEVENS.

[7] ——*we ſtill have ſlept together,*
Roſe at an inſtant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;] Youthful friendſhip is deſcribed in nearly the ſame terms in a book publiſhed the year in which this play firſt appeared in print. "They ever went together, *plaid* together, *eate* together, and uſually *ſlept* together, out of the great love that was between them." *Life of Guzman de Alfarache*, folio, printed by Edward Blount, 1623, P. I. B. I. c. viii. p. 75. REED.

And thou wilt ſhow more bright, and ſeem more virtuous, [6]
When ſhe is gone: then open not thy lips;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have paſs'd upon her; ſhe is baniſh'd.

CEL. Pronounce that ſentence then on me, my liege;
I cannot live out of her company.

DUKE F. You are a fool:—You, niece, provide yourſelf;
If you out-ſtay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatneſs of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke* FREDERICK *and* Lords.

CEL. O my poor Roſalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

ROS. I have more cauſe.

CEL. Thou haſt not, couſin; [7]
Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'ſt thou not, the duke
Hath baniſh'd me his daughter?

ROS. That he hath not.

CEL. No? hath not? Roſalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one: [8]

[6] *And thou wilt ſhow more bright, and ſeem more virtuous,*] When ſhe was ſeen alone, ſhe would be more noted. JOHNSON.

[7] *Thou haſt not, couſin;*] Some word is wanting to the metre. Perhaps our author wrote:

Indeed *thou haſt not, couſin.* STEEVENS.

[8] ——*Roſalind lacks then the love*
Which teacheth thee *that thou and I am one:*] The poet certainly wrote—*which teacheth* me. For if Roſalind had learnt to think Celia one part of herſelf, ſhe could not *lack* that love which Celia complains ſhe does. WARBURTON.

Either reading may ſtand. The ſenſe of the eſtabliſhed text is not remote or obſcure. Where would be the abſurdity of ſaying, *You know not the law which teaches you to do right?* JOHNSON.

Shall we be ſunder'd? ſhall we part, ſweet girl?
No; let my father ſeek another heir.
Therefore deviſe with me, how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not ſeek to take your change upon you,[9]
To bear your griefs yourſelf, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our ſorrows pale,
Say what thou canſt, I'll go along with thee.

ROS. Why, whither ſhall we go?

CEL. To ſeek my uncle.[2]

ROS. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth ſo far?
Beauty provoketh thieves ſooner than gold.

CEL. I'll put myſelf in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber ſmirch my face;[3]
The like do you; ſo ſhall we paſs along,
And never ſtir aſſailants.

ROS. Were it not better,
Becauſe that I am more than common tall,
That I did ſuit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-ax[4] upon my thigh,

[9] —— *to take your* change *upon you,*] i. e. to take your *change* or *reverſe of fortune* upon yourſelf, without any aid or participation. MALONE.

I have inſerted this note, but without implicit confidence in the reading it explains. The ſecond folio has — *charge.* STEEVENS.

[2] *To ſeek my uncle.*] Here the old copy adds — *in the foreſt of Arden.* But theſe words are an evident interpolation, without uſe, and injurious to the meaſure:

Why, whither ſhall we go? — To ſeek my uncle.

being a complete verſe. Beſides, we have been already informed by Charles the wreſtler, that the baniſhed Duke's reſidence was *in the foreſt of Arden.* STEEVENS.

[3] *And with a kind of* umber *ſmirch my face;*] *Umber* is a duſky yellow-coloured earth, brought from Umbria in Italy. See a note on "the *umber'd* fires," in *King Henry V.* A& III. MALONE.

[4] —— *curtle-ax* —] or *cutlace*, a broad ſword. JOHNSON.

A boar-ſpear in my hand; and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,)
We'll have a ſwaſhing[5] and a martial outſide;
As many other manniſh cowards have,
That do outface it with their ſemblances.

CEL. What ſhall I call thee, when thou art a man?

ROS. I'll have no worſe a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me, Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

CEL. Something that hath a reference to my ſtate;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

ROS. But, couſin, what if we aſſay'd to ſteal
The clowniſh fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

CEL. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Deviſe the fitteſt time, and ſafeſt way
To hide us from purſuit that will be made
After my flight: Now go we in content,[6]
To liberty, and not to baniſhment. [*Exeunt.*

[5] We'll *have a ſwaſhing*, &c.] A *ſwaſhing* outſide is an appearance of ooiſy, bullyiog valour. *Swaſhing blow* is mentioned in *Romeo and Juliet*; and, in *King Henry V.* the Boy ſays: — "As young as I am, I have obſerved theſe three *ſwaſhers*;" meaning Nym, Piſtol, and Bardolph. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *Now go* we in *content*,] The old copy reads — Now go *in we* conteot. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. I am not ſure that the tranſpoſition is neceſſary. Our author might have uſed *content* as an adjective. MALONE.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The foreſt of Arden.

Enter Duke *ſenior*, Amiens, *and other Lords, in the dreſs of Foreſters.*

DUKE S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old cuſtom made this life more ſweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not theſe woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,[7]
The ſeaſons' difference; as, the icy fang,
And churliſh chiding of the winter's wind;
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I ſhrink with cold, I ſmile, and ſay,—
This is no flattery: theſe are counſellors
That feelingly perſuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uſes of adverſity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:[8]

[7] *Here feel we* but *the penalty of Adam*,] The old copy reads—not *the penalty*"—. STEEVENS.

What was the penalty of Adam, hooted at by our poet? The being ſenſible of the difference of the ſeaſons. The Duke ſays, the cold and effects of the winter feelingly perſuade him what he is. How does he *not* theo feel the penalty? Doubtleſs, the text muſt be reſtored as I have corrected it: and it is obvious in the courſe of theſe notes, how often *not* and *but* by miſtake have chaoged place io our author's former editions. THEOBALD.

As *not* has here taken the place of *but*, ſo, io *Coriolanus*, Act II. ſc. iii. *but* is prioted ioſtead of *not*:

"*Cor.* Ay, *but* mine own deſire.
"1 *Cit.* How! *not* your own deſire." MALONE.

[8] *Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,*
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:] It was the current opinion in Shakſpeare's time, that in the head of an old toad was

And this our life exempt from publick haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,[9]
Sermons in ſtones, and good in every thing.

AMI. I would not change it:[a] Happy is your grace,
That can tranſlate the ſtubbornneſs of fortune
Into ſo quiet and ſo ſweet a ſtyle.

to be found a ſtone, or pearl, to which great virtues were aſcribed. This ſtone has been often ſought, but nothing has been found more than accidental or perhaps morbid indurations of the ſkull.

JOHNSON.

In a book called *A Green Foreſt, or a Natural Hiſtory*, &c. by John Maplett, 1567, is the following account of this imaginary gem: "In this ſtone is apparently ſeene verie often the verie forme of a tode, with deſpotted and coloured feete, but thoſe uglye and defuſedly. It is available againſt envenoming."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Monſieur Thomas*, 1639:

"——in moſt phyſicians' heads,
"There is a kind of *toadſtone* bred."—

Again, in *Adraſta*, or *The Woman's Spleen*, 1635:

"Do not then forget the *ſtone*
"In the *toad*, nor ſerpent's bone," &c.

Pliny, in the 32d book of his *Natural Hiſtory*, aſcribes many wonderful qualities to a *bone* found in the right ſide of a *toad*, but makes no mention of any gem in its head. This deficiency however is abundantly ſupplied by Edward Feutun, in his *Secrete Wonders of Nature*, 4to. bl. l. 1569, who ſays, "That there is founde in the *heades* of old and great *toades*, a *ſtone* which they call Borax or Stelon: it is moſt commodly founde in the *head* of a hee *toad*, of power to repulſe poyſons, and that it is a moſt ſoveraigne medicine for the ſtone."

Thomas Lupton, in his *Firſt Booke of Notable Things*, 4to. bl. l. bears repeated teſtimony to the virtues of the "*Tode ſtone*, called *Crapaudina*." In his *Seventh Booke* he inſtructs us how to procure it; and afterwards tells us—"You ſhall knowe whether the *Tode-ſtone* be the ryght and perfect ſtone or not Holde the ſtone before a Tode, ſo that he may ſee it; and if it be a ryght and true ſtone, the Tode will leape towarde it, and make as though he would ſnatch it: He envieth ſo much that man ſhould have that ſtone." STEEVENS.

[9] *Finds tongues in trees*, &c.] So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book I:

"Thus both *trees* and *each thing elſe*, *be the bookes to a fancie*."

STEEVENS.

[a] *I would not change it:*] Mr. Upton, not without probability, gives theſe words to the Duke, and makes Amiens begin—*Happy is your grace*. JOHNSON.

DUKE S. Come ſhall we go and kill us veniſon?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,—
Being native burghers of this deſert city,[3] —
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads[4]
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 LORD. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, ſwears you do more uſurp
Than doth your brother that hath baniſh'd you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens, and myſelf,
Did ſteal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whoſe antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:[5]
To the which place a poor ſequeſter'd ſtag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languiſh; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth ſuch groans,

[3] *Native* burghers *of this deſert city,*] In Sidney's *Arcadia*, the deer are called "the wild *burgeſſes* of the foreſt." Again, in the 18th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion:*

"Where, fearleſs of the hunt, the hart ſecurely ſtood,
"And every where walk'd free, a *burgeſs* of the wood."
STEEVENS.

A kindred expreſſion is found in Lodge's *Roſalynde*, 1592:

"About her wond'ring ſtood
"The *citizens* o' the wood."

Our author afterwards uſes this very phraſe:

"Sweep on, you fat and greaſy *citizens*." MALONE.

[4] —— *with* forked heads —] i. e. with *arrows*, the points of which were *barbed*. So, in *A Mad World my Maſters:*

"While the broad arrow with the *forked head*
"Miſſes, &c. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *as he lay along*
Under an oak, &c.]

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
"That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
"His liſtleſs length at noon-tide would he ſtretch,
"And pore upon the brook that babbles by." *Gray's Elegy.*
STEEVENS.

That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leathern coat
Almoſt to burſting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent noſe
In piteous chaſe: [6] and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremeſt verge of the ſwift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

DUKE S. But what ſaid Jaques?
Did he not moralize this ſpectacle?

1 LORD. O, yes, into a thouſand ſimiles.
Firſt, for his weeping in the needleſs ſtream; [7]
Poor deer, quoth he, *thou mak'ſt a teſtament*
As worldlings do, giving thy ſum of more
To that which had too much: [8] Then, being alone, [9]
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he; *thus miſery doth part*
The flux of company: Anon, a careleſs herd,
Full of the paſture, jumps along by him,

[6] —— *the big round tears*, &c.] It is ſaid in one of the marginal notes to a ſimilar paſſage in the 13th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, that "the harte weepeth at his dying: this tears are held to be precious in medicine." STEEVENS.

[7] —— in *the* needleſs *ſtream*;] The ſtream that wanted not ſuch a ſupply of moiſture. The old copy has *into*, caught probably by the compoſitor's eye from the line above. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[8] *To that which had too* much:] Old copy—too *muſt*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Shakſpeare has almoſt the ſame thought in his *Lover's Complaint*:

"—————in a river——
"Upon whoſe weeping margin ſhe was ſet,
"Like nfury, applying wet to wet."

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III. Act V. ſc. iv:

"With tearful eyes add water to the ſea,
"And give more ſtrength *to that which hath too much.*"
STEEVENS.

[9] —— *Then, being alone,*] The old copy redundantly reads — *Then being* there *alone.* STEEVENS.

And never ſtays to greet him; *Ay*, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greaſy citizens;
'Tis juſt the faſhion: Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus moſt invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country,[2] city, court,
Yea, and of this our life: ſwearing, that we
Are mere uſurpers, tyrants, and what's worſe,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their aſſign'd and native dwelling place.

DUKE S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 LORD. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the ſobbing deer.

DUKE S. Show me the place;
I love to cope him[3] in theſe ſullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

2 LORD. I'll bring you to him ſtraight. [*Exeunt.*

[2] *The body of* the *country*,] The oldeſt copy omits—*the*; but it is ſupplied by the ſecond folio, which has many advantages over the firſt. Mr. Malone is of a different opinion: but let him ſpeak for himſelf. STEEVENS.

Country is here uſed as a triſyllable. So again, in *Twelfth Night*:

"The like of him. Know'ſt thou this *country*?"

The editor of the ſecond folio, who appears to have been utterly ignorant of our author's phraſeology and meaſure, reads—*The body of* the *country*, &c. which has been followed by all the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

Is not *country* uſed elſewhere alſo as a diſſyllable? See *Coriolanus*, A&. I. ſc. vi:

"And that his *country's* dearer than himſelf."

Beſides, by reading *country* as a triſyllable, in the middle of a verſe, it would become rough and diſſonant. STEEVENS.

[3] —— *to* cope *him*—] To encounter him; to engage with him. JOHNSON.

SCENE II.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, *Lords, and Attendants.*

DUKE F. Can it be poſſible, that no man ſaw them?
It cannot be: ſome villains of my court
Are of conſent and ſufferance in this,

1 LORD. I cannot hear of any that did ſee her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreaſur'd of their miſtreſs.

2 LORD. My lord, the roynish clown,[4] at whom ſo oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is alſo miſſing.
Heſperia, the princeſs' gentlewoman,
Confeſſes, that ſhe ſecretly o'er-heard
Your daughter and her couſin much commend
The parts and graces of the wreſtler[5]
That did but lately foil the ſinewy Charles;

[4] —— *the* roynish *clown,*] *Roynish* from *rogneux*, Fr. mangy, ſcurvy. The word is uſed by Chaucer, in *The Romaunt of the Roſe*, 988

"That knottie was and all *roinous.*"

Again, by Dr. Gabriel Harvey, in his *Pierce's Supererogation*, 4to. 1593. Speaking of Long Meg of Weſtminſter, he ſays—"Although ſhe were a luſty bouncing rampe, ſomewhat like Gallemetta or maid Marian, yet was ſhe not ſuch a *roinish* rannel, ſuch a diſſolute gillian-flirt," &c.

We are not to ſuppoſe the word is literally employed by Shakſpeare, but in the ſame ſenſe that the French ſtill uſe *carogne*, a term of which Moliere is not very ſparing in ſome of his pieces. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *of the* wreſtler —] *Wreſtler*, (as Mr. Tyrwhitt has obſerved in a note on *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*,) is here to be founded as a triſyllable. STEEVENS.

And ſhe believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is ſurely in their company.

DUKE F. Send to his brother; [6] fetch that gallant hither;
If he be abſent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him: do this ſuddenly;
And let not ſearch and inquiſition quail [7]
To bring again theſe fooliſh runaways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before Oliver's *Houſe.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, *meeting.*

ORL. Who's there?

ADAM. What! my young maſter?—O, my gentle maſter,
O, my ſweet maſter, O you memory [8]
Of old ſir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, ſtrong, and valiant?

[6] *Send to his* brother;] I believe we ſhould read—*brother's*. For when the Duke ſays in the following words: "Fetch that gallant hither;" he certainly means Orlando. M. MASON.

[7] ——*quail*—] To *quail* is to *faint*, to ſink into dejection: So, in *Cymbeline:*

"——which my falſe ſpirits
"*Quail* to remember." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*O you* memory—] Shakſpeare often uſes *memory* for *memorial:* and Beaumont and Fletcher ſometimes. So, in the *Humorous Lieutenant:*

"I knew then how to ſeek your *memories.*"

Again, in *The Atheiſt's Tragedy*, by C. Turner, 1611:

"And with his body place that *memory*
"Of noble Charlemont."

Again, in *Byron's Tragedy:*

"That ſtatue will I prize paſt all the jewels
"Within the cabinet of Beatrice,
"The *memory* of my grandame." STEEVENS.

Why would you be ſo fond[8] to overcome
The bony priſer[9] of the humorous duke?
Your praiſe is come too ſwiftly home before you.
Know you not, maſter, to ſome kind of men[1]
Their graces ſerve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle maſter,
Are ſanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

ORL. Why, what's the matter?

ADAM. O unhappy youth,
Come not within theſe doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the ſon—
Yet not the ſon;—I will not call him ſon—
Of him I was about to call his father,)—
Hath heard your praiſes; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you uſe to lie,

[8] ——*ſo* fond—] i. e. ſo indiſcreet, ſo inconſiderate. So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" ——————I do wonder,
" Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art ſo *fond*
" To come abroad with him——." STEEVENS.

[9] *The* booy *priſer*—] In the former editions—*The* boony *priſer*. We ſhould read—bony *priſer*. For this wreſtler is characteriſed for his ſtrength and bulk, not for his gaiety or good humour. WARBURTON.

So, Milton: " Giants of mighty *bone*." JOHNSON.

So, in the Romance of *Syr Degore*, bl. l. no date:

" This is a man all for the nones,
" For he is a man of *great bones*."

Bonny, however, may be the true reading. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II. Act V:

" Even of the *bonny* beaſt he lov'd ſo well." STEEVENS.

The word *bonny* occurs more than once in the novel from which this play of *As you like it* is taken. It is likewiſe much uſed by the common people in the northern counties. I believe, however, *bony* to be the true reading. MALONE.

[1] ——*to* ſome *kind of men*—] Old copy—*ſeeme* kind. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his practices.
This is no place, [3] this houſe is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

ORL. Why, whither, Adam, wouldſt thou have me go?

ADAM. No matter whither, ſo you come not here.

ORL. What, wouldſt thou have me go and beg my food?

Or, with a baſe and boiſterous ſword, enforce
A thieviſh living on the common road?
This I muſt do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will ſubject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, [4] and bloody brother.

ADAM. But do not ſo: I have five hundred crowns,
The thriſty hire I ſav'd under your father,
Which I did ſtore, to be my foſter-nurſe,
When ſervice ſhould in my old limbs lie lame,

[3] *This is no* place,] *Place* here ſignifies a *ſeat*, a *manſion*, a *reſidence*. So, in the firſt Book of *Samuel*: "Saul ſet him up a *place*, and is gone down to Gilgal." We ſtill uſe the word in compound with another, as — St. James's *place*, Rathbone *place*; and Croſby *place* in *K. Richard III.* &c. STEEVENS.

Our author uſes this word again in the ſame ſenſe in his *Lover's Complaint*:

"Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her *place*."

Plas, in the Welch language, ſignifies a manſion-houſe. MALONE.

Steevens's explanation of this paſſage is too refined." Adam means merely to ſay — "This is no *place* for you." M. MASON.

[4] —— diverted *blood*,] Blood turned out of the courſe of nature. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

"Sometimes *diverted*, their poor balls are tied
"To the orbed earth" ——. MALONE.

To *divert* a water courſe, that is, to *change its courſe*, was a common legal phraſe, and an object of litigation in Weſtminſter Hall in our author's time, as it is at preſent. REED.

And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the ſparrow, [4]
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you: Let me be your ſervant;
Though I look old, yet I am ſtrong and luſty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood; [5]
Nor did not with unbaſhful forehead woo
The means of weakneſs and debility;
Therefore my age is as a luſty winter,
Froſty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the ſervice of a younger man
In all your buſineſs and neceſſities.

ORI. O good old man; how well in thee appears
The conſtant ſervice of the antique world,
When ſervice ſweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the faſhion of theſe times,
Where none will ſweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their ſervice up
Even with the having: [6] it is not ſo with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'ſt a rotten tree,
That cannot ſo much as a bloſſom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and huſbandry:
But come thy ways, we'll go along together;

[4] —— *and He that doth the* ravens *feed,*
Yea, providently caters for the ſparrow, *&c.*] See Saint *Luke*, xii. 6. and 24. DOUCE.

[5] —— rebellious *liquors in my blood;*] That is, liquors which inflame the blood or ſenſual paſſions, and incite them to rebel againſt Reaſon. So, in *Othello:*

"For there's a young and ſweating devil here,
"That commonly *rebels.*" MALONE.

Perhaps he only means liquors that *rebel* againſt the conſtitution. STEEVENS.

[6] *Even with the* having:] Even with the *promotion* gained by ſervice is ſervice extinguiſhed. JOHNSON.

And ere we have thy youthful wages ſpent,
We'll light upon ſome ſettled low content.

ADAM. Maſter, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the laſt gaſp, with truth and loyalty. —
From ſeventeen years[7] till now almoſt fourſcore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At ſeventeen years many their fortunes ſeek;
But at fourſcore, it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better,
Than to die well, and not my maſter's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Foreſt of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND *in boy's clothes*, CELIA *dreſt like a Shepherdeſs, and* TOUCHSTONE.

ROS. O Jupiter! how weary are my ſpirits![8]

[7] *From* ſeventeen *years* —] The old copy reads—*ſeventy*. The correction, which is fully ſupported by the context, was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[8] *O Jupiter! how* weary *are my ſpirits!*] The old copy reads—*how* merry, &c. STEEVENS.

And yet, within the ſpace of one intervening line, ſhe ſays, ſhe could find in her heart to diſgrace her man's apparel, and *cry* like a woman. Sure, this is but a very bad ſymptom of the *briſkneſs of ſpirits:* rather a direct proof of the contrary diſpoſition. Mr. Warburton and I, coocurred in conjecturing it ſhould be, as I have reformed in the text:—*how* weary *are my ſpirits!* And the Clown's reply makes this reading certain. THEOBALD.

She invokes Jupiter, becauſe he was ſuppoſed to be always in good ſpirits. A *Jovial* man was a common phraſe in our author's time. One of Randolph's plays is called ARISTIPPUS, *or the* Jovial *Philoſopher;* and a comedy of Broome's, *The* Jovial *Crew, or, the* Merry *Beggars.*

In the original copy of *Othello*, 4to. 1622, nearly the ſame miſtake has happened; for there we find—

"Let us be *merry*, let us hide our joys,"

inſtead of—Let us be *wary*. MALONE.

TOUCH. I care not for my ſpirits, if my legs were not weary.

ROS. I could find in my heart to diſgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I muſt comfort the weaker veſſel, as doublet and hoſe ought to ſhow itſelf courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

CEL. I pray you, bear with me: I cannot go no further.

TOUCH. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you:[9] yet I ſhould bear no croſs,[2] if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your purſe.

ROS. Well, this is the foreſt of Arden.

TOUCH. Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers muſt be content.

ROS. Ay, be ſo, good Touchſtone:—Look you, who comes here; a young man, and an old, in ſolemn talk.

Enter CORIN *and* SILVIUS.

COR. That is the way to make her ſcorn you ſtill.

SIL. O Corin, that thou knew'ſt how I do love her!

COR. I partly gueſs; for I have lov'd ere now.

SIL. No, Corin, being old, thou canſt not gueſs;
Though in thy youth thou waſt as true a lover
As ever ſigh'd upon a midnight pillow:

[9] ——*I had rather* bear with *you, than* bear *you:*] This jingle is repeated in *K. Richard III:*

"You mean to *bear* me, not to *bear with* me."

STEEVENS.

[2] ——*yet I ſhould bear no* croſs,] A *croſs* was a piece of money ſtamped with a *croſs*. On this our author is perpetually quibbling.

STEEVENS.

But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As ſure I think did never man love ſo,)
How many actions moſt ridiculous
Haſt thou been drawn to by thy fantaſy?

COR. Into a thouſand that I have forgotten.

SIL. O, thou didſt then ne'er love ſo heartily:
If thou remember'ſt not the lighteſt folly[3]
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou haſt not lov'd:
Or if thou haſt not ſat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer[4] in thy miſtreſs' praiſe,
Thou haſt not lov'd:
Or if thou haſt not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my paſſion now makes me,
Thou haſt not lov'd:—O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!
[*Exit* SILVIUS.

ROS. Alas, poor ſhepherd! ſearching of thy wound,[5]
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

TOUCH. And I mine: I remember, when I was in love, I broke my ſword upon a ſtone, and bid him

[3] *If thou remember'ſt not the lighteſt folly*—] I am inclined to believe that from this paſſage *Suckling* took the hint of his ſong:

"Honeſt lover, whoſoever,
"If in all thy love there ever
"Was one wav'ring thought, if thy flame
"Were not ſtill even, ſtill the ſame
"Know this,
"Thou lov'ſt amiſs,
"And to love true,
"Thou muſt begin again, and love anew," &c. JOHNSON.

[4] Wearying *thy hearer*—] The old copy has—*wearing*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. I am not ſure that the emendation is neceſſary, though it has been adopted by all the editors. MALONE.

[5] —— *of* thy wound,] The old copy has—*they would*. The latter word was corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio, the other by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

take that for coming anight [5] to Jane Smile: and I remember the kiſſing of her batlet, [6] and the cow's dugs that her pretty chop'd hands had milk'd: and I remember the wooing of a peaſcod inſtead of her; from whom I took two cods, [7] and, giving her them again, ſaid with weeping tears, [8] *Wear theſe for my*

[5] —— *anight*—] Thus the old copy. *Anight*, is *in the night*. The word is uſed by Chaucer in *The Legende of Good women*. Our modern editors read, *o'nights*, or *o'night*. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *batlet*,[The inſtrument with which waſhers beat their coarſe cloaths. JOHNSON.

Old copy—*batler*. Corrected in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[7] —— *two* cods,] For *cods* it would be more like ſenſe to read—*peas*, which having the ſhape of pearls, reſembled the common preſents of lovers. JOHNSON.

In a ſchedule of Jewels in the 15th Vol. of *Rymer's Fœdera*, we find, "Item, two *peaſcoddes* of gold with 17 pearles." FARMER.

Peaſcods was the ancient term for *peas* as they are brought to market. So, in Greene's *Groundwork of Cony-catching*, 1592: "—— went twice in the week to London, either with fruit or *peſcods*, &c. Again, in *The Shepherd's Slumber*, a ſong publiſhed in *England's Helicon*, 1600:

"In *peſcod time* when hound to horne
"Gives ear till buck be kill'd," &c.

Again, in *The Honeſt Man's Fortune*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Shall feed on delicates, the firſt *peaſcods*, ſtrawberries."
STEEVENS.

In the following paſſage, however, Touchſtone's preſent certainly ſignifies not the *pea* but the *pod*, and ſo, I believe, the word is uſed here. "He [Richard II.] alſo uſed a *peaſcod* branch with the *cods* open, but the *peas* out, as it is upon his robe in his monument at Weſtminſter." Camden's Remains 1614. Here we ſee the *cods* and not the *peas* were worn. Why Shakſpeare uſed the former word rather than *pods*, which appear to have had the ſame meaning, is obvious. MALONE.

The *peaſcod* certainly means the whole of the pea as it hangs upon the ſtalk. It was formerly uſed as an ornament in dreſs, and was repreſented with the ſhell open exhibiting the peas. The paſſage cited from Rymer by Dr. Farmer, ſhows that the peas were ſometimes made of pearls, and rather overturns Dr. Johnſon's conjecture, who probably imagined that Touchſtone took the *cods* from the *peaſcods*, and not from his miſtreſs. DOUCE.

[8] —— *weeping tears*,] A ridiculous expreſſion from a ſonnet in

ſake. We, that are true lovers, run into ſtrange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, ſo is all nature in love mortal in folly. [9]

Ros. Thou ſpeak'ſt wiſer, than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I ſhall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my ſhins againſt it.

Ros. Jove! Jove! this ſhepherd's paſſion
Is much upon my faſhion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows ſomething ſtale with me.

Cel. I pray, you one of you queſtion yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almoſt to death.

Touch. Holla; you, clown?

Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinſman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, ſir.

Cor. Elſe are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I ſay:—
Good even to you, friend. [2]

Cor. And to you, gentle ſir, and to you all.

Lodge's *Roſalynd*, the novel on which this comedy is founded. It likewiſe occurs in the old anonymous play of *The Victories of K. Henry V.* in Peele's *Jeſts*, &c. Steevens.

The ſame expreſſion occurs alſo in Lodge's *Doraſtus and Fawnia*, on which *The Winter's Tale* is founded. Malone.

[9] —— *ſo is all nature in love* mortal *in folly.*] This expreſſion I do not well underſtand. In the middle counties, *mortal*, from *mort*, a great quantity, is uſed as a particle of amplification; as *mortal tall*, *mortal little*. Of this ſenſe I believe Shakſpeare takes advantage to produce one of his darling equivocations. Thus the meaning will be, *ſo is all nature in love* abounding *in folly*.
Johnson.

[2] —— *to* you, *friend.*] The old copy reads — to *your* friend. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

Ros. I pr'ythee, ſhepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this deſert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may reſt ourſelves and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppreſs'd,
And faints for ſuccour.

Cor. Fair ſir, I pity her,
And wiſh for her ſake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
But I am ſhepherd to another man,
And do not ſheer the fleeces that I graze;
My maſter is of churliſh diſpoſition,
And little recks [2] to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hoſpitality:
Beſides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on ſale, and at our ſheepcote now,
By reaſon of his abſence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come ſee,
And in my voice moſt welcome ſhall you be. [3]

Ros. What is he that ſhall buy his flock and paſture?

Cor. That young ſwain that you ſaw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it ſtand with honeſty,
Buy thou the cottage, paſture, and the flock,
And thou ſhalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages: I like this place,
And willingly could waſte my time in it.

Cor. Aſſuredly, the thing is to be ſold:

[2] *And little* recks —] i. e. heeds, cares for. So, in *Hamlet*:
"And *recks* not his own rede." Steevens.

[3] *And in my voice moſt welcome ſhall you be.*] *In my voice*, as far as I have a voice or vote, as far as I have power to bid you welcome. Johnson.

Go with me; if you like, upon report,
The ſoil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right ſuddenly.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The ſame.

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, *and Others.*

SONG.

AMI. *Under the greenwood tree,*
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune[4] *his merry note*
Unto the ſweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

JAQ. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

AMI. It will make you melancholy, monſieur Jaques.

JAQ. I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can ſuck melancholy out of a ſong, as a weazel ſucks eggs: More, I pry'thee, more.

[4] *And* tune—] The old copy has *turne*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"And *to* the nightingale's complaining *note*
"*Tune* my diſtreſſes, and record my woes." MALONE.

The old copy may be right, though Mr. Pope, &c. read *tune*. To *turn* a *tune* or a *note*, is ſtill a current phraſe among vulgar muſicians. STEEVENS.

AMI. My voice is ragged;[5] I know, I cannot pleaſe you.

JAQ. I do not deſire you to pleaſe me, I do deſire you to ſing: Come, more; another ſtanza: Call you them ſtanzas?

AMI. What you will, monſieur Jaques.

JAQ. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing: Will you ſing?

AMI. More at your requeſt, than to pleaſe myſelf.

JAQ. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment, is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, ſing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

AMI. Well, I'll end the ſong.—Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree:—he hath been all this day to look you.

JAQ. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too diſpútable[6] for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boaſt of them. Come, warble, come.

[5] —— *ragged;*] Our modern editors (Mr. Malone excepted) read *rugged;* but *ragged* had anciently the ſame meaning. So, in Naſh's *Apologie of Pierce Pennileſſe*, 4to. 1593: "I would not trot a falſe gallop through the reſt of his *ragged* verſes," &c. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *diſpútable*—] for *diſputatious.* MALONE.

SONG.

Who doth ambition ſhun, [All together here]
And loves to live i' the ſun,[7]
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

JAQ. I'll give you a verſe to this note, that I made yeſterday in deſpite of my invention.

AMI. And I'll ſing it.

JAQ. Thus it goes:

If it do come to paſs,
That any man turn aſs,
Leaving his wealth and eaſe,
A ſtubborn will to pleaſe,
Ducdàme, ducdàme, ducdàme;[8]
Here ſhall he ſee,
Groſs fools as he,
An if he will come to Ami.

[7] —— *to* live *i'the ſun,*] Modern editions, *to lie.* JOHNSON.

To live i' the ſun, is to labour and "ſweat in the eye of Phœbus." or, *vitam agere ſub dio;* for by *lying* in the ſun, how could they get the food they eat? TOLLET.

[8] — *ducdàme;*] For *ducdàme,* Sir Thomas Hanmer, very acutely and judiciouſly, reads *duc ad me,* that is, *bring him to me.* JOHNSON.

If *duc ad me* were right, Amiens would not have aſked its meaning, and been put off with "a *Greek invocation.*" It is evidently a word coined *for the nonce.* We have here, as Butler ſays, "One for *ſenſe,* and one for *rhyme.*"—Indeed we muſt have a *double rhyme;* or this ſtanza cannot well be ſung to the ſame tune with the former. I read thus:

AMI. What's that *ducdame*?

JAQ. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go ſleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail againſt all the firſt-born of Egypt. [9]

" *Ducdame, Ducdame, Ducdame,*
" Here ſhall be ſee
" Groſs fools as he,
" An' if he will come to *Ami.*"

That is, to Amiens. Jaques did not mean to ridicule himſelf. FARMER.

Duc ad me has hitherto been received as an alluſion to the burthen of Amiens's ſong,

Come hither, come hither, come hither.

That Amiens, who is a courtier, ſhould not underſtand Latin, or be perſuaded it was Greek, is no great matter for wonder. An anonymous correſpondent propoſes to read — *Huc ad me.*

In confirmation of the old reading, however, Dr. Farmer obſerves to me, that, being at a houſe not far from Cambridge, when news was brought that the hen-rooſt was robbed, a facetious old ſquire who was preſent, immediately ſung the following ſtanza, which has an odd coincidence with the ditty of Jaques:

" *Dame*, what makes your ducks to die?
" *duck, duck, duck.* ——
" *Dame*, what makes your chick to cry?
" chuck, chuck, chuck. ——"

I have placed Dr. Farmer's emendation in the text. *Ducdame* is a triſſyllable. STEEVENS.

If it do come to paſs,
That any man turn aſs,
Leaving his wealth and eaſe,
A ſtubborn will to pleaſe,
Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me;
Here ſhall he ſee
Groſs fools as he, &c.] See HOR. Serm. L. II. ſat. iii:

" Audire atque togam jubeo componere, quiſquis
" Ambitione mala aut argenti pallet amore;
" Quiſquis luxuria triſtive ſuperſtitione,
" Aut alio mentis morbo calet: Huc propius me,
" Dum doceo inſanire omnes, vos ordine adite." MALONE.

[9] —— *the firſt-born of Egypt.*] A proverbial expreſſion for high-born perſons. JOHNSON.

The phraſe is ſcriptural, as well as proverbial. So, in *Exodus*, xii. 29: "And the Lord ſmote *all the firſt-born in Egypt.*" STEEVENS.

AMI. And I'll go ſeek the duke; his banquet is prepar'd. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE VI.

The ſame.

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

ADAM. Dear maſter, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and meaſure out my grave. [a] Farewell, kind maſter.

ORL. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyſelf a little: If this uncouth foreſt yield any thing ſavage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my ſake, be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee preſently; and if I bring thee not ſomething to eat, I'll give thee leave to die: but if thou dieſt before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well ſaid! thou look'ſt cheerly: and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou lieſt in the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to ſome ſhelter; and thou ſhalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this deſert. Cheerly, good Adam!

[*Exeunt.*

[a] *Here lie I down, and meaſure out my grave.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"—— fall upon the ground, as I do now,
"Taking the meaſure of an unmade grave."

STEEVENS.

SCENE VII.

The ſame.

A table ſet out. Enter Duke *Senior*, AMIENS, *Lords, and Others.*

DUKE S. I think he be transform'd into a beaſt;
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 LORD. My lord, he is but even now gone hence;
Here was he merry, hearing of a ſong.

DUKE S. If he, compact of jars,[a] grow muſical,
We ſhall have ſhortly diſcord in the ſpheres:—
Go, ſeek him; tell him, I would ſpeak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

1 LORD. He ſaves my labour by his own approach.

DUKE S. Why, how now, monſieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends muſt woo your company?
What! you look merrily.

JAQ. A fool, a fool?——I met a fool i' the foreſt,
A motley fool;—a miſerable world![b]—

[a] —— *compact of jars,*] i. e. made up of diſcords. In *The Comedy of Errors* we have "*compact of credit,*" for *made up of credulity.* Again, in *Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612:

"—————— like gilded tombs
"*Compacted* of jet pillars."

The ſame expreſſion occurs alſo in *Tamburlane*, 1590:

"*Compact* of rapine, piracy, and ſpoil."

STEEVENS.

[b] *A motley fool; — a miſerable* world!] What! becauſe he met a

As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and baſk'd him in the ſun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good ſet terms,—and yet a motley fool.
Good-morrow, fool, quoth I: *No, ſir,* quoth he,
Call me not fool, till heaven hath ſent me fortune:[4]
And then he drew a dial from his poke;
And looking on it with lack-luſtre eye,
Says, very wiſely, *It is ten o'clock:*
Thus may we ſee, quoth he, *how the world wags:*
'Tis but an hour ago, ſince it was nine;
And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven;
And ſo, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,

motley fool, was it therefore *a miſerable world?* This is ſadly blundered; we ſhould read:

——— *a miſerable* varlet.

His head is altogether running on this fool, both before and after theſe words, and here he calls him *a miſerable varlet*, notwithſtanding he *railed on lady Fortune in good terms*, &c. Nor is the change we may make, ſo great as appears at firſt ſight.

WARBURTON.

I ſee no need of changing *world* to *varlet*, nor, if a change were neceſſary, can I gueſs how it ſhould certainly be known that *varlet* is the true word. *A miſerable world* is a parenthetical exclamation, frequent among melancholy men, and natural to Jaques at the ſight of a fool, or at the hearing of reflections on the fragility of life. JOHNSON.

[4] *Call me not fool, till heaven hath ſent me fortune:*] *Fortuna favet fatuis*, is, as Mr. Upton obſerves, the ſaying here alluded to; or, as in Publius Syrus:

"*Fortuna, nimium quem fovet, ſtultum facit.*"

So, in the prologue to *The Alchemiſt:*

"Fortune, that favours fooles, theſe two ſhort houres
"We wiſh away."

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, Act I. ſc. iii:

"*Sog.* Why, who am I, ſir?
"*Mac.* One of thoſe that fortune favours.
"*Car.* The periphraſis of a foole." REED.

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools ſhould be ſo deep contemplative;
And I did laugh, ſans intermiſſion,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.[5]

DUKE S. What fool is this?

JAQ. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier;
And ſays, if ladies be but young, and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—
Which is as dry as the remainder biſket
After a voyage,—he hath ſtrange places cramm'd
With obſervation, the which he vents
In mangled forms:—O, that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

DUKE S. Thou ſhalt have one.

JAQ. It is my only ſuit;[6]
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wiſe. I muſt have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,[7]

[5] ——Motley's *the only wear.*] It would have been unneceſſary to repeat that a *motley*, or *party-coloured coat* was anciently the dreſs of a fool, had not the editor of Ben Jonſon's works been miſtaken in his comment on the 53d *Epigram:*

" ——— where, out of *motley*,'s he
" Could ſave that line to dedicate to thee?"

Motley, ſays Mr. Whalley, is the man who *out of any* old mixture, or old ſcraps, could ſave, &c. whereas it means only, *Who but a fool*, i. e. *one in a ſuit of motley*, &c.

See Fig. XII. in the plate at the end of the firſt part of *King Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's explanation. STEEVENS.

[6] —*only* ſuit;] *Suit* means *petition*, I believe, not *dreſs*. JOHNSON.

The poet meant a quibble. So Act V: " Not out of your *apparel*, but out of your *ſuit*." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*as large a charter as the wind,*] So, in *K. Henry V:*

" The *wind*, that *charter'd* libertine, is ſtill." MALONE.

To blow on whom I pleaſe; for ſo fools have:
And they that are moſt galled with my folly,
They moſt muſt laugh: And why, ſir, muſt they ſo?
The *why* is plain as way to pariſh church:
He, that a fool doth very wiſely hit,
Doth very foolifhly, although he ſmart,
Not to ſeem ſenſeleſs of the bob:[8] if not,
The wiſe man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the ſquandring glances of the fool.[9]
Inveſt me in my motley; give me leave
To ſpeak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanſe the foul body of the infected world,[2]
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

DUKE S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldſt do.

JAQ. What, for a counter,[3] would I do, but good?

[8] Not to *ſeem ſenſeleſs of the bob:*] The old copies read only — *Seem ſenſeleſs*, &c. *Not to* were ſupplied by Mr. Theobald. See the following note. STEEVENS.

Beſides that the third verſe is defective one whole *foot* in meaſure, the tenour of what Jaques continues to ſay, and the reaſoning of the paſſage, ſhow it no leſs defective in the ſenſe. There is no doubt, but the two little monoſyllables, which I have ſupplied, were either by accident wanting in the manuſcript, or by inadvertence were left out. THEOBALD.

[9] —— *if not*, &c.] Unleſs men have the prudence not to appear touched with the ſarcaſms of a jeſter, they ſubject themſelves to his power; and the wiſe man will have his folly *anatomiſed*, that is, *diſſected* and *laid open*, by the *ſquandring glances* or *random ſhots* of a fool. JOHNSON.

[2] *Cleanſe the foul body of the infected world,*] So, in *Macbeth*:

"Cleanſe the ſtuff'd boſom of that perilous ſtuff."

DOUCE.

[3] —— *for a* counter,] Dr. Farmer obſerves to me, that about the time when this play was written, the French *counters* (i. e. pieces of falſe money uſed as a means of reckoning) were brought into uſe in England. They are again mentioned in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"—— will you with *counters* ſum
"The paſt proportion of his infinite?" STEEVENS.

DUKE S. Moſt miſchievous foul ſin, in chiding ſin;
For thou thyſelf haſt been a libertine,
As ſenſual as the brutiſh ſting[3] itſelf;
And all the embofſed ſores, and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot haſt caught,
Wouldſt thou diſgorge into the general world.

JAQ. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the ſea,
Till that the very very means do ebb?[4]
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I ſay, The city-woman bears
The coſt of princes on unworthy ſhoulders?
Who can come in, and ſay, that I mean her,
When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her neighbour?
Or what is he of baſeſt function,
That ſays, his bravery[5] is not on my coſt,
(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein ſuits
His folly to the mettle of my ſpeech?
There then; How, what then?[6] Let me ſee wherein

[3] *As ſenſual as the* brutiſh ſting—] Though the *brutiſh ſting* is capable of a ſenſe not inconvenient in this paſſage, yet as it is a harſh and unuſual mode of ſpeech, I ſhould read the *brutiſh fly*. JOHNSON.

I believe the old reading is the true one. So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. viii:

"A heard of bulls whom kindly rage doth *ſting*."

Again, B. II. c. xii:

"As if that hunger's point, or Venus' *ſting*,
"Had them enrag'd."

Again, in *Othello*:

"—— our carnal *ſtings*, our unbitted luſts." STEEVENS.

[4] *Till that the* very *very*—] The old copy reads—*weary* very. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[5] —— *his* bravery—] i. e. his fine clothes. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"With fearfs and fans, and double change of *bravery*."
STEEVENS.

[6] *There then; How, what then?* &c.] The old copy reads, very redundantly—

There then; How then? *What then?* &c. STEEVENS.

My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right.
Then he hath wrong'd himſelf; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, *with his ſword drawn.*

ORL. Forbear, and eat no more.
JAQ. Why, I have eat none yet.
ORL. Nor ſhalt not, till neceſſity be ſerv'd,
JAQ. Of what kind ſhould this cock come of?
DUKE S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy diſtreſs;
Or elſe a rude deſpiſer of good manners,
That in civility thou ſeem'ſt ſo empty?
ORL. You touch'd my vein at firſt; the thorny point
Of bare diſtreſs hath ta'en from me the ſhow
Of ſmooth civility: [7] yet am I inland bred, [8]
And know ſome nurture: [9] But forbear, I ſay;
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are anſwered.

I believe we ſhould read—*Where* then? So, in *Othello:*
" What then? How then? *Where's* ſatisfaction?" MALONE.

[7] ——*the thorny point*
Of bare diſtreſs hath ta'en *from me the ſhow*
Of ſmooth civility:] We might read *torn* with more elegance, but elegance alone will not juſtify alteration. JOHNSON.

[8] ——inland *bred,*] *Inland* here, and elſewhere in this play, is the oppoſite to *outland*, or *upland*. Orlando means to ſay, that he had not been *bred among clowns*. HOLT WHITE.

[9] *And know ſome* nurture:] *Nurture* is *education*, breeding, manners. So, in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616:
" He ſhew'd himſelf as full of *nurture* as of nature."
Again, as Mr Holt White obſerves to me, Barret ſays in his *Alvearie*, 1580: " It is a point of *nurture*, or *good manners*, to ſalute them that you meete. *Urbanitatis eſt ſalutare obvios*"
STEEVENS.

JAQ. An you will not be anſwered with reaſon, I muſt die.

DUKE S. What would you have? Your gentleneſs ſhall force,
More than your force move us to gentleneſs.

ORL. I almoſt die for food, and let me have it.

DUKE S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

ORL. Speak you ſo gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought, that all things had been ſavage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of ſtern commandment: But whate'er you are,
That in this deſert inacceſſible,[9]
Under the ſhade of melancholy boughs,
Loſe and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever ſat at any good man's feaſt;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleneſs my ſtrong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I bluſh, and hide my ſword.

DUKE S. True is it that we have ſeen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And ſat at good men's feaſts; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that ſacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore ſit you down in gentleneſs,
And take upon command what help we have,[2]
That to your wanting may be miniſtred.

[9] ——*deſert inacceſſible,*] This expreſſion I find in *The Adventures of Simonides*, by Barn. Riche, 1580: "——and onely acquainted himſelfe with the ſolitarineſſe of this *unacceſſible deſert.*" HENDERSON.

[2] *And take* upon command *what help we have,*] *Upon command*, is at your own command. STEEVENS.

ORL. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food.[3] There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary ſtep
Limp'd in pure love; till he be firſt ſuffic'd,—
Oppreſs'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.

DUKE S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waſte till you return.

ORL. I thank ye; and be bleſs'd for your good comfort! [*Exit.*

DUKE S. Thou ſeeſt, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and univerſal theatre
Preſents more woeful pageants than the ſcene
Wherein we play in.[4]

[3] *Whiles, like a* doe, *I go to find my* fawn,
And give it food.] So, in *Venus and Adonis:*
"Like a milch *doe*, whoſe ſwelling dugs do ake,
"Haſting to *feed her fawn.*" MALONE.

[4] *Wherein we play* in.] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope more correctly reads:
Wherein we play.
I believe with Mr. Pope, that we ſhould only read—
Wherein we play.
and add a word at the beginning of the next ſpeech, to complete the meaſure; viz.
"*Why*, all the world's a ſtage."
Thus, in *Hamlet:*
"*Hor.* So Roſencrantz and Guildenſtern go to't.
"*Ham. Why*, man, they did make love to their employment."
Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*
"*Why*, all the ſouls that were, were forfeit once."
Again, *ibid:*
"*Why*, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done."
In twenty other inſtances we find the ſame adverb introductorily uſed. STEEVENS.

JAQ. All the world's a ſtage, [4]
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances:
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being ſeven ages. [5] At firſt, the infant,

[4] *All the world's a ſtage*, &c.] This obſervation occurs in one of the fragments of Petronius: "Non duco contentionis funem, dum conſlet inter nos, quod ſere *totus mundus exerceat hiſtrioniam.*"
STEEVENS.

This obſervation had been made in an Engliſh drama before the time of Shakſpeare. See *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:

"Pythagoras ſaid, that *this world was like a ſtage*,
"*Whereon many play their parts.*"

In *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, 1597, we find theſe lines:

"Unhappy man——
"Whoſe life a ſad continual tragedie,
"Himſelf the *actor, in the world, the ſtage*,
"*While as the acts are meaſurd by his age.*" MALONE.

[5] *His acts being ſeven* ages.] Dr. Warburton obſerves, that this was "*no unuſual* diviſion of a play before our author's time;" but forbears to offer any one example in ſupport of his aſſertion. I have carefully peruſed almoſt every dramatick piece antecedent to Shakſpeare, or contemporary with him; but ſo far from being divided into acts, they are almoſt all printed in an unbroken continuity of ſcenes. I ſhould add, that there is one play of ſix acts to be met with, and another of twenty-one; but the ſecond of theſe is a tranſlation from the Spaniſh, and never could have been deſigned for the ſtage. In *God's Promiſes*, 1577, "A Tragedie or Enterlude," (or rather a *Myſtery*) by John Bale, ſeven acts may indeed be found. STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton boldly aſſerts that this was "*no unuſual* diviſion of a play before our author's time." One of Chapman's plays (*Two Wiſe Men and all the reſt Fools*) is indeed in ſeven acts. This, however, is the only dramatick piece that I have found ſo divided. But ſurely it is not neceſſary to ſuppoſe that our author alluded here to any ſuch preciſe diviſion of the drama. His compariſons ſeldom run on four feet. It was ſufficient for him that a play was diſtributed into *ſeveral* acts, and that human life, long before his time, had been divided into *ſeven* periods. In *the Treaſury of Ancient and Modern Times*, 1613, Proclus, a Greek author, is ſaid to have divided the life-time of man into SEVEN AGES; over each of which one of the ſeven planets was ſuppoſed to rule. "The FIRST AGE is called *Infancy*, containing

Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms;
And then,[6] the whining ſchool-boy, with his ſatchel,
And ſhining morning face, creeping like ſnail
Unwillingly to ſchool: And then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace,[7] with a woeful ballad

the ſpace of foure yeares. — The SECOND AGE continueth teo years, untill he attaine to the yeares of fourteene: this age is called *Childhood*. — The THIRD AGE conſiſteth of eight yeares, being named by our auncients *Adoleſcencie* or *Youthhood*; and it laſteth from fourteene, till two and twenty yeares be fully compleate. — The FOURTH AGE paceth on, till a man have accompliſhed two and fortie yeares, and is tearmed *Young Manhood*. — The FIFTH AGE, named *Mature Manhood*, hath (according to the ſaid authour) fifteene yeares of continuance, and therefore makes his progreſs ſo far as ſix and fifty yeares.—Afterwards in adding twelve to fifty-ſixe, you ſhall make up ſixty-eight yeares, which reach to the end of the SIXT AGE, and is called *Old Age*. — The SEAVENTH and laſt of theſe ſeven ages is limited from ſixty-eight yeares, ſo far as four-ſcore and eight, being called weak, declining, and *Decrepite Age*. — If any man chance to goe beyond this age, (which is more admired than noted in many,) you ſhall evidently perceive that he will returne to his firſt condition of infancy againe."

Hippocrates likewiſe divided the life of man into ſeven ages, but differs from Proclus in the number of years allotted to each period. See Brown's *Vulgar Errors*, folio, 1686, p. 173.

MALONE.

I have ſeen, more than once, an old print entitled, *The ſtage of Man's Life*, divided into ſeven ages. As emblematical repreſentations of this ſort were formerly ſtuck up, both for ornament and inſtruction, in the generality of houſes, it is more probable that Shakſpeare took his hint from thence, than from Hippocrates or Proclus. HENLEY.

One of the repreſentations to which Mr. Henley alludes, was formerly in my poſſeſſion, and conſidering the uſe it is of in explaining the paſſage before us, "I could have better ſpared a better *print*." I well remember that it exhibited the ſchool-boy *with his ſatchel* hanging over his ſhoulders. STEEVENS.

[6] And *then*,] *And*, which is wanting in the old copy, was ſupplied, for the ſake of metre, by Mr. Pope. STEEVENS.

[7] *Sighing like furnace*,] So, in *Cymbeline*: "— he *furnaceth* the thick *ſighs* from him —." MALONE.

Made to his miſtreſs' eye-brow: Then, a ſoldier;
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the pard,[7]
Jealous in honour, ſudden and quick[8] in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the juſtice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances,[9]
And ſo he plays his part: The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon;[2]

[7] —— *a ſoldier;*

Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded *like the pard,*] So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonſon:

"—— Your ſoldiers face — the grace of this face conſiſteth much in a *beard.*" STEEVENS.

Beards of different *cut* were appropriated in our author's time to different characters and profeſſions. The ſoldier had one faſhion, the judge another, the biſhop different from both, &c. See a note on *K. Henry V.* Act III. ſc. vi: "And what a beard of the generals cut," &c. MALONE.

[8] —— ſudden *and quick*—] Leſt it ſhould be ſuppoſed that theſe epithets are ſynonymous, it is neceſſary to be obſerved that one of the ancient ſenſes of *ſudden*, is *violent.* Thus, in *Macbeth:*

"—— I grant him *ſudden,*
"Malicious," &c. STEEVENS.

[9] *Full of wiſe ſaws and* modern *inſtances,*] It is remarkable that Shakſpeare uſes *modern* in the double ſenſe that the Greeks uſed καινὸς, both for *recens* and *abſurdus.* WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether *modern* is in this place uſed for *abſurd:* the meaning ſeems to be, that the juſtice is full of *old* ſayings and *late* examples. JOHNSON.

Modern means *trite, common.* So, in *K. John:*

"And ſcorns a *modern* invocation."

Again, in this play, Act IV. ſc. i: "—— betray themſelves to *modern* cenſure." STEEVENS.

Again, in another of our author's plays: "—— to make *modern* and familiar things ſupernatural and cauſeleſs." MALONE.

[2] —— *The ſixth age ſhifts*

Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon:] There is a greater beauty than appears at firſt ſight in this image. He is here com-

With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;
His youthful hoſe well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childiſh treble, pipes
And whiſtles in his ſound: Laſt ſcene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, *with* ADAM.

DUKE S. Welcome: Set down your venerable burden.[3]
And let him feed.

ORL. I thank you moſt for him.

paring human life to a *ſtage play* of ſeven acts, (which is no unuſual diviſion before our author's time.) The ſixth he calls the *lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon*, alluding to that general character in the Italian comedy, called *Il Pantalone*; who is a thin emaciated old man in *ſlippers*; and well deſigned, in that epithet, becauſe *Pandalone* is the only character that acts in ſlippers. WARBURTON.

In *The Travels of the three Engliſh Brothers*, a comedy, 1606, an Italian Harlequin is introduced, who offers to perform a play at a Lord's houſe, in which among other characters he mentions "a jealous coxcomb, and an old *Pantaloune*." But this is ſeven years later than the date of the play before us: nor do I know from whence our author could learn the circumſtance mentioned by Dr. Warburton, that "*Pantalone* is the only character in the Italian comedy that acts in ſlippers." In Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598, the word is not found. In *The Taming of the Shrew*, one of the characters, if I remember right, is called "an old *Pantaloon*," but there is no farther deſcription of him. MALONE.

[3] —— *Set down your venerable burden*,] Is it not likely that Shakſpeare had in his mind this line of the *Metamorphoſes*? XIII. 125.

"—— *Patremque*
"*Fert humeris*, venerabile onus,' *Cythereius heros*."

JOHNSON.

A. Golding, p. 169, b. edit. 1587, tranſlates it thus:

"—— upon his backe
"His aged father and his gods, an *honorable packe*."

STEEVENS.

ADAM. So had you need;
I ſcarce can ſpeak to thank you for myſelf.
DUKE S. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to queſtion you about your fortunes:—
Give us ſome muſick; and, good couſin, ſing.

AMIENS *ſings.*

SONG.

I.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not ſo unkind
As man's ingratitude;[3]
Thy tooth is not ſo keen,
Becauſe thou art not ſeen,[4]
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho! ſing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly:
Moſt friendſhip is feigning, moſt loving mere folly:
Then, heigh, ho, the holly!
This life is moſt jolly.

[3] *Thou art not ſo* unkind, &c.] That is, thy action is not ſo contrary to thy *kind*, or to human nature, as the ingratitude of man. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*, 1593:

"O had thy mother borne ſo bad a mind,
"She had not brought forth thee, but dy'd *unkind*." MALONE.

[4] *Thy tooth is not ſo keen,*
Becauſe thou art not ſeen,] This ſong is deſigned to ſuit the Duke's exiled condition, who had been ruined by *ungrateful flatterers*. Now the *winter wind*, the ſong ſays, is to be preferred to *man's ingratitude*. But why? *Becauſe it is not* ſeen. But this was not only an aggravation of the injury, as it was done in ſecret, *not ſeen*, but was the very circumſtance that made the keenneſs of the ingratitude of his faithleſs courtiers. Without doubt, Shakſpeare wrote the line thus:

Becauſe thou art not ſheen,

i. e. ſmiling, ſhining, like an ungrateful court-ſervant, who flatters while he wounds, which was a very good reaſon for giving

II.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter ſky,
That doſt not bite ſo nigh
As beneſits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,[5]
Thy ſting is not ſo ſharp
As friend remember'd not.[6]
Heigh, ho! ſing, heigh, ho! &c.

the *winter wind* the preference. So, in *The Midſummer Night's Dream:*

" Spangled ſtar-light *ſheen.*"

And ſeveral other places. Chaucer uſes it in this ſenſe:

" Your bliſsful ſiſter Lucina the *ſhene.*

And Fairfax:

" The ſacred angel took his target *ſhene,*
" And by the Chriſtian champion ſtood unſeen."

The Oxford editor, who had this emendation communicated to him, takes occaſion from hence to alter the whole line thus:

Thou cauſeſt not that teen.

But, in his rage of correction, he forgot to leave the reaſon, which is now wanting, Why the *winter wind* was to be preferred to *man's ingratitude.* WARBURTON.

I am afraid that no reader is ſatisfied with Dr. Warburton's emendation, however vigorouſly enforced: and it is indeed enforced with more art than truth. *Sheen*, i. e. *ſmiling, ſhining.* That *ſheen* ſignifies *ſhining*, is eaſily proved, but when or where did it ſignify *ſmiling*? yet *ſmiling* gives the ſenſe neceſſary in this place. Sir T. Hanmer's change is leſs uncouth, but too remote from the preſent text. For my part, I queſtion whether the original line is not loſt, and this ſubſtituted merely to fill up the meaſure and the rhyme. Yet even out of this line, by ſtrong agitation may ſenſe be elicited, and ſenſe not unſuitable to the occaſion. *Thou winter wind*, ſays Amiens, *thy rudeneſs gives the leſs pain*, as thou art not ſeen, *as thou art an enemy that doſt not brave us with thy preſence, and whoſe unkindneſs is therefore not aggravated by inſult.*

JOHNSON.

Though the old text may be tortured into a meaning, perhaps it would be as well to read:

e *Becauſe the heart's* not ſeen.

y *harts*, according to the ancient mode of writing, was eaſily corrupted. FARMER.

DUKE S. If that you were the good ſir Rowland's ſon,—
As you have whiſper'd faithfully, you were;

So, in the Sonnet introduced into *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

" Through the velvet leaves the *wind*
" All *unſeen* 'gan paſſage find." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" To be impriſon'd in the *viewleſs* winds." MALONE.

' *Though thou the waters* warp,] The ſurface of *waters*, ſo long as they remain unfrozen, is apparently a perfect plane; whereas, when they are frozen, this ſurface deviates from its exact flatneſs, or *warps*. This is remarkable in ſmall ponds, the ſurface of which when frozen, forms a regular concave; the ice on the ſides riſing higher than that in the middle. KENRICK.

To *warp* was probably in Shakſpeare's time, a colloquial word, which conveyed no diſtant alluſion to any thing elſe, phyſical or mechanical. To *warp* is to *turn*, and to *turn* is to *change*: when milk is *changed* by curdling, we now ſay it is *turned*: when water is *changed* or *turned* by froſt, Shakſpeare ſays, it is *curdled*. To be *warp'd* is only to be changed from its natural ſtate.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon is certainly right. So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, of Ben Jonſon. " I know not, he's grown out of his garb a-late, he's *warp'd*.—And ſo, methinks too, he *is* much *converted*." Thus the *mole* is called the mould-*warp*, becauſe it changes the appearance of the ſurface of the earth. Again, in *The Winter's Tale*, Act I:

" My favour here begins to *warp*."

Dr. Farmer ſuppoſes *warp'd* to mean the ſame as *curdled*, and adds that a ſimilar idea occurs in *Timon*:

" —— the icicle
" That *curdled* by the froſt," &c. STEEVENS.

Among a collection of Saxon adages in *Hickes's Theſaurus*, Vol. I. p. 221, the ſucceeding appears: *winter ſceal weorpan weder, winter ſhall warp water.* So that Shakſpeare's expreſſion was anciently proverbial. It ſhould be remarked, that among the numerous examples in *Manning's* excellent edition of *Lye's Dictionary*, there is no inſtance of *weorpan* or *geweorpan* implying to *freeze*, *bend*, *turn*, or *curdle*, though it is a verb of very extenſive ſignification.

Probably this word ſtill retains a ſimilar ſenſe in the Northern part of the Iſland, for in a Scottiſh parody on Dr. Percy's elegant ballad, beginning, " O Nancy, wilt thou go with me,"

And as mine eye doth his effigies witneſs
Moſt truly limn'd, and living in your face,—
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke,
That lov'd your father: The reſidue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy maſter is:[7]—
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes underſtand.

[*Exeunt.*

I find the verſe "Nor ſhrink before the *wintry wind*," is altered to "Nor ſhriok before the *warping wind*." HOLT WHITE.

The meaoing is this: Though the very waters, by thy ageocy, are forced, againſt the law of their nature, to *bend* from their ſtated level, yet thy ſting occaſions leſs anguiſh to man, than the iogratitude of thoſe he befriended. HENLEY.

Wood is ſaid to *warp* wheo its ſurface, from being level, becomes beot and uneveo; from *warpan*, Sax. to caſt. So, in this play, Act III. ſc. iii: "——then one of you will prove a ſhrunk pannel, and, like green timber, *warp*, *warp*." I doubt whether the poet here alludes to any operation of froſt. The meaning may be only, Thou bitter wintry ſky, though thou *curleſt* the waters, thy ſting, &c. *Thou* io the lioe before us refers only to—*bitter ſky*. The influeoce of the winter's ſky or feaſon may, with ſufficient propriety, be ſaid to *warp* the ſurface of the oceao, by agitation of its waves alone.

That this paſſage refers to the turbulence of the ſky, and the conſequent agitatioo of the ocean, and oot to the operation of froſt, may be collected from our author's haviog in *King John* deſcribed ice as uncommonly ſmooth:

"To throw a perfume on the violet,
"*To ſmooth the ice*," &c. MALONE.

[6] *As friend* remember'd *not.*] *Remember'd* for *remembering*. So, afterwards, Act III. ſc. laſt:

"And now I am *remember'd*"——.

i. e. and now that I *bethink* me, &c. MALONE.

[7] —— *as thy* maſter *is:*] The old copy has—*maſters*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecood folio. MALONE.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, OLIVER, *Lords, and Attendants.*

DUKE F. Not ſee him ſince? Sir, ſir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I ſhould not ſeek an abſent argument [8]
Of my revenge, thou preſent: But look to it;
Find out thy brother, whereſoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; [9] bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To ſeek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou doſt call thine,
Worth ſeizure, do we ſeize into our hands;
Till thou canſt quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think againſt thee.

OLI. O, that your highneſs knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

DUKE F. More villain thou.—Well, puſh him out of doors;

[8] —— *an abſent* argument —] An *argument* is uſed for the *contents* of a book, thence Shakſpeare conſidered it as meaning the *ſubject*, and then uſed it for *ſubject* in yet another ſenſe. JOHNSON.

[9] Seek *him with* candle;] Alluding, probably, to *St. Luke's* Goſpel, ch. xv. v. 8: "If ſhe loſe one piece, doth ſhe not light a *candle*,—and *ſeek* diligently till ſhe find it?" STEEVENS.

And let my officers of ſuch a nature
Make an extent upon his houſe and lands: [9]
Do this expediently,[2] and turn him going.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Foreſt.

Enter ORLANDO, *with a Paper.*

ORL. Hang there, my verſe, in witneſs of my love:
And, thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,[3] ſurvey
With thy chaſte eye, from thy pale ſphere above,
Thy huntreſs' name, that my full life doth ſway.[4]

[9] *And let my officers of ſuch a nature*
Make an extent *upon his houſe and lands:*] "To make an *extent* of lands," is a legal phraſe, from the words of a writ, (*extendi facias*) whereby the ſheriff is directed to cauſe certain lands to be appraiſed to their full extended value, before he delivers them to the perſon entitled under a recognizance, &c. in order that it may be certainly known how ſoon the debt will be paid. MALONE.

[2] —— *expediently,*] That is, *expeditiouſly.* JOHNSON.

Expedient, throughout our author's plays, ſignifies — *expeditious.* So, in *King John:*

"His marches are *expedient* to this town."

Again, in *King Richard II:*

"Are making hither with all due *expedience.*" STEEVENS.

[3] —— *thrice-crowned queen of night,*] Alluding to the triple character of Proſerpine, Cynthia, and Diana, given by ſome mythologiſts to the ſame goddeſs, and compriſed in theſe memorial lines:

Terret, luſtrat, agit, Proſerpina, Luna, Diana,
Ima, ſuperna, feras, ſceptro, fulgore, ſagittis.

JOHNSON.

[4] —— *that* my *full* life doth ſway.] So, in *Twelfth Night:*

"M. O. A. I. *doth ſway my life.*" STEEVENS.

O Roſalind! theſe trees ſhall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this foreſt looks,
Shall ſee thy virtne witneſs'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve, on every tree,
The fair, the chaſte, and unexpreſſive ſhe. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

COR. And how like you this ſhepherd's life, maſter Touchſtone?

TOUCH. Truly, ſhepherd, in reſpect of itſelf, it is a good life; but in reſpect that it is a ſhepherd's life, it is naught. In reſpect that it is ſolitary, I like it very well; but in reſpect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in reſpect it is in the fields, it pleaſeth me well; but in reſpect it is not in the court, it is tedions. As it is a ſpare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much againſt my ſtomach. Haſt any philoſophy in thee, ſhepherd?

COR. No more, but that I know, the more one ſickens, the worſe at eaſe he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends:—That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: That good paſture makes fat ſheep; and that a great cauſe of the night, is lack of the ſun: That he, that hath learned no wit by

[4] —— *unexpreſſive* —] For *inexpreſſible.* JOHNSON.
Milton alſo, in his *Hymn on the Nativity*, uſes *unexpreſſive* for *inexpreſſible:*

" Harping with loud and ſolemn quire,
" With *unexpreſſive* notes to heaven's new-born heir."

MALONE.

nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred. [5]

TOUCH. Such a one is a natural philoſopher. [6] Waſt ever in court, ſhepherd?

COR. No, truly.

TOUCH. Then thon art damn'd,

COR. Nay, I hope,——

TOUCH. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roaſted egg, [7] all on one ſide.

[5] ——*he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of* good *breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.*] I am in doubt whether the euſtom of the laogoage io Shakſpeare's time did not authoriſe this mode of ſpeech, and make *complain of good breeding* the ſame with *complain* of the want of *good breeding*. In the laſt line of *The Merchant of Venice* we find that to *fear the keeping* is to *fear the* oot *keeping*. JOHNSON.

I thiok, he means rather—*may complain of a good education*, for being ſo ioefficieot, of ſo little uſe to him. MALONE.

[6] *Such a one is a natural philoſopher.*] The ſhepherd had ſaid all the philoſophy he koew was the property of thiogs, that *rain wetted*, *fire burnt*, &c. And the Clown's reply, in a ſatire on phyſicks or natural philoſophy, though iotroduced with a quibble, is extremely juſt. For the natoral philoſopher is iodeed as ignorant (ootwithſtanding all his parade of knowledge) of the *efficient* eauſe of thiogs, as the ruſtic. It appears, from a thouſand ioſtanees, that our poet was well acquainted with the phyſics of his time; and his great penetration enabled him to ſee this remedileſs defect of it. WARBURTON.

Shakſpeare is reſponſible for the *quibble* only, let the commeotator anſwer for the *refinement*. STEEVENS.

The Clowo calls Corin a *natural philoſopher*, becauſe he reaſons from his *obſervations on nature*. M. MASON.

A *natural* being a commoo term for a fool, Toochſtone, perhaps, means to quibble on the word. He may however only mean, that Corin is a ſelf-taught philoſopher; the diſciple of oature. MALONE.

[7] ——*like an ill-roaſted egg,*) Of this jeſt I do oot fully comprehend the meaoiog. JOHNSON.

There is a proverb, that *a fool is the beſt roaſter of an egg, becauſe he is always turning it.* This will explaio how an egg may

COR. And they are often tarr'd over with the furgery of our ſheep; And would you have us kiſs tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

TOUCH. Moſt ſhallow man! Thou worms-meat, in reſpect of a good piece of fleſh: Indeed!—Learn of the wife, and perpend: Civet is of a baſer birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the inſtance, ſhepherd.

COR. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll reſt.

TOUCH. Wilt thou reſt damn'd? God help thee, ſhallow man! God make inciſion in thee![8] thou art raw.[9]

[8] —— make inciſion *in thee!*] *To make inciſion* was a proverbial expreſſion then in vogue for, to make to underſtand. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Humorous Lieutenant*:

" —— O excellent king,
" Thus he begins, thou life and light of creatures,
" Angel-ey'd king, vouchſafe at length thy favour;
" And ſo proceeds to *inciſion*" ——.

i. e. to make him underſtand what he would be at.

WARBURTON.

Till I read Dr. Warburton's note, I thought the alluſion had been to that common expreſſion, of *cutting ſuch a one for the ſimples*; and I muſt own, after conſulting the paſſage in the *Humorous Lieutenant*, I have no reaſon to alter my ſuppoſition. The editors of Beaumont and Fletcher declare the phraſe to be unintelligible in that as well as in another play where it is introduced.

I find the ſame expreſſion in *Monſieur Thomas*:

" We'll bear the burthen: proceed to *inciſion*, fidler."

STEEVENS.

I believe that Steevens has explained this paſſage juſtly, and am certain that Warburton has entirely miſtaken the meaning of that which he has quoted from *The Humorous Lieutenant*, which plainly alludes to the practice of the young gallants of the time, who uſed to cut themſelves in ſuch a manner as to make their blood flow, in order to ſhow their paſſion for their miſtreſſes, by drinking their healths, or writing verſes to them in blood. For a more full explanation of this cuſtom, ſee a note on *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act IV. ſc. iii: M. MASON.

[9] —— *thou art* raw.] i. e. thou art ignorant; unexperienced.

COR. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happineſs; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greateſt of my pride is, to ſee my ewes graze, and my lambs ſuck.

TOUCH. That is another ſimple ſin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-wether;[2] and to betray a ſhe-lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reaſonable match. If thou be'ſt not damn'd for this, the devil himſelf will have no ſhepherds; I cannot ſee elſe how thou ſhouldſt 'ſcape.

COR. Here comes young maſter Ganymede, my new miſtreſs's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, *reading a paper.*

ROS. *From the eaſt to weſtern Ind,*
No jewel is like Roſalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Roſalind.
All the pictures, faireſt lin'd,[3]
Are but black to Roſalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Roſalind.[4]

So, in *Hamlet:* "—— and yet but *raw* neither, in reſpect of his quick ſail." MALONE.

[2] —— *bawd to a* bell-wether;] *Wether* and *ram* had anciently the ſame meaning. JOHNSON.

[3] —— *faireſt* lin'd,] i. e. moſt fairly *delineated.* Modern editors read — *limn'd*, but without authority, from the ancient copies. STEEVENS.

[4] *But the* fair *of Roſalind.*] Thus the old copy. *Fair* is beauty, complexion. See the notes on a paſſage in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*, Act I. ſc. i. and *The Comedy of Errors*, Act II. ſc. i. The

TOUCH. I'll rhime you ſo, eight years together; dinners, and ſuppers, and ſleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-woman's rate to market. [4]

ROS. Out, fool!

TOUCH. For a taſte:——

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him ſeek out Roſalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be ſure, will Roſalind.

modern editors read — *the* face *of Roſalind.* Lodge's *Novel* will likewiſe ſupport the ancient readiog:

"Then muſe not, nymphes, though I bemone
"The abſence of fair Roſalynde,
"Sioce for her *faire* there is fairer oooe," &c.

Again,

"Aod hers the *faire* which all meo do reſpect." STEEVENS.

Face was iotroduced by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[4] —— rate *to market.*] So, Sir T. Hanmer. Io the former editions — rank *to market.* JOHNSON.

Dr. Grey, as plauſibly, propoſes to read — *rant.* Gyll brawled like a *butter-whore*, is a line io an ancieot medley. The ſenſe deſigoed, however, might have been — "it is ſuch wretched rhime as the butter-woman ſiogs as ſhe *is riding to* market." So, in Churchyard's *Charges* 1580, p. 7:

"And uſe a kinde of *ridynge rime*" ——.

Ratt-ryme, however, in Scotch, ſignifies ſome verſe *repeated by rote.* See Ruddiman's Gloſſary to G. Douglas's *Virgil.* STEEVENS.

The Clown is here ſpeaking io refereoce to the ambling pace of the metre, which, after giving a ſpecimen of, to prove his aſſertion, he affirms to be "the very falſe gallop of verſes."

HENLEY.

I am now perſuaded that Sir T. Hanmer's emendatioo is right. The *hobbling* metre of theſe verſes, (ſays Touchſtooe,) is like the *ambling, ſhuffling* pace of a butter-woman's *horſe*, going to market. The ſame kiud of imagery is found in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

"And that would ſet my teeth nothing on edge,
"Nothing ſo much, as *mincing poetry;*
"*'Tis like the forc'd gait of a ſhuffling nag.*" MALONE.

Winter-garments muſt be lin'd,
So muſt ſlender Roſalind.
They that reap, muſt ſheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Roſalind.
Sweeteſt nut hath ſowreſt rind,
Such a nut is Roſalind.
He that ſweeteſt roſe will find,
Muſt find love's prick, and Roſalind.

This is the very falſe gallop of verſes;[5] Why do you infect yourſelf with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

TOUCH. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I ſhall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earlieſt fruit[6] in the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

TOUCH. You have ſaid; but whether wiſely or no, let the foreſt judge.

Enter CELIA, *reading a paper.*

Ros. Peace!
Here comes my ſiſter, reading; ſtand aſide.

CEL. *Why ſhould this deſert ſilent be?*[7]
For it is unpeopled? No;

[5] *This is the very* falſe gallop of verſes;] So, in Naſhe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennileſſe*, 4to. 1593: "I would trot a *falſe gallop* through the reſt of his ragged *verſes*, but that if I ſhould retort the rime doggrell aright, I muſt make my verſes (as he doth his) run *hobbling*, like a brewer's cart upon the ſtones, and obſerve no meaſure in their feet." MALONE.

[6] —— *the* earlieſt *fruit* —] Shakſpeare ſeems to have had little knowledge in gardening. The *medlar* is one of the *lateſt* fruits, being uneatable till the end of November. STEEVENS.

[7] *Why ſhould this deſert* ſilent *be?*] This is commonly printed:
Why ſhould this a deſert be?

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That ſhall civil ſayings ſhow. [8]
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the ſtretching of a ſpan
Buckles in his ſum of age.
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the ſouls of friend and friend:
But upon the faireſt boughs,
Or at every ſentence' end,
Will I Roſalinda write;
Teaching all that read, to know
The quinteſſence of every ſprite
Heaven would in little ſhow. [9]

but although the metre may be aſſiſted by this correction, the ſenſe ſtill is defective; for how will the *hanging of tongues on every tree*, make it leſs a deſert? I am perſuaded we ought to read:

Why ſhould this deſert ſilent *be?* TYRWHITT.

The notice which this emendation deſerves, I have paid to it, by inſerting it in the text. STEEVENS.

[8] *That ſhall* civil *ſayings ſhow.*] *Civil* is here uſed in the ſame ſenſe as when we ſay *civil* wiſdom or *civil* life, in oppoſition to a ſolitary ſtate, or to the ſtate of nature. This deſert ſhall not appear *unpeopled*, for every tree ſhall teach the maxims or incidents of ſocial life. JOHNSON.

Civil, I believe, is not deſignedly oppoſed to *ſolitary*. It means only *grave*, or *ſolemn*. So, in *Twelfth Night*, Act III. ſc. iv:

"Where is Malvolio? he is *ſad* and *civil*."

i. e. *grave* and *demure*.

Again, in *A Woman's Prize*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"That fourteen yards of ſatin give my woman;
"I do not like the colour; 'tis too *civil*."

STEEVENS.

[9] ——*in* little *ſhow.*] The alluſion is to a miniature-portrait. The current phraſe in our author's time was—"painted in *little*."

MALONE.

So, in *Hamlet*: "— a hundred ducats a-piece, for his *picture in little*." STEEVENS.

Therefore heaven nature charg'd[2]
That one body ſhould be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature preſently diſtill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's majeſty;
Atalanta's better part;[3]
Sad[4] *Lucretia's modeſty.*

[2] *Therefore heaven nature charg'd*—] From the picture of Apelles, or the accompliſhments of Pandora.

Ιιανδωρην, ὁτι πάντες Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχοντες
Δῶρον ἐδώρησαν. ——

So, before:

" —— But thou
" So perfect, and ſo peerleſs, art created
" Of every creature's beſt." *Tempeſt.*

Perhaps from this paſſage Swift had his hint of Biddy Floyd.

JOHNSON.

[3] *Atalanta's* better part;] I know not well what could be the *better part* of Atalanta here aſcribed to Roſaliud. Of the Atalanta moſt celebrated, and who therefore muſt be intended here where ſhe has no epithet of diſcrimination, the *better part* ſeems to have been her heels, and the worſe part was ſo bad that Roſalind would not thank her lover for the compariſon. There is a more obſcure Atalanta, a huntreſs and a heroine, but of her nothing bad is recorded, and therefore I know not which was her better part. Shakſpeare was no deſpicable mythologiſt, yet he ſeems here to have miſtaken ſome other character for that of Atalanta.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps the poet means her beauty and graceful elegance of ſhape, which he would prefer to her ſwiftneſs. Thus *Ovid:*

——— *nec dicere poſſes,*
Laude pedum, formæne bono præſtantior eſſet.
Ut faciem, & poſito corpus velamine vidit,
Obſtupuit ——.

But cannot Atalanta's *better part* mean her virtue or virgin chaſtity, with which nature had graced Roſalind, together with Helen's beauty without her heart or lewdneſs, with Cleopatra's dignity of behaviour, and with Lucretia's modeſty, that ſcorned to ſurvive the loſs of honour? Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory*, B. XXXV. c. iii. mentions the portraits of *Atalanta* and *Helen*, *utraque excellentiſſima forma, ſed altera ut virgo*; that is, " both of them for beauty, incomparable, and yet a man may diſcerne the one [Atalanta] of

Thus Roſalind of many parts
By heavenly ſynod was devis'd;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearеſt priz'd.

them to be a *maiden*, for her modeſt and chaſte countenance," as Dr. P. Holland tranſlated the paſſage; of which probably our poet had taken notice, for ſurely he had judgement in painting. TOLLET.

I ſuppoſe Atalanta's *better part* is her *wit*, i. e. the *ſwiftneſs of her mind*. FARMER.

Shakſpeare might have taken part of this enumeration of diſtinguiſhed females from John Grange's *Golden Aphroditis*, 1577: "——who ſeemeſt in my ſight faire *Helen* of Troy, Polixene, Calliope, yea *Atalanta* hir ſelfe in beauty to ſurpaſſe, Pandora in qualities, Penelope and *Lucretia* in chaſteneſſe to deface."
Again, *ibid:*

"Polixene fayre, Caliop, and
"Penelop may give place;
"*Atlanta* and dame *Lucres* fayre
"She doth them both deface."

Again, *ibid:* "*Atalanta* who ſometyme bore the bell of beauties price in that hyr native ſoyle."

It may be obſerved, that Statius alſo in his ſixth Thebaid, has confounded *Atalanta* the wife of Hippomenes, and daughter of Sicyoneus, with *Atalanta* the daughter of OEnomaus, and wife of Pelops. See v. 564. STEEVENS.

Dr. Farmer's explanation may derive ſome ſupport from a ſubſequent paſſage: "—— as ſwift a *wit* as Atalanta's heels."
MALONE.

I think this ſtanza was formed on an old tetraſtick epitaph, which, as I have done, Mr. Steevens may poſſibly have read in a country church-yard:

"She who is dead and ſleepeth in this tomb,
"Had Rachel's comely face, and Leah's fruitful womb:
"Sarah's obedience, Lydia's open *heart*,
"And Martha's care, and Mary's *better part*." WHALLEY.

The following paſſage in Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſſe*, 1613, might lead one to ſuppoſe that Atalanta's *better part* was her *lips*:

"——That eye was Juno's;
"Thoſe *lips* were her's that *won the golden ball;*
"That virgin bluſh Diana's."

Be this as it may, theſe lines ſhow that Atalanta was conſidered as uncommonly beautiful, and therefore may ſerve to ſupport Mr. Tollet's firſt interpretation.

Heaven would that ſhe theſe gifts ſhould have,
And I to live and die her ſlave.

Ros. O moſt gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your pariſhioners withal, and never cry'd, *Have patience, good people!*

CEL. How now! back friends?—Shepherd, go off a little:—Go with him, ſirrah.

TOUCH. Come, ſhepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with ſcrip and ſcrippage.

[*Exeunt* CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

It is obſervable that the ſtory of Atalanta in the Tenth Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoſes* is interwoven with that of *Venus* and *Adonis*, which our author had undoubtedly read. The lines moſt material to the preſent point run thus in Golding's Tranſlation, 1567:

" She overcame them out of doubt; and hard it is to tell
" Thee, whether ſhe did in ſootemanſhippe or *beautie* more excell."

" —he did condemne the young men's love. But when
" He ſaw her face and body bare, (for why, the lady then
" *Did ſtrip her to her naked ſkin,*) the which was like to mine,
" Or rather, if that thou waſt made a woman, like to thine,
" He was amaz'd."

" ——And though that ſhe
" Did flie as ſwift as arrow from a Turkie bow, yet hee
" More wondered at her *beautie*, then at ſwiftneſſe of her pace;
" Her running greatly did augment her beautie and her grace." MALONE.

The paſſage quoted by Mr. Malone from Marſton's *Infatiate Counteſs*, has no reference to the *ball of* Atalanta, but to the *golden apple* which was adjudged to Venus by Paris, on Mount Ida.

After all, I believe, that " Atalanta's *better part*" means only—*the beſt part about her*, ſuch as was moſt commended. STEEVENS.

[4] *Sad*—] Is *grave*, *ſober*, not *light*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Much ado about Nothing:*—" She is never *ſad* but when ſhe ſleeps." STEEVENS.

[5] *the touches*—] The features; *les traits*. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Richard III:*

" Madam, I have a *touch* of your condition." STEEVENS.

CEL. Didſt thou hear theſe verſes?

ROS. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for ſome of them had in them more feet than the verſes would bear.

CEL. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verſes.

ROS. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themſelves without the verſe, and therefore ſtood lamely in the verſe.

CEL. But didſt thou hear, without wondering how thy name ſhould be hang'd and carved upon theſe trees?

ROS. I was ſeven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree:[6] I was never ſo be-rhimed ſince Pythagoras' time, that I was an Iriſh rat,[7] which I can hardly remember.

[6] —— *a* palm-tree:] A *palm-tree*, in the foreſt of *Arden* is as much out of its place, as the *lioneſs* in a ſubſequent ſcene. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *I was never ſo be-rhimed ſince Pythagoras' time, that I was an* Iriſh rat,] Roſaliod is a very learned lady. She alludes to the Pythagorean doctrine, which teaches that ſouls tranſmigrate from one animal to another, and relates that in his time ſhe was an *Iriſh rat*, and by ſome metrical charm was rhymed to death. The power of killing rats with rhymes Doone mentions in his *Satires*, and Temple in his *Treatiſes*. Dr. Grey has produced a ſimilar paſſage from *Randolph:*

"—————— My poets
"Shall with a ſaure, ſteep'd in gall and vinegar,
"Rhyme them to death as they do *rats in Ireland.*"

JOHNSON.

So, in an addreſs to the reader, at the concluſion of Ben Johnſon's *Poetaſter:*

"Rhime them to death, as they do *Iriſh rats*
"In drumming tunes." STEEVENS.

So, in *The Defence of Poeſie* by our author's contemporary, Sir Philip Sidney: "Though I will not with unto you — to be driven by a poet's verſes, as Rubooax was, to hang yourſelf, nor to be *rimed* to death, as is ſaid to be done in *Ireland*" —. MALONE.

CEL. Trow you, who hath done this?

ROS. Is it a man?

CEL. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

ROS. I pr'ythee, who?

CEL. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet;[7] but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and ſo encounter.[8]

ROS. Nay, but who is it?

CEL. Is it poſſible?

ROS. Nay, I pray thee now, with moſt petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

CEL. O wonderful, wonderful, and moſt wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping![9]

[7] —— *friends to meet;*] Alluding irooically to the proverb: "Friends may meet, but mouotains oever greet." See *Ray's Collection.* STEEVENS.

[8] —— *but* mountaios *may be removed with earthquakes, and ſo* eocoonter.] "Montes duo ioter ſe concurrerunt," &c. ſays Plioy, *Hiſt. Nat.* Lib. II. c. lxxxiii. or in Holland's tranſlation: "Two *hills* (removed by ao earthquake) *encountered* together, charging as it were, and with violeoce aſſaultiog one another, and retyriog agaio with a moſt mighty ooiſe." TOLLET.

[9] —— *out of all* whooping!] i. e. out of all meaſure, or reckooing. So, io the Old Ballad of *Yorke, Yorke for my money*, &c. 1584:

"Aod then was ſhootiog, *out of cry*,
"The ſkantling at a haodful nie."

Again, io the old bl. l. comedy called *Common Conditions*:

"I have beraed myſelf *out of cry*." STEEVENS.

This appears to have been a phraſe of the ſame import as another formerly in uſe, "out of all *cry*." The latter ſeems to allude to the cuſtom of giving notice by a crier of things to be ſold. So, in *A Chaſte Maide of Cheapſide*, a comedy by T. Middleton, 1630: "I'll ſell all at an *outcry*." MALONE.

An *outcry* is ſtill a proviucial term for an *auction*. STEEVENS.

Ros. Good my complexion![2] doſt thou think, though I am caparifon'd like a man, I have a doublet and hoſe in my diſpoſition? One inch of delay more is a South-ſea-off diſcovery. I pr'ythee, tell

[2] *Good my complexion!*] *This is a mode of expreſſion*, Mr. Theobald ſays, *which he cannot reconcile to common ſenſe.* Like enough: and ſo too the Oxford editor. But the meaning is—*Hold good my complexion*, i. e. let me not bluſh. WARBURTON.

Good my complexion!] My native character, my female ioquiſitive diſpoſition, can'ſt thou endure this!—For thus characterizing the moſt beautiful part of the creation, let our author anſwer. MALONE.

Good my complexion! is a little unmeaning exclamatory addreſs to her beauty; in the nature of a ſmall oath. RITSON.

[3] *One inch of delay more is a South-ſea-off diſcovery.*] The old copy reads—*is a South-ſea* of *diſcoverie.* STEEVENS.

This is ſtark nonſenſe; we muſt read—*off* diſcovery, i. e. *from* diſcovery. "If you delay me one inch of time longer, I ſhall think this ſecret as far from diſcovery as the *South-ſea.*" WARBURTON.

This ſentenee is rigbtly noted by the eommentator as nonſeoſe, but oot ſo happily reſtored to ſenſe. I read thus:

One inch of delay more is a South-ſea. Diſcover, *I pr'ythee; tell me who is it quickly!*— Wheo the tranſcriber had once made *diſcovery* from *diſcover I*, he eaſily put an article after South-ſea. But it may be read with ſtill leſs change, and with equal probability—*Every inch of delay more is a* South-ſea diſcovery: *Every delay* however ſhort, is to me tedious and irkſome as the longeſt voyage, as a voyage of *diſcovery* on the *South-ſea.* How much voyages to the South-ſea on whieh the Engliſh had then firſt ventured, eogaged the eouverſation of that time, may be eaſily imagioed. JOHNSON.

Of for *off*, is frequent io the elder writers. A *South-ſea of diſcovery* is a *diſcovery a South-ſea off*—as far as the South-ſea. FARMER.

Warburton's ſophiſticatinn ought to have been reprobated, and the old, whieh is the only readiog that can preſerve the ſenſe of Roſalind, reſtored. *A South-ſea* of *diſcovery*, is not a diſcovery, *as* FAR OFF, but as COMPREHENSIVE as the South-ſea: which being the largeſt in the world, affords the wideſt ſcope for exereiſing coriofity. HENLEY.

On a ſurther eonſideratioo of this paſſage I am ſtroogly inclined to think, with Dr. Johuſon, that we ſhould read—*a South-ſea diſcovery.* "Delay, however ſhort, is to me tedious aod irkſome as

me, who is it? quickly, and ſpeak apace: I would thou couldſt ſtammer, that thou might'ſt pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pry'thee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

CEL. So you may put a man in your belly.

ROS. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

CEL. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

ROS. Why, God will ſend more, if the man will be thankful: let me ſtay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

CEL. It is young Orlando; that tripp'd up the wreſtler's heels, and your heart, both in an inſtant.

ROS. Nay, but the devil take mocking; ſpeak ſad brow, and true maid. [4]

CEL. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

ROS. Orlando?

CEL. Orlando.

ROS. Alas the day! what ſhall I do with my doublet and hoſe?—What did he, when thou ſaw'ſt him? What ſaid he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? [5] What makes he here? Did he aſk for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when ſhalt thou ſee him again? Anſwer me in one word.

the longeſt voyage, as a voyage of diſcovery on the South-Sea." The word *of*, which had occurred juſt before, might have been inadvertently repeated by the compoſitor. MALONE.

[4] —— *ſpeak ſad brow, and true maid.*] i. e. ſpeak with a grave countenance, and as truly as thou art a virgin; ſpeak ſeriouſly and honeſtly. RITSON.

[5] *Wherein went he?*] In what manner was he clothed? How did he go dreſſed? HEATH.

CEL. You muſt borrow me Garagantua's mouth[6] firſt: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this ages ſize: To ſay, ay, and no, to theſe particulars, is more than to anſwer in a catechiſm.

ROS. But doth he know that I am in this foreſt, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freſhly as he did the day he wreſtled?

CEL. It is as eaſy to count atomies,[7] as to reſolve the propoſitions of a lover:—but take a taſte of my finding him, and reliſh it with a good obſervance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

ROS. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth ſuch fruit.[8]

[6] —— *Garagantua's mouth*—] Roſaliod requires nioe queſtions—to be anſwered in *one word*. Celia tells her that a word of ſuch magnitude is too big for any mouth but that of Garagaotua the giant of Rabelais. JOHNSON.

Garagantua ſwallowed five pilgrims, their ſtaves and all, in a ſallad. It appears from the books of the Stationers' Company, that io 1592 was publiſhed, "*Garagantua* his Prophecie." And in 1594, "A hooke entitled, The hiſtory of *Garagantua*." The book of *Garagantua* is likewiſe mentioned in Laneham's *Narrative of Q. Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth-Caſtle*, in 1575. Some tranſlator of one of theſe pieces is cenſored by Hall, in his Second book of *Satires*:

"But who conjur'd, &c.
"Or wicked *Rablais* dronken revellings
"To grace the miſrule of our taverninge?" STEEVENS.

[7] —— *to count* atomies,] *Atomies* are thoſe minute particles diſcernible in a ſtream of ſunſhine that breaks into a darkened room. HENLEY.

"An *atomie* (ſays Bullokar in his *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616) is a *mote* flying in the ſunne. Any thing ſo ſmall that it cannot be made leſſe." MALONE.

[8] —— *when it drops forth* ſuch *fruit*.] The old copy reads—*when it drops forth fruit*. The word *ſuch* was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. I once ſuſpected the phraſe, "when it drops *forth*," to be corrupt; but it is certainly our author's; for it occurs again in this play?

CEL. Give me audience, good madam.

ROS. Proceed.

CEL. There lay he, ſtretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

ROS. Though it be pity to ſee ſuch a ſight, it well becomes the ground.[9]

CEL. Cry, holla! to thy tongue,[2] I pr'ythee; it curvets very unſeaſonably. He was furniſh'd like a hunter.

ROS. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.[3]

CEL. I would ſing my ſong without a burden: thou bring'ſt me out of tune.

ROS. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I muſt ſpeak. Sweet, ſay on.

" ——— woman's gentle brain
" Could not *drop forth ſuch* giant-rude invention."
This paſſage ſerves likewiſe to ſupport the emendation that has been made. MALONE.

[9] —— *ſuch a fight, it well becomes the ground.*] So, in *Hamlet:*
" —— Such a ſight as this
" Becomes the field," —— STEEVENS.

[2] *Cry*, holla! *to thy tongue.*] The old copy has—*the* tongue. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Holla* was a term of the manege, by which the rider reſtrained and *ſtopp'd* his horſe. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*
" What recketh he his rider's angry ſtir,
" His flattering *holla*, or his *ſtand I ſay?*
The word is again uſed in *Othello*, in the ſame ſenſe as here:
" *Holla!* ſtand there." MALONE.

[3] —*to* kill *my* heart.] A quibble between *heart* and *hart*. STEEVENS.
Our author has the ſame expreſſion in many other places. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*
" Why, that contempt will *kill* the ſpeaker's *heart*."
Again, in his *Venus and Adonis:*
" —— they have *murder'd* this poor *heart* of mine."
But the preceding word, *hunter*, ſhows that a quibble was here intended between *heart* and *hart*. In our author's time the latter word was often written inſtead of *heart*, as it is in the preſent inſtance, in the old copy of this play. MALONE.

Enter ORLANDO *and* JAQUES.

CEL. You bring me out :—Soft comes he not here?

ROS. 'Tis he; Slink by, and note him.

[CELIA *and* ROSALIND *retire.*

JAQ. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myſelf alone.

ORL. And ſo had I; but yet, for faſhion ſake, I thank you too for your ſociety.

JAQ. God be with you; let's meet as little as we can.

ORL. I do deſire we may be better ſtrangers.

JAQ. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-ſongs in their barks.

ORL. I pray you, mar no more of my verſes with reading them ill-favouredly.

JAQ. Roſalind is your love's name?

ORL. Yes, juſt.

JAQ. I do not like her name.

ORL. There was no thought of pleaſing you, when ſhe was chriſten'd.

JAQ. What ſtature is ſhe of?

ORL. Juſt as high as my heart.

JAQ. You are full of pretty anſwers: Have you not been acquainted with goldſmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

ORL. Not ſo; but I anſwer you right painted cloth,[4] from whence you have ſtudied your queſtions.

[4] —— *but I anſwer you right* painted cloth,] This alludes to the faſhion in old tapeſtry hangings, of mottoes and moral ſentences from the mouths of the figures worked or painted in them. The poet again hints at this cuſtom in his poem, called, *Tarquin and Lucrece:*

"Who fears a ſentence, or an old man's ſaw,
"Shall by a *painted cloth* be kept in awe." THEOBALD.

JAQ. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you ſit down with

So, in Barnaby Riches' *Soldier's Wiſhe to Briton's welfare, or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill*, &c. 1604, p. 1: "It is enough for him that can but robbe a *painted cloth* of a hiſtorie, a booke of a diſcourſe, a fonle of a faſhion," &c.

The ſame alluſion is common to many of our old plays. So, in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599: Now will I ſee if my memory will ſerve for ſome *proverbs*. O, a *painted cloth* were as well worth a thilling, as a thief is worth a halter."

Again, in *A Match at Midnight*, 1633:

"There's a witty poſy for you.

"—No, no, I'll have one thall ſavour of a ſaw.—

"Why theo 'twill ſmell of the *painted cloth*."

Again, in *The Muſes' Looking Glaſs*, by Randolph, 1638:

"—— I have ſeen in *Mother Redcap's* hall

"In *painted cloth*, the ſtory of the prodigal."

From this laſt quotation we may ſuppoſe that the rooms in publick houſes were uſually hung with what Falſtaff calls *water-work*. On theſe hangings perhaps moral ſentences were depicted as iſſuing from the mouths of the different characters repreſented.

Again, in Sir Thomas More's *Engliſh Works*, printed by Raſtell, 1557: Mayſter Thomas More in his youth deviſed in hys fat er's houſe in London, a goodly hangyng of fyne *painted clothe*, with nine pageauntes and verſes over every of thoſe pageauntes; which verſes expreſſed and declared what the images in thoſe pageauntes repreſented: and alſo in thoſe pageauntes were paynted the things that the verſes over them did (in effecte) declare."

Of the preſent phraſeology there is an inſtance in *King John*:

"He *ſpeaks plain cannon-fire*, and bounce, and ſmoke."

STEEVENS.

I anſwer you right painted cloth, may mean, I give you a true painted cloth anſwer; as we ſay, ſhe talks *right Billingſgate*; that is, exactly ſuch language as is uſed at Billingſgate. JOHNSON.

This ſingular phraſe may be juſtified by another of the ſame kind in *K. Henry V*:

"I ſpeak to thee *plain ſoldier*."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

"He *ſpeaks* nothing but *madman*."

There is no need of Sir T. Hanmer's alteration: "I anſwer you right *in the ſtyle of* painted cloth." We had before in this play, "It is the *right* butter-woman's rate to market." So, in Golding's tranſlation of *Ovid*, 1567:

"—— the look of it was *right* a maiden's look."

me? and we two will rail againſt our miſtreſs the world, and all our miſery.

ORL. I will chide no breather in the world,[t] but myſelf; againſt whom I know moſt faults.

JAQ. The worſt fault you have, is to be in love.

ORL. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your beſt virtue. I am weary of you.

JAQ. By my troth, I was ſeeking for a fool, when I found you.

ORL. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you ſhall ſee him.

JAQ. There I ſhall ſee mine own figure.

ORL. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

JAQ. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good ſignior love.

I ſuppoſe Orlando means to ſay, that Jaques's queſtions have no more of novelty or ſhrewdneſs in them than the trite maxims of the painted cloth. The following lines which are found in a book with this fantaſtick title, — *No whipping nor tripping, but a kind friendly ſnipping*, octavo, 1601, may ſerve as a ſpecimen of painted cloth language:

" Read what is written on the *painted cloth:*
" Do no man wrong; be good unto the poor;
" Beware the mouſe, the maggot and the moth,
" And ever have an eye unto the door;
" Truſt not a fool, a villain, nor a whore;
" Go neat, not gay, and ſpend but as you ſpare;
" And turn the colt to paſture with the mare; &c.

That moral ſentences were wrought in theſe painted cloths, is aſcertained by the following paſſage in *A Dialogue both pleaſaunt and pitifull*, &c. by Dr. William Bulleyne, 1564, [ſignat. H 5.] which has been already quoted: this is a comelie parlour,— and faire *clothes*, with pleaſaunte borders aboute the ſame, with many *wiſe ſayings* painted upon them." MALONE.

[t] — *no* breather in the world,] So, in our author's 81ſt Sonnet;

" When all the *breathers of this world* are dead."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*;

" She ſhows a body, rather than a life;
" A ſtatue, than a *breather*." MALONE.

ORL. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good monſieur melancholy.

[*Exit* JAQUES. —CELIA *and* ROSALIND *come forward.*

ROS. I will ſpeak to him like a ſaucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, foreſter?

ORL. Very well; what would you

ROS. I pray you, what is't a clock?

ORL. You ſhould aſk me, what time o'day! there's no clock in the foreſt.

ROS. Then there is no true lover in the foreſt; elſe ſighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

ORL. And why not the ſwift foot of time? Had not that been as proper?

ROS. By no means, ſir: Time travels in divers paces with divers perſons: I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he ſtands ſtill withal.

ORL. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

ROS. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage,[6] and the day it is ſolemnized: if the interim be but a ſe'nnight, time's pace is ſo hard that it ſeems the length of ſeven years.

ORL. Who ambles time withal?

ROS. With a prieſt that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one ſleeps

[6] *Marry, he* trots hard *with a young maid, between the contract*, &c.] And yet in *Much ado about Nothing*, our author tell us, "*Time* goes on *crutches*, till love have all his rites." In both paſſages, however, the interim is equally repreſented as tedious. MALONE.

eaſily, becauſe he cannot ſtudy; and the other lives merrily, becauſe he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and waſteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: Theſe time ambles withal.

ORL. Who doth he gallop withal?

ROS. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as ſoftly as foot can fall, he thinks himſelf too ſoon there.

ORL. Who ſtays it ſtill withal?

ROS. With lawyers in the vacation: for they ſleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

ORL. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

ROS. With this ſhepherdeſs, my ſiſter; here in the ſkirts of the foreſt, like fringe upon a petticoat.

ORL. Are you native of this place?

ROS. As the coney, that you ſee dwell where ſhe is kindled.

ORL. Your accent is ſomething finer than you could purchaſe in ſo removed[4] a dwelling.

ROS. I have been told ſo of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to ſpeak, who was in his youth an in-land man;[5] one that

[4] —— *removed*—] i. e. remote ſequeſtered. REED.
So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*, folio, 1623:
"From Athens is her houſe *remov'd* ſeven leagues."
STEEVENS.

[5] —— in-land *man*;] Is uſed in this play for one *civiliſed*, in oppoſition to the *ruſtick* of the prieſt. So, Orlando before —
"Yet am I *inland* bred, and know ſome nurture. JOHNSON.
See Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1598:
"His preſence made the *rudeſt* peaſant melt,
"That in the vaſt *uplandiſh* countrie dwelt."

knew courtſhip too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures againſt it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with ſo many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole ſex withal.

ORL. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

ROS. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-pence are; every one fault ſeeming monſtrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

ORL. I pr'ythee, recount ſome of them.

ROS. No; I will not caſt away my phyſick, but on thoſe that are ſick. There is a man haunts the foreſt, that abuſes our young plants with carving Roſalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forſooth, deifying the name of Roſalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him ſome good counſel, for he ſeems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

ORL. I am he that is ſo love-ſhaked; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

ROS. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of ruſhes, I am ſure, you are not priſoner.

ORL. What were his marks?

ROS. A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye,[6] and ſunken; which you have not: an unqueſ-

Again, in Puttenham's *Arte of Poeſie*, 4to. 1589, fol. 120: "— or finally in any *uplandiſh* village or corner of a realm, where is no reſort but of poor ruſticall or uncivill people." MALONE.

[6] —— *a* blue *eye*,] i. e. a blueneſs about the eyes. STEEVENS.

tionable ſpirit; [7] which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not: — but I pardon you for that; for, ſimply, your having [8] in beard is a younger brother's revenue: — Then your hoſe ſhould be ungarter'd, [9] your bonnet unbanded, your ſleeve unbuttoned, your ſhoe untied, and every thing about you demonſtrating a careleſs deſolation. But you

[7] —— *an* unqueſtionable *ſpirit*;] That is, a ſpirit not *inquiſitive*, a mind indifferent to common objects, and negligeot of common occurrences. Here Shakſpeare has uſed a paſſive for an active mode of ſpeech: ſo in a former ſcene, "The Duke is too *diſputable* for me, *that is, too* diſputatious. JOHNSON.

May it not mean, *unwilling to be converſed with*? CHAMIER.

Mr. Chamier is right in ſuppoſing that it means a ſpirit averſe to converſation.

So, in *The Midſummer Night's Dream*, Demetrius ſays to Helena —

"I will not ſtay your *queſtion*."

And in *The Merchant of Venice*, Antonio ſays —

"I pray you, think you *queſtion* with the Jew."

In the very next ſcene, Roſaliod ſays — "I met the Duke yeſterday, and had much *queſtion* with him." And in the laſt ſcene, Jaques de Bois ſays — "The Duke was converted after ſome *queſtion* with a religious man." In all which places, *queſtion* means *diſcourſe* or converſation. M. MASON.

[8] —— *your* having ——] Having is poſſeſſioo, eſtate. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: "The gentlemao is of no *having*." STEEVENS.

[9] —— *Then your hoſe ſhould be* ungarter'd, &c.] Theſe ſeem to have beeu the eſtabliſhed and characteriſtical marks by which the votaries of love were denoted in the time of Shakſpeare. So, in *The Fair Maid of the Exchange*, by Heywood, 1637: "Shall I that have jeſted at love's ſighs, now raiſe whirlwinds! Shall I that have flouted *ah me's* once a quarter, now practiſe *ah me's* every minute? *Shall I defy hat-bands, and tread garters and ſhoe-ſtrings* uoder my feet? Shall I fall to falling baods, and be a ruffian no looger? I muſt; I am now liegemao to Cupid, and have read all theſe informations io the book of his ſtatutes." Agaio in *A pleaſant Comedy how to chuſe a good Wife from a bad*, 1602:

"—— I was once like thee
"A ſigher, melancholy humoriſt,
"Croller of arms, a goer *without garters*,
"A *hat-band hater*, and a buſk-point wearer." MALONE.

are no ſuch man; you are rather point-device[9] in your accoutrements; as loving yourſelf, than ſeeming the lover of any other.

ORL. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

ROS. Me believe it? you may as ſoon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, ſhe is apter to do, than to confeſs ſhe does: that is one of the points in the which women ſtill give the lie to their conſciences. But in good ſooth, are you he that hangs the verſes on the trees, wherein Roſalind is ſo admired?

ORL. I ſwear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Roſalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

ROS. But are you ſo much in love as your rhimes ſpeak?

ORL. Neither rhime nor reaſon can expreſs how much.

ROS. Love is merely a madneſs; and, I tell you, deſerves as well a dark houſe and a whip, as madmen do: and the reaſon why they are not ſo puniſhed and cured, is, that the lunacy is ſo ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profeſs curing it by counſel.

ORL. Did you ever cure any ſo?

ROS. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his miſtreſs; and I ſet him every day to woo me; At which time would I, being but a mooniſh youth,[2] grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantaſtical, apiſh,

[9] —— *point-device* —] i. e. exact, dreſt with finical nicety. So, in *Love's Labours Loſt*: "I hate ſuch inſociable and *point-device* companions." STEEVENS.

[2] —— *a* mooniſh *youth*,] i. e. variable. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*: "O ſwear not by the *moon*, th' *inconſtant moon*." STEEVENS.

ſhallow, inconſtant, full of tears, full of ſmiles; for every paſſion ſomething, and for no paſſion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the moſt part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forſwear him; now weep for him, then ſpit at him; that I drave my ſuitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madneſs; [2] which was, to forſwear the full ſtream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monaſtick: And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to waſh your liver as clean as a ſound ſheep's heart, [3] that there ſhall not be one ſpot of love in't.

ORL. I would not be cured, youth.

ROS. I would cure you, if you would but call me

[2] —— *to a* living *humour of madneſs*;] If this be the true reading we muſt by *living* underſtand *laſting*, or *permanent*, but I cannot forbear to think that ſome antitheſis was intended which is now loſt; perhaps the paſſage ſtood thus — *I drove my ſuitor from a* dying *humour of love to a living humour of madneſs*. Or rather thus — *From a mad humour of love to a* loving *humour of madneſs*, that is, "from a *madneſs* that was *love*, to a *love* that was *madneſs*." This ſeems ſomewhat harſh and ſtrained, but ſuch modes of ſpeech are not unuſual in our poet: and this harſhneſs was probably the cauſe of the corruption. JOHNSON.

Perhaps we ſhould read — *to a humour of* loving *madneſs*. FARMER.

Both the emendations appear to me inconſiſtent with the tenour of Roſalind's argument. Roſalind by her fantaſtick tricks did not drive her ſuitor either into a *loving* humour of madneſs, or a humour of *loving* madneſs; (in which he was originally without her aid;) but ſhe drove him *from* love into a ſequeſter'd and melancholy retirement. *A living humour of madneſs* is, I conceive, in our author's licentious language, a humour of *living madneſs*, a mad humour that operates on *the mode of living*; or, in other words, and more accurately, *a mad humour of life*; "— to forſwear the world, and to *live* in a nook merely monaſtick." MALONE.

[3] —— *as clean as a ſound ſheep's heart*,] This is no very delicate compariſon, though produced by Roſalind in her aſſumed character of a ſhepherd. A *ſheep's heart*, before it is dreſt, is always ſplit and waſhed, that the blood within it may be diſlodged. STEEVENS.

Roſalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

ORL. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

ROS. Go with me to it, and I'll ſhow it you: and, by the way, you ſhall tell me where in the foreſt you live: Will you go?

ORL. With all my heart, good youth.

ROS. Nay, you muſt call me Roſalind: — Come, ſiſter, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY: [2] JAQUES *at a diſtance, obſerving them.*

TOUCH. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my ſimple feature content you? [3]

[2] —— *Audrey;*] Is a corruptioo of *Etheldreda.* The ſaint of that name is ſo ſtyled in ancient calendars. STEEVENS.

[3] *Doth my ſimple* feature *content you?*] ſays the Clown to Audrey. "Your *features!* (replies the weoch,) Lord warrant us! what *features?*" I doubt not, this ſhould be — your *feature!* Lord warraot us! *what's feature?* FARMER.

Feat aod *feature*, perhaps had anciently the ſame meaning. The Clowo aſks, if the *features of his* face content her, ſhe takes the word in anuther ſenſe, i. e. *feats, deeds*, and in her reply ſeems to meao, what *feats*, i. e. what have we done yet? The courtſhip of Audrey aod her gallaot had not proceeded further, as Sir Wilful Witwood ſays, than a little mouth-glue; but ſhe ſuppoſes him to be talking of ſumething which as yet he had nnt performed. Or the jeſt may turn only on the Clown's pronunciation. In ſome parts, *features* might be pronounced, *faitors*, which ſignify *raſcals, low wretches. Piſtol* uſes the word in the ſecond Part of *King Henry IV.* and Spenſer very frequently. STEEVENS.

In Daoiel's *Cleopatra*, 1594, is the following couplet:

"I ſee theo, *artleſs feature can content,*
"And that true beauty needs no ornament."

AUD. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

TOUCH. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the moſt capricious poet, honeſt Ovid, was among the Goths. [4]

JAQ. O knowledge ill-inhabited! [5] worſe than Jove in a thatch'd houſe! [*Aſide.*

TOUCH. When a man's verſes cannot be underſtood, nor a man's good wit ſeconded with the forward child, underſtanding, it ſtrikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room: [6] — Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Again, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*:

"It is my fault, not ſhe, that merits blame;
"My *feature* is not to *content* her ſight;
"My words are rude, and work her no delight."

Feature appears to have formerly ſignified the whole countenance. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I:

"Her peerleſs *feature*, joined with her birth,
"Approves her fit for none but for a king." MALONE.

[4] —— *as the moſt* capricious *poet, honeſt Ovid, was among the* Goths.] *Capricious* is not here humourſome, fantaſtical, &c. but *laſcivious*. HOR. Epod. 20. Libidinoſus immolabitur *caper*. The Goths are the Getæ. Ovid. Triſt. V. 7. The *thatch'd houſe* is that of Baucis and Philemon. Ovid. Met. VIII. 630. *Stipulis & canna tecta paluſtri*. UPTON.

Mr. Upton is perhaps too refined in his interpretation of *capricious*. Our author remembered that *caper* was the Latin for a goat, and thence choſe this epithet. This, I believe, is the whole. There is a poor quibble between *goats* and *Goths*. MALONE.

[5] —— *ill-inhabited!*] i. e. ill-lodged. An unuſual ſenſe of the word. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *it ſtrikes a man more dead than a great* reckoning *in a little room:*] Nothing was ever wrote in higher humour than this ſimile. A great reckoning, in a little room, implies that the entertainment was mean, and the bill extravagant. The poet here alluded to the French proverbial phraſe *of the quarter of an hour of Rabelais*: who ſaid, there was only one quarter of an hour in human life paſſed ill, and that was between the calling for the

AUD. I do not know what poetical is: Is it honeſt in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

TOUCH. No, truly; for the trueſt poetry is the moſt feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they ſwear in poetry, may be ſaid, as lovers, they do feign. [6]

AUD. Do you wiſh then, that the gods had made me poetical?

TOUCH. I do; truly: for thou ſwearſt to me, thou art honeſt; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have ſome hope thou didſt feign.

AUD. Would you not have me honeſt?

TOUCH. No truly, unleſs thou wert hard-favour'd: for honeſty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a ſauce to ſugar.

JAQ. A material fool! [7] [*Aſide.*

AUD. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honeſt!

TOUCH. Truly, and to caſt away honeſty upon a

reckoning and paying it. Yet the delicacy of our Oxford editor would correct this into — *It ſtrikes a man more dead than a great* reeking *in a little room.* This is amending with a vengeance. When men are joking together in a merry humour, all are diſpoſed to laugh. One of the company ſays, a good thing; the jeſt is not taken; all are ſilent, and he who ſaid it, quite confounded. This is compared to a tavern jollity interrupted by the coming in of a *great reckoning.* Had not Shakſpeare reaſon now in this caſe to apply his ſimile to his own caſe, againſt his critical editor? Who, it is plain, taking the phraſe to *ſtrike dead*, in a literal ſenſe, concluded, from his knowledge in philoſophy, that it could not be ſo effectually done by a *reckoning* as by a *reeking.* WARBURTON.

[6] —— *and what they ſwear in poetry*, &c.] This ſentence ſeems perplexed and inconſequent: perhaps it were better read thus — *What they ſwear as lovers, they may be ſaid to feign as poets.* JOHNSON.

I would read — It *may be ſaid, as lovers they do feign.* M. MASON.

[7] *A* material *fool!*] A fool with *matter* in him; a fool ſtocked with notions. JOHNSON.

foul ſlut, were to put good meat into an unclean diſh.

AUD. I am not a ſlut, though I thank the gods I am foul. [8]

TOUCH. Well, praiſed be the gods for thy foulneſs! ſluttiſhneſs may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village; who hath promiſed to meet me in this place of the foreſt, and to couple us.

JAQ. I would fain ſee this meeting. [*Aſide.*

AUD. Well, the gods give us joy!

[8] —— *I am* foul.] By *foul* is meant *coy* or *frowning*.

HANMER.

I rather believe *foul* to be put for the ruſtick pronunciation of *full*. Audrey, ſuppoſing the Clown to have ſpoken of her as *a foul ſlut*, ſays, naturally enough, *I am not a ſlut, though, I thank the gods, I am* foul, i. e. full. She was more likely to *thank the gods* for a belly-full, than for her being *coy* or *frowning*.

TYRWHITT.

In confirmation of Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture, it may be obſerved, that in the ſong at the end of *Love's Labour's Loſt*, inſtead of — "and ways be *foul*," we have in the firſt quarto, 1598, "— and ways be *full*." In that and other of our author's plays many words ſeem to have been ſpelled by the ear. MALONE.

Audrey ſays, ſhe is not *fair*, i. e. *handſome*, and therefore prays the gods to make her *honeſt*. The Clown tells her that to caſt *honeſty* away upon a *foul ſlut*, (i. e. an ill *favoured dirty creature*) is to put meat in an unclean diſh. She replies, ſhe is no *ſlut* (no *dirty drab*) though in her great ſimplicity, ſhe thanks the gods for her *foulneſs* (homelyneſs) i. e. for being as ſhe is. "Well, (adds he) praiſed be the gods for thy *foulneſs*, ſluttiſhneſs may come hereafter." RITSON.

I think that, by *foul*, Audrey means, *not fair*, or what we call *homely*. Audrey is neither coy or ill-humoured; but ſhe thanks God for her homelineſs, as it rendered her leſs expoſed to temptation. So, in the next ſcene but one, Roſalind ſays to Phebe —

"*Foul* is moſt *foul*, being *foul*, to be a ſcoffer."

M. MASON.

TOUCH. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, ſtagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no aſſembly but horn-beaſts. But what though?[8] Courage! As horns are odious, they are neceſſary. It is ſaid,—Many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even ſo:——Poor men alone?——No, no; the nobleſt deer hath them as huge as the raſcal. Is the ſingle man therefore bleſſed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, ſo is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence[9] is better than no ſkill, by ſo much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT.

Here comes ſir Oliver:[1] —Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: Will you deſpatch us here under this tree, or ſhall we go with you to your chapel?

[8] —— *what though?*] What then? JOHNSON.

[9] — *defence* —] *Defence*, as here oppoſed to "no ſkill," ſignifies the *art of fencing*. Thus, in *Hamlet*: "—— and gave you ſuch a maſterly report, for arts and exerciſe in your *defence*." STEEVENS.

[1] —— *ſir Oliver:*] He that has taken his firſt degree at the univerſity, is in the academical ſtyle called *Dominus*, and in common language was heretofore termed *Sir*. This was not always a word of contempt; the graduates aſſumed it in their own writings; ſo Treviſa the hiſtorian writes himſelf *Syr* John de Treviſa. JOHNSON.

We find the ſame title beſtowed on many divines in our old comedies. So, in *Wily Beguiled*:

"—— *Sir John* cannot tend to it at evening prayer; for there comes a company of players to town on Sunday in the afternoon, and *Sir John* is ſo good a fellow, that I know he'll ſcarce leave their company, to ſay evening prayer."

SIR OLI. Is there none here to give the woman?

TOUCH. I will not take her on gift of any man.

SIR OLI. Truly, ſhe muſt be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

JAQ. [*Diſcovering himſelf.*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

TOUCH. Good even, good maſter *What ye call't*: How do you, ſir? You are very well met: God'ild you[3] for your laſt company: I am very glad to ſee you:—Even a toy in hand here, ſir:—Nay; pray, be cover'd.

JAQ. Will you be married, motley?

TOUCH. As the ox hath his bow,[4] ſir, the horſe his curb, and the faulcon her bells, ſo man hath his deſires; and as pigeons bill, ſo wedlock would be nibbling.

JAQ. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a buſh, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good prieſt that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you

Again, "We'll all go to church together, and ſo ſave *Sir John* a labour." See notes on *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act I. ſc. i. STEEVENS.

Degrees were at this time conſidered as the higheſt dignities; and it may not be improper to obſerve, that a clergyman, who hath not been educated at the Univerſities, is ſtill diſtinguiſhed in ſome parts of North Wales, by the appellation of *Sir John*, *Sir William*, &c. Hence the Sir Hugh Evans of Shakſpeare is not a Welſh knight who hath taken orders, but only a Welſh clergyman without any regular degree from either of the Univerſities. See Barrington's *Hiſtory of the Guedir Family*. NICHOLS.

[3] —— *God'ild you* —] i. e. God *yield* you, God reward you. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"And the *gods yield* you for't!"

See notes on *Macbeth*, Act I. ſc. vi. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *his* bow,] i. e. his *yoke*. The ancient *yoke* in form reſembled a *bow*. See note on *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act V. Vol. V. p. 197. STEEVENS.

together as they join wainſcot; then one of you will prove a ſhrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

TOUCH. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuſe for me hereafter to leave my wife. [*Aſide.*

JAQ. Go thou with me, and let me counſel thee.

TOUCH. Come, ſweet Audrey;
We muſt be married, or we muſt live in bawdry.
Farewell, good maſter Oliver!

Not—O ſweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,[6]
Leave me not behi' thee;
But—Wind away,
Begone, I ſay,
I will not to wedding wi' thee.

[*Exeunt* JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, *and* AUDREY.

SIR OLI. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantaſtical knave of them all ſhall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

[6] *Not — O ſweet Oliver,*
O brave, &c.] Some words of an old ballad.
WARBURTON.

Of this ſpeech as it now appears, I can make nothing, and think nothing can be made. In the ſame breath he calls his miſtreſs to be married, and ſends away the man that ſhould marry them. Dr. Warburton has very happily obſerved, that *O ſweet Oliver* is a quotation from an old ſong; I believe there are two quotations put in oppoſition to each other. For *wind* I read *wend*, the old word for *go*. Perhaps the whole paſſage may be regulated thus:

Clo. *I am not in the mind, but it were better for me to be married of him than of another, for he is not like to marry me well, and not being well married, it will be a good excuſe for me hereafter to leave my wife. — Come, ſweet Audrey; we muſt be married, or we muſt live in bawdry.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame. Before a Cottage.

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

ROS. Never talk to me, I will weep.

CEL. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to conſider, that tears do not become a man.

Jaq. *Go thou with me, and let me counſel thee.* [They whiſper.
Clo. *Farewel, good ſir Oliver, not* O ſweet Oliver, O brave Oliver, leave me not behind thee, —— *but*

Wend away,
Begone, I ſay,
I will not to wedding with thee to-day.

Of this conjecture the reader may take as much as ſhall appear neceſſary to the ſenſe, or conducive to the humour. I have received all but the additional words. The long ſeems to be complete without them. JOHNSON.

The Clown diſmiſſes ſir Oliver only becauſe Jaques had alarmed his pride, and raiſed his doubts, concerning the validity of a marriage ſolemnized by one who appears only in the character of an itinerant preacher. He intends afterwards to have recourſe to ſome other of more dignity in the ſame profeſſion. Dr. Johnſon's opinion, that the latter part of the Clown's ſpeech is only a repetition from ſome other ballad, or perhaps a different part of the ſame, is, I believe, juſt.

O brave Oliver, leave me not behind you, is a quotation at the beginning of one of N. Breton's Letters, in his *Packet*, &c. 1600. STEEVENS.

That Touchſtone is influenced by the counſel of Jaques, may be inferred from the ſubſequent dialogue between the former and Audrey, Act V. ſc. i:

Touch. We ſhall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.
Aud. 'Faith, *the prieſt was good enough, for all the old gentleman's ſaying.* MALONE.

O ſweet Oliver. The epithet of *ſweet* ſeems to have been peculiarly appropriated to *Oliver*, for which perhaps he was originally obliged to the old ſong before us. No more of it, however, than

Ros. But have I not cauſe to weep?

Cel. As good cauſe as one would deſire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the diſſembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's:[6] marry, his kiſſes are Judas's own children.

theſe two lines has as yet been produced. See Ben Jonſon's *Underwood:*

"All the *mad* Rolands and *ſweet* Olivers."

And, in *Every man in his Humour*. p. 88, is the ſame alluſion:

"Do not ſlink, *ſweet* Oliver." Tyrwhitt.

In the bnoks of the Stationers' Company, Aug. 6, 1584, was entered by Richard Jones, the ballad of,

"*O ſweete Olyver*
"Leave me not behinde thee."

Again, "The anſwere of *O ſweete Olyver.*"

Again, in 1586: "*O ſweete Olyver* altered to the Scriptures."

Steevens.

I often find a part of this ſong applied to Cromwell. In a paper called, *A Man in the Moon, diſcovering a World of Knavery under the Sun*, "the *junto* will go near to give us the *bagge*, if *O brave Oliver* come not ſuddenly to relieve them." The ſame alluſinn is met with in *Cleaveland*. *Wind away*, and *wind off* are ſtill uſed *provincially:* and, I believe, nothing but the *provincial* pronunciation is wanting to join the parts together. I read:

Not — O ſweet Oliver!
O brave Oliver!
Leave me not behi' thee ——
But — wind away,
Begone, I ſay,
I will not to wedding wi' thee. Farmer.

To produce the neceſſary rhyme, and conform to the pronunciation of Shakſpeare's native county, I have followed Dr. Farmer's direction.

Wind is uſed for *wend* in *Cæſar and Pompey*, 1607:

"*Winde* we then, Antony, with this royal queen."

Steevens.

[6] *Something browner than* Judas's:] See Mr. Tollet's note and mine, on a paſſage in the fourth ſcene of the firſt Act of *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, from both which it appears that *Judas* was con-

Ros. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.[7]

Cel. An excellent colour: your chefnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kiffing is as full of ſanctity as the touch of holy bread.[8]

Cel. He hath bought a pair of caſt lips of Diana: [9]a nun of winter's ſiſterhood[2] kiſſes not more religiouſly; the very ice of chaſtity is in them.

ſtantly repreſented in ancient painting or tapeſtry, with *red hair* and *beard*.

So, in *The Infatiate Counteſs*, 1613: "I ever thought by his *red beard* he would prove a *Judas*." Steevens.

[7] *I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.*] There is much of nature in this petty perverſeneſs of Roſalind; ſhe finds faults in her lover, in hope to be contradicted, and when Celia in ſportive malice too readily ſeconds her accuſations, ſhe contradicts herſelf rather than ſuffer her favourite to want a vindication. Johnson.

[8] —— *as the touch of holy* bread.] We ſhould read *beard*, that is, as the kiſs of an holy ſaint or hermit, called the *kiſs of charity*. This makes the compariſon juſt and decent; the other impious and abſurd. Warburton.

[9] —— *a pair of* caſt *lips of Diana:*] i. e. a pair left off by Diana. Theobald.

[2] —— *a nun of* winter's ſiſterhood —] This is finely expreſſed. But Mr. Theobald ſays, *the words give him no ideas*. And it is certain, that words will never give men what nature has denied them. However, to mend the matter, he ſubſtitutes *Winifred's ſiſterhood*. And after ſo happy a thought, it was to no purpoſe to tell him there was no religious order of that denomination. The plain truth is, Shakſpeare meant *an unfruitful ſiſterhood*, which had devoted itſelf to chaſtity. For as thoſe who were of the ſiſterhood of the ſpring, were the votaries of Venus; thoſe of ſummer, the votaries of Ceres; thoſe of autumn of Pomona: ſo theſe of the *ſiſterhood of winter* were the votaries of Diana; called, *of winter*, becauſe that quarter is not, like the other three, productive of fruit or increaſe. On this account it is, that when the poet ſpeaks of what is moſt *poor*, he inſtances it in *winter*, in theſe five lines of *Othello*:

"But riches endleſs is *as poor as winter*
"To him that ever fears he ſhall be poor."

Ros. But why did he ſwear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think ſo?

Cel. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purſe, nor a horſe-ſtealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet,[3] or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him ſwear downright, he was.

Cel. *Was* is not *is*: beſides, the oath of a lover is no ſtronger than the word of a tapſter; they are both the confirmers of falſe reckonings: He attends here in the foreſt on the duke your father.

The other property of winter that made him term them of its ſiſterhood, is its coldneſs. So, in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*:

"To be a *barren ſiſter* all your life,
"Chanting faint hymns to the *cold fruitleſs* moon."

WARBURTON.

There is certainly no need of Theobald's conjecture, as Dr. Warburton has moſt effectually ſupported the old reading. In one circumſtance, however, he is miſtaken. The *Golden Legend*, p. CCCI, &c. gives a full account of *St. Winifred* and her ſiſterhood. Edit. by *Wynkyn de Worde*, 1527. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*as concave as a* cover'd *goblet*,] Why a *cover'd*? Becauſe a goblet is never kept *cover'd* but when *empty*. Shakſpeare never throws out his expreſſions at random. WARBURTON.

Warburton aſks, "Why a cover'd goblet?" — and anſwers, "Becauſe a goblet is never covered but when empty." If that be the caſe, the cover is of little uſe; for when empty, it may as well be uncovered. But it is the idea of hollowneſs, not that of emptineſs, that Shakſpeare wiſhes to convey; and a goblet is more completely hollow when covered, than when it is not. M. MASON.

Ros. I met the duke yeſterday, and had much queſtion[4] with him: He aſked me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; ſo he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is ſuch a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verſes, ſpeaks brave words, ſwears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverſe, athwart[5] the

[4] ——*much* queſtion—] i. e. converſation. So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"You may as well uſe *queſtion* with the wolf." Steevens.

[5] ——*quite traverſe, athwart*, &c.] An onexperienced lover is here compared to a *puny tilter*, to whom it was a diſgrace to have his lance broken acroſs, as it was a mark either of want of courage or addreſs. This happened when the horſe flew on one ſide, in the career: and hence, I ſuppoſe, aroſe the jocular proverbial phraſe *of ſpurring the horſe only on one ſide.* Now as breaking the lance againſt his adverſary's breaſt, in a direct line, was honourable, ſo the breaking it *acroſs* againſt his breaſt was, for the reaſon above, diſhonourable: hence it is, that Sidney, in his *Arcadia*, ſpeaking of the mock-combat of Clinias and Dametas ſays, "*The wind took ſuch hold of his ſtaff that it* croſt quite over his breaſt," &c.—And to *break acroſs* was the uſual phraſe, as appears from ſome wretched verſes of the ſame author, ſpeaking of an unſkilful tilter:

"Methought ſome ſtaves he miſt: if ſo, not much amiſs:
"For when he moſt did hit, he ever yet did miſs.
"One ſaid he *brake acroſs*, full well it ſo might be," &c.

This is the alluſion. So that Orlando, a young gallant, affecting the faſhion, (for *brave* is here uſed, as in other places, for faſhionable,) is repreſented either *unſkilful* in courtſhip, or *timorous*. The lover's meeting or appointment correſponds to the tilter's career; and as the one breaks ſtaves, the other breaks oaths. The buſineſs is only meeting fairly, and doing both with addreſs: and 'tis for the want of this, that Orlando is blamed. Warburton.

So, in *Northward Hoe*, 1607: "—— melancholick like a *tilter*, that had *broke his ſtaves foul* before his miſtreſs." Steevens.

A puny tilter, that breaks his ſtaff like a noble *gooſe:*] Sir Thomas Hanmer altered this to a *noſe-quill'd* gooſe, but no one ſeems to have regarded the alteration. Certainly *noſe-quilt'd* is an epithet likely to be corrupted: it gives the image wanted, and may in a

heart of his lover;[5] as a puny tilter, that ſpurs his horſe but on one ſide, breaks his ſtaff like a noble gooſe: but all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides:—Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

COR. Miſtreſs, and maſter, you have oft enquired
After the ſhepherd that complain'd of love;
Who you ſaw ſitting by me on the turf,
Praiſing the proud diſdainful ſhepherdeſs
That was his miſtreſs.

CEL. Well, and what of him?

COR. If you will ſee a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of ſcorn and proud diſdain,
Go hence a little, and I ſhall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

ROS. O, come, let us remove;
The ſight of lovers feedeth thoſe in love:—
Bring us unto this ſight, and you ſhall ſay
I'll prove a buſy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

great meaſure be ſupported by a quotation from Turberville's *Falconrie:* "Take with you a *ducke*, and ſlip one of her *wing feathers*, and having thruſt it through her *nares*, throw her out unto your hawke." FARMER.

Again, in *Philaſter*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"He ſhall for this time only be ſeel'd up
"With *a feather through his noſe*, that he may only
"See heaven," &c.

Again, in the *Booke of Hawkyng, Huntyng, and Fiſhing*, &c. bl. l. no date: "—and with a pen put it in the haukes *nares* once or twice," &c. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *of his* lover:] i. e. of his miſtreſs. See Vol. IV. p. 211, note 3. MALONE.

SCENE V.

Another part of the Foreſt.

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

SIL. Sweet Phebe, do not ſcorn me; do not Phebe:
Say, that you love me not; but ſay not ſo
In bitterneſs: The common executioner,
Whoſe heart the accuſtom'd ſight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But firſt begs pardon; Will you ſterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?[6]

[6] ——— *Will you ſterner be*
Than he that dies *and* lives by *bloody drops?*] This is ſpoken of the executioner. He *lives* indeed by bloody drops, if you will: but how does he *die* by bloody drops? The poet muſt certainly have wrote:
——— *that* deals *and lives*, &c.
i. e. that gets his bread by, and makes a trade of cutting off heads: but the Oxford editor makes it plainer. He reads:
Than he that lives *and* thrives *by bloody drops.*
WARBURTON.

Either D. Warburton's emendation, except that the word *deals*, wants its proper conſtruction, or that of Sir Tho. Hanmer, may ſerve the purpoſe, but I believe they have fixed corruption upon the wrong word, and ſhould rather read:
Than he that dies his lips *by bloody drops?*
Will you ſpeak with more ſternneſs than the executioner, whoſe *lips* are uſed to be *ſprinkled* with blood? The mention of *drops* implies ſome part that muſt be ſprinkled rather than dipped.
JOHNSON.

I am afraid our bard is at his quibbles again. To *die*, means as well *to dip a thing in a colour foreign to its own*, as to *expire*. In this ſenſe, contemptible as it is, the executioner may be ſaid to *die* as well as *live* by *bloody drops*. Shakſpeare is fond of oppoſing theſe terms to each other.

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN, *at a diſtance.*

PHE. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.

In *King John* is a play on words not unlike this:

" ——— all with purple hands
" *Dy'd* in the *dying* ſlaughter of their foes."

Camden has preſerved an epitaph on a dyer, which has the ſame turn:

" He that *dyed* ſo oft in ſport,
" *Dyed* at laſt, no colour for't."

So, Heywood, in his *Epigrams*, 1562:

" Is thy huſband a *dyer*, woman? alack,
" Had he no colour to *dye* thee on but black?
" *Dieth* he oft? yea too oft when cuſtomers call;
" But I would have him one day *die* once for all.
" Were he gone, *dyer* never more would I wed,
" *Dyers* be ever *dying*, but never dead "

Again, Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589:

" We once ſported upon a country fellow, who came to run for the beſt game, and was by his occupation a *dyer*, and had very big ſwelliog legs.

" He is but *coarſe* to run a *courſe*,
" Whoſe ſhanks are bigger than his thigh;
" Yet is his luck a little worſe
" That often *dyes* before he *die*."

" Where ye ſee the words *courſe* and *die* uſed in divers ſenſes, one giving the *rebound* to the other." STEEVENS.

J. Davies of Hereford, in his *Scourge of Folly*, printed about 1611, has the ſame conceit, and uſes almoſt our author's words:

OF A PROUD LYING DYER.

" Turbine, the *dyer*, ſtalks before his dore,
" Like Cæſar, that by *dying* oft did thrive;
" And though the beggar be as proud as poore,
" Yet (like the mortiſide) he *ayes* to *live*."

Again, *On the ſame:*

" Who lives well, dies well: — not by and by;
" For this man *lives* proudly, yet well doth *die*." MALONE.

He that lives and dies, i. e. he who to the very end of his life continues a common executioner. So, in the ſecond ſcene of the fifth Act of this play, " *live* and *die* a ſhepherd." TOLLET.

To *die and live* by a thing is to be conſtant to it, to perſevere in

Thou tell'ſt me, there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, ſure, and very probable,[7]
That eyes,—that are the frail'ſt and ſofteſt things,
Who ſhut their coward gates on atomies,—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
Now counterfeit to ſwoon; why now fall down;
Or, if thou canſt not, O, for ſhame, for ſhame,
Lie not, to ſay mine eyes are murderers.
Now ſhow the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some ſcar of it; lean but upon a ruſh,[8]
The cicatrice and capable impreſſure
Thy palm ſome moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am ſure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

SIL. O dear Phebe,
If ever, (as that ever may be near,)

it to the end. *Lives* therefore does not ſignify *is maintained*, but the two verbs taken together mean, *who is all his life converſant with bloody drops*. MUSGRAVE.

[7] *'Tis pretty*, ſure, *and very probable*,] *Sure* for *ſurely*. DOUCE.

[8] —— *lean* but *upon a ruſh*,] *But*, which is not in the old copy, was added for the ſake of the metre, by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[9] *The cicatrice and capable impreſſure*—] *Cicatrice* is here not very properly uſed; it is the ſcar of a wound. *Capable impreſſure*, *hollow mark*. JOHNSON.

Capable, I believe, means here—*perceptible*. Our author often uſes the word for *intelligent*; (See a note on *Hamlet*,—

" His form and cauſe conjoin'd, preaching to ſtones,
" Would make them *capable*.")

hence, with his uſual licence, for *intelligible*, and then for *perceptible*. MALONE.

You meet in ſome freſh cheek the power of fancy,[2]
Then ſhall you know the wounds inviſible
That love's keen arrows make.

PHE. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, till that time, I ſhall not pity thee.

ROS. And why, I pray you? [*Advancing*] Who might be your mother,[3]
That you inſult, exult, and all at once,[4]
Over the wretched? What though you have more beauty,[5]

[2] ——*power of* fancy,] *Fancy* is here uſed for *love*, as before in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*Who might be your mother*,] It is common for the poets to expreſs cruelty by ſaying, of thoſe who commit it, that they were born of rocks, or ſuckled by tigreſſes. JOHNSON.

[4] *That you inſult, exult, and* all *at once*,] If the ſpeaker intended to accuſe the perſon ſpoken to only for *inſulting* and exulting: then inſtead of—*all at once*, it ought to have been, *both at once*. But by examining the crime of the perſon accuſed, we ſhall diſcover that the line is to be read thus:

That you inſult, exult, and rail at *once*.

For theſe three things Phebe was guilty of. But the Oxford editor improves it, and, for *rail at once*, reads *domineer*. WARBURTON.

I ſee no need of emendation. The ſpeaker may mean thus: *Who might be your mother, that you inſult, exult, and that too all in a breath?* Such is perhaps the meaning of *all at once*. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*What though you have* more *beauty*,] The old copy reads:

——*What though you have* no *beauty*. STEEVENS.

Though all the printed copies agree in this reading, it is very accurately obſerved to me by an ingenious unknown correſpondent, who ſigns himſelf L. H. (and to whom I can only here make my acknowledgement) that the *negative* ought to be left out. THEOBALD.

That *no* is a miſprint, appears clearly from the paſſage in Lodge's *Roſalynde*, which Shakſpeare has here imitated: "Sometimes have I ſeen high diſdaine turned to hot deſires.—Becauſe *thou art beautiful*, be not ſo coy; as there is nothing more faire, ſo there is nothing more fading."—Mr. Theobald corrected the error, by expunging the word *no*; in which he was copied by the ſubſequent editors;

(As, by my faith, I ſee no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
Muſt you be therefore proud and pitileſs?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I ſee no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's ſale-work:[6]— Od's my little life!
I think, ſhe means to tangle my eyes too:—

but omiſſion (as I have often obſerved) is of all the modes of emendation the moſt exceptionable. *No* was, I believe, a miſprint for *mo*, a word often uſed by our author and his contemporaries for *more*. So, in a former ſcene in this play: "I pray you, mar no *mo* of my verſes with reading them ill-favour'dly." Again, in *Much ado about Nothing:* "Sing no more ditties, ſing no *mo*." Again, in *The Tempeſt:* "*Mo* widows of this buſineſs making —" Many other inſtances might be added. The word is found in almoſt every book of that age. As *no* is here printed inſtead of *mo*, ſo in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V. we find in the folio, 1623, *Mo* matter, for *No* matter. This correction being leſs violent than Mr. Theobald's, I have inſerted it in the text. "What though I ſhould allow you had *more* beauty than he, (ſays Roſalind,) *though* by my faith," &c. (for ſuch is the force of *As* in the next line) "muſt you therefore treat him with diſdain?" In *Antony and Cleopatra* we meet with a paſſage conſtructed nearly in the ſame manner:

"————Say, this becomes him,
"(*As* his compoſure muſt be rare indeed
"Whom theſe things *cannot* blemiſh,) yet," &c.

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

"But ſay that he or we, (*as neither have,*)
"Receiv'd that ſum," &c.

Again, more appoſitely, in Camden's *Remaines*, p. 190, edit. 1605: "I force not of ſuch fooleries; but if *I have any* ſkill in ſooth-ſaying (*as* in ſooth I have *none*) it doth prognoſticate that I ſhall change copie from a duke to a king." MALONE.

As *mo* (unleſs rhyme demands it) is but an indolent abbreviation of *more*, I have adopted Mr. Malone's conjecture, without his manner of ſpelliug the word in queſtion. If *mo* were right, how happens it that *more* ſhould occur twice afterwards in the ſame ſpeech? STEEVENS.

[6] *Of nature's* ſale-work:] Thoſe works that nature makes up careleſsly and without exactneſs. The alluſion is to the practice of mechanicks, whoſe *work* beſpoke is more elaborate than that which is made up for chance-cuſtomers, or to ſell in quantities to retailers, which is called *ſale-work*. WARBURTON.

No, 'faith, proud miſtreſs, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black-ſilk hair,
Your bugle eye balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my ſpirits to your worſhip. [7] —
You fooliſh ſhepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy ſouth, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thouſand times a properer man,
Than ſhe a woman: 'Tis ſuch fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glaſs, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you ſhe ſees herſelf more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can ſhow her.—
But, miſtreſs, know yourſelf; down on your knees,
And thank heaven, faſting, for a good man's love:
For I muſt tell you friendly in your ear,—
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;
Foul is moſt foul, being foul to be a ſcoffer. [8]
So, take her to thee, ſhepherd;—fare you well.

PHE. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together; I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

ROS. He's fallen in love with her foulneſs, [9] and ſhe'll fall in love with my anger: If it be ſo, as faſt as ſhe anſwers thee with frowning looks, I'll ſauce her with bitter words. Why look you ſo upon me?

PHE. For no ill will I bear you.

ROS. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falſer than vows made in wine:
Beſides, I like you not: If you will know my houſe,

[7] *That can* entame *my ſpirits to your worſhip.*] So, in *Much ado about Nothing:*

"*Taming* my wild heart to thy loving hand." STEEVENS.

[8] *Foul is moſt foul, being* foul *to be a ſcoffer.*] The ſenſe is, *The ugly ſeem moſt ugly, when*, though *ugly, they are ſcoffers.* JOHNSON.

[9] ——*with* her *foulneſs*,] So, Sir Tho. Hanmer; the other editions—*your* foulneſs. JOHNSON.

'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by:—
Will you go, ſiſter?—Shepherd, pity her hard:—
Come, ſiſter:—Shepherdeſs, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could ſee,
None could be ſo abus'd in ſight as he. [a]
Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN.

PHE. Dead ſhepherd! now I find thy ſaw of might;
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at firſt ſight? [3]

SIL. Sweet Phebe,—

PHE. Ha! what ſay'ſt thou, Silvius?

SIL. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

PHE. Why, I am ſorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

SIL. Wherever ſorrow is, relief would be:
If you do ſorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your ſorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

[a] —— *though all the world could ſee,*
None could be ſo abus'd in ſight as he.] Though all mankind could look on you, none could be ſo *deceived* as to think you beautiful but he. JOHNSON.

[3] *Dread ſhepherd! now I find thy ſaw of might:*
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not a firſt ſight?] The ſecond of theſe lines is from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1637, ſig. Bb. where it ſtands thus:

"Where both deliberate, the love is ſlight:
"*Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at firſt ſight?*"

This line is likewiſe quoted in *Belvidere, or the Garden of the Muſes*, 1610, p. 29, and in *England's Parnaſſus*, printed in 1600, p. 261. STEEVENS.

This poem of Marlowe's was ſo popular, (as appears from many of the contemporary writers, that a quotation from it muſt have been known at once, at leaſt by the more enlightened part of the audience. Our author has again alluded to it in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.—The "dead ſhepherd," Marlowe, was killed, in a brothel in 1593. Two editions of *Hero and Leander*, I believe, had been publiſhed before the year 1600; it being entered in the Stationers' books, Sept. 28, 1593, and again in 1597. MALONE.

PHE. Thou haſt my love; Is not that neighbourly?
SIL. I would have you.
PHE. Why, that were covetouſneſs.
Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love:
But ſince that thou canſt talk of love ſo well,
Thy company, which erſt was irkſome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompence,
Than thine own gladneſs that thou art employ'd.
SIL. So holy, and ſo perfect is my love,
And I in ſuch a poverty of grace,
That I ſhall think it a moſt plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harveſt reaps: looſe now and then
A ſcatter'd ſmile,[3] and that I'll live upon.
PHE. Know'ſt thou the youth that ſpoke to me ere while?
SIL. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old carlot once was maſter of.[4]
PHE. Think not I love him, though I aſk for him;
'Tis but a peeviſh boy:[5]—yet he talks well;—
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that ſpeaks them pleaſes thoſe that hear.
It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—

[3] *To* glean *the broken ears after the man*
That the main harveſt reaps: looſe *now and then*
A ſcatter'd ſmile,] Perhaps Shakſpeare owed this image to the ſecond chapter of the book of *Ruth*:—"*Let fall* ſome handfuls of purpoſe for her, and leave them that ſhe may *glean* them." STEEVENS.

[4] *That the old* carlot *once was maſter of.* i. e. *peaſant*, from *carl* or *churl*: probably a word of Shakſpeare's coinage. DOUCE.

[5] —— *a* peeviſh *boy:*] *Peeviſh* in ancient language, ſignifies *weak, ſilly.* So, in *King Richard III*:
"When Richmond was a little *peeviſh* boy." STEEVENS.

But, ſure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: The beſt thing in him
Is his complexion; and faſter than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not tall; yet for his years he's tall:[6]
His leg is but ſo ſo; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redneſs in his lip;
A little riper and more luſty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas juſt the difference
Betwixt the conſtant red, and mingled damaſk[7]
There be ſome women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cauſe[8] to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He ſaid, mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, ſcorn'd at me:
I marvel, why I anſwer'd not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou ſhalt bear it; Wilt thou, Silvius?

SIL. Phebe, with all my heart.

PHE. I'll write it ſtraight;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and paſſing ſhort:
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

[6] *He is not tall; yet for his years he's tall:*] The old copy reads: *He is not* very *tall*, &c.
For the ſake of metre, I have omitted the uſeleſs adverb—*very*. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *the* conſtant *red*, *and* mingled *damaſk.*] "*Conſtant* red" is *uniform* red. "*Mingled* damaſk, is the ſilk of that name, in which, by a various direction of the threads, many lighter ſhades of the ſame color are exhibited. STEEVENS.

[8] I *have more cauſe*—] *I*, which ſeems to have been inadvertently omitted in the old copy, was inſerted by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* JAQUES.

JAQ. I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better[7] acquainted with thee.

ROS. They ſay, you are a melancholy fellow.

JAQ. I am ſo; I do love it better than laughing.

ROS. Thoſe, that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows; and betray themſelves to every modern cenſure, worſe than drunkards.

JAQ. Why, 'tis good to be ſad and ſay nothing.

ROS. Why then, 'tis good to be a poſt.

JAQ. I have neither the ſcholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the muſician's, which is fantaſtical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the ſoldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politick; nor the lady's, which is nice;[8] nor the lover's, which is all theſe: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many ſimples, extracted from many objects: and, indeed, the ſundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me, is a moſt humorous ſadneſs.[9]

ROS. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reaſon to be ſad: I fear, you have ſold your own

[7] —— *let me* be *better*—] *Be*, which is wanting in the old copy, was added by the editor of the ſecood folio. MALONE.

[8] —— *which is* nice;] i. e. ſilly, trifling. So, in *K. Richard III*:

"But the reſpects thereof are *nice* and trivial."

See note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V. ſc. ii.

[9] —— my *often rumination wraps me*, is *a moſt humorous ſadneſs.*] The old copy reads—*in* a moſt, &c. STEEVENS.

The old copy has—*by* often Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. Perhaps we ſhould rather read "*and* which, by often rumination, wraps me in a moſt humorous ſadneſs." MALONE.

lands, to ſee other men's; then, to have ſeen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

JAQ. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

Enter ORLANDO.

ROS. And your experience makes you ſad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me ſad; and to travel for it too.

ORL. Good day, and happineſs, dear Roſalind!

JAQ. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verſe. [*Exit.*

ROS. Farewel, monſieur traveller: Look, you liſp, and wear ſtrange ſuits; diſable[9] all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almoſt chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will ſcarce think you have ſwam in a gondola.[2]— Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An you ſerve me ſuch another trick, never come in my ſight more.

As this ſpeech concludes with a ſentence at once ungrammatical and obſcure, I have changed a ſingle letter in it; and inſtead of "*in* a moſt humorous ſadneſs," have ventured to read—"is a moſt humorous ſadneſs." Jaques firſt informs Roſalind what his melancholy was *not*; and naturally concludes by telling her what the quality of it *is*. To obtain a clear meaning, a leſs degree of violence cannot be employed. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*diſable*—] i. e. undervalue. So, afterwards:—"he *diſabled* my judgement." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*ſwam in a gondola.*] That is, *been at* Venice, the ſeat at that time of all licentiouſneſs, where the young Engliſh gentlemen waſted their fortunes, debaſed their morals, and ſometimes loſt their religion.

The faſhion of travelling, which prevailed very much in our author's time, was conſidered by the wiſer men as one of the principal cauſes of corrupt manners. It was therefore gravely cenſured by Aſcham in his *Schoolmaſter*, and by biſhop Hall in his *Quo Vadis*; and is here, and in other paſſages, ridiculed by Shakſpeare. JOHNSON.

ORL. My fair Roſalind, I come within an hour of my promiſe.

ROS. Break an hour's promiſe in love? He that will divide a minute into a thouſand parts, and break but a part of the thouſandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be ſaid of him, that Cupid hath clap'd him o' the ſhoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole.

ORL. Pardon me, dear Roſalind.

ROS. Nay, an you be ſo tardy, come no more in my ſight; I had as lief be woo'd of a ſnail.

ORL. Of a ſnail?

ROS. Ay, of a ſnail; for though he comes ſlowly, he carries his houſe on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman:[3] Beſides, he brings his deſtiny with him.

ORL. What's that?

ROS. Why, horns; which ſuch as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the ſlander of his wife.

ORL. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Roſalind is virtuous.

ROS. And I am your Roſalind.

CEL. It pleaſes him to call you ſo; but he hath a Roſalind of a better leer than you.[4]

[3] —— *than you* can *make a woman:*] Old copy—you make a woman. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

[4] —— *a Roſalind of a better* leer *than you.*] i. e. of a better feature, complexion, or colour, than you. So, in P. Holland's *Pliny*, B. XXXI. c. ii. p. 403: "In ſome places there is no other thing bred or growing, but brown and duſkiſh, inſomuch as not only the cattel is all of that *lere*, but alſo the corn of the ground," &c. The word ſeems to be derived from the Saxon *Hleare*, facies, frons, vultus. So, it is uſed in *Titus Andronicus*, Act IV. ſc. ii.

"Here's a young lad fram'd of another *leer*." TOLLET.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to conſent: — What would you ſay to me now, an I were your very very Roſalind?

Orl. I would kiſs, before I ſpoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better ſpeak firſt; and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occaſion to kiſs. Very good orators, when they are out, they will ſpit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us![5]) matter, the cleanlieſt ſhift is to kiſs.

Orl. How if the kiſs be denied?

Ros. Then ſhe puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved miſtreſs?

Ros. Marry, that ſhould you, if I were your miſtreſs; or I ſhould think my honeſty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What of my ſuit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your ſuit. Am not I your Roſalind?

Orl. I take ſome joy to ſay you are, becauſe I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her perſon, I ſay—I will not have you.

In the notes on the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, Vol. IV. p. 320. *lere* is ſuppoſed to mean ſkin, So, in *Iſumbras* MSS. *Cott.* Cal. H. fol. 129:

"His lady is white as whales bone,
"Here *lere* bryghte to ſe upon,
"So fair as bloſme on tre." STEEVENS.

[5] —— (*God* warn *us!*)] If this exclamation (which occurs again in the quarto copies of *A Midſummer Night's Dream*) is not a corruption of — "God *ward* us," i. e. *defend* us, it muſt mean, "*ſummon* us to himſelf." So, in *King Richard III*:

"And ſent to *warn* them to his royal preſence."
STEEVENS.

ORL. Then, in mine own perſon, I die.

ROS. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almoſt ſix thouſand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own perſon, *videlicet*, in a love-cauſe. Troilus had his brains daſh'd out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midſummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to waſh him in the Helleſpont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the fooliſh chroniclers of that age [s] found it was — Hero of Seſtos. But theſe are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

ORL. I would not have my right Roſalind of this mind; for, I proteſt, her frown might kill me.

ROS. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, now I will be your Roſalind in a more coming-on diſpoſition; and aſk me what you will, I will grant it.

ORL. Then love me, Roſalind.

[s] —— chroniclers *of that age* —] Sir T. Hanmer reads — *coroners*, by the advice, as Dr. Warburton hints, of ſome anonymous critick. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards propoſes the ſame emendation, and ſupports it by a paſſage in *Hamlet*: "The *coroner* hath ſat on her, and *finds it — Chriſtian Burial.*" I believe, however, the old copy is right; though *found* is undoubtedly uſed in its forenſick ſenſe. MALONE.

I am ſurpriſed that Sir Thomas Hanmer's juſt and ingenious amendment ſhould not be adopted as ſoon as ſuggeſted. The alluſion is evidently to a coroner's inqueſt, which Roſalind ſuppoſes to have ſat upon the body of Leander, who was drowned in croſſing the Helleſpont, and that their verdict was, that Hero of Seſtos was the cauſe of his death. The word *found* is the legal term on ſuch occaſions. We ſay, that a jury *found* it lunacy, or *found* it manſlaughter; and the verdict is called the *finding* of the jury. M. MASON.

Ros. Yes, faith will I, fridays, and ſaturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty ſuch.

Orl. What ſay'ſt thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope ſo.

Ros. Why then, can one deſire too much of a good thing? — Come, ſiſter, you ſhall be the prieſt, and marry us. — Give me your hand, Orlando: — What do you ſay, ſiſter?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot ſay the words.

Ros. You muſt begin, —— *Will you, Orlando,*—

Cel. Go to: ——Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Roſalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as faſt as ſhe can marry us.

Ros. Then you muſt ſay,— *I take thee, Roſalind, for wife.*

Orl. I take thee, Roſalind, for wife.

Ros. I might aſk you for your commiſſion; but, — I do take thee, Orlando, for my huſband: There a girl goes before the prieſt; [*] and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

[*] —— There *a girl goes before the prieſt*;] The old copy reads — "There's a girl," &c. The emendation in the text was propoſed to me long ago by Dr. Farmer. Steevens.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have poſſeſs'd her.

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the ſky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot againſt rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my deſires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, [7] and I will do that when you are diſpos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, [8] and that when thou art inclined to ſleep.

[7] —— *I will weep for nothing, like* Diana *in the fountain,*] The alluſion is to the croſs in Cheapſide; the religious images with which it was ornamented, being defaced, (as we learn from Stowe) in 1596, " There was then ſet up, a curious wrought tabernacle of gray marble, and in the ſame an alabaſter image of *Diana*, and water conveyed from the Thames, prilling from her naked breaſt. " *Stowe, in Cheap Ward.*

Statues, and particularly that of *Diana*, with water conveyed through them to give them the appearance of weeping figures, were anciently a frequent ornament of fountains. So, in *The City Match*, Act III. ſc. iii:

" ———Now could I cry
" Like any image in a fountain, which
" Runs lamentations. "

And again in *Roſamund's Epiſtle to Henry II.* by Drayton:

" Here in the garden, wrought by curious hands,
" Naked *Diana* in the fountain ſtands. WHALLEY.

[8] —— *I will laugh like a* hyen,] The bark of the hyena was anciently ſuppoſed to reſemble a loud laugh.

So, in Webſter's *Ducheſs of Malfy*, 1623:

" —— Methinks I ſee her *laughing*,
" Excellent *Hyena!* "

Again, in *The Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

" You *laugh hyena*-like, weep like a crocodile."

STEEVENS.

ORL. But will my Roſalind do ſo?

ROS. By my life, ſhe will do as I do.

ORL. O, but ſhe is wiſe.

ROS. Or elſe ſhe could not have the wit to do this: the wiſer, the waywarder: Make the doors [9] upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the caſement; ſhut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; ſtop that, 'twill fly with the ſmoke out at the chimney.

ORL. A man that had a wife with ſuch a wit, he might ſay, — *Wit, whither wilt?* [2]

ROS. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

ORL. And what wit could wit have to excuſe that?

[9] —— Make *the doors* —] This is an expreſſion uſed in ſeveral of the midland counties, inſtead of *bar the doors*. So, in *The Comedy of errors*:

"The doors are *made* againſt you." STEEVENS.

[2] —— *Wit, whither wilt?*] This muſt be ſome alluſion to a ſtory well known at that time, though now perhaps irretrievable. JOHNSON.

This was an exclamation much in uſe, when any one was either talking nonſenſe, or uſurping a greater ſhare in converſation than juſtly belonged to him. So, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*, 1602: "My ſweet, *Wit whither wilt thou*, my delicate poetical fury," &c.

Again, in Heywood's *Royal King*, 1637:

"Wit: — is the word ſtrange to you? *Wit?* —
"*Whither wilt thou?*"

Again, in the Preface to *Greene's Groatſworth of Wit*, 1621:

Wit whither wilt thou? woe is me,
"Thou haſt brought me to this miſerie."

The ſame expreſſion occurs more than once in Taylor the water-poet, and ſeems to have been the title of ſome ludicrous performance. STEEVENS.

If I remember right, theſe are the firſt words of an old madrigal. MALONE.

Ros. Marry, to ſay,—ſhe came to ſeek you there, You ſhall never take her without her anſwer, [3] unleſs you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her huſband's occaſion, [4] let her never nurſe her child herſelf, for ſhe will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For theſe two hours Roſalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I muſt attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no leſs:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one caſt away, and ſo,—come death.—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, ſweet Roſalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earneſt, and ſo God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promiſe,

[3] *You ſhall never take her without her anſwer,*] See Chaucer's *Marchantes Tale*, ver. 10, 138 — 10, 149:

" Ye, ſire, quod Proſerpine, and wol ye ſo?
" Now by my mndre Ceres ſoule I ſwere,
" That I ſhall yeve hire ſuffiſant anſwere,
" And alle women after for hire ſake;
" That though they ben in any gilt ytake,
" With face bold they ſhul hemſelve excuſe,
" And beere hem doun that wolden hem accuſe.
" For lack of anſwere, non of us ſhal dien.
" Al had ye ſeen a thing with bothe youre eyen,
" Yet ſhul we ſo viſage it hardely,
" And wepe and ſwere and chiden ſubtilly,
" That ye ſhul ben as lewed as ben gees. "

Tyrwhitt.

[4] —— *make her fault her huſband's occaſion,*] That is, repreſent her fault as occaſioned by her huſband. Sir T. Hanmer reads, *her huſband's* accuſation. Johnson.

or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the moſt pathetical break-promiſe,[5] and the moſt hollow lover, and the moſt unworthy of her you call Roſalind, that may be choſen out of the groſs band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my cenſure, and keep your promiſe.

ORL. With no leſs religion, than if thou wert indeed my Roſalind: So, adieu.

ROS. Well, time is the old juſtice that examines all ſuch offenders, and let time try: [6] Adieu!

[*Exit* ORLANDO.

CEL. You have ſimply miſus'd our ſex in your love-prate: we muſt have your doublet and hoſe pluck'd over your head, and ſhow the world what the bird hath done to her own neſt.[7]

ROS. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didſt know how many fathom deep I am in love; But it cannot be ſounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

CEL. Or rather, bottomleſs; that as faſt as you pour affection in, it runs out.

[5] —— *I will think you the moſt* pathetical *break-promiſe,*] The ſame epithet occurs again in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, and with as little apparent meaning:

" ——— moſt *pathetical* nit." STEEVENS.

I believe, by *pathetical* break-promiſe, Roſalind, means a lover whoſe falſehood would moſt *deeply affect* his miſtreſs. MALONE.

[6] time *is the* old juſtice *that examines all ſuch offenders, and let* time *try:*] So, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" And that *old common arbitrator, Time,*
" Will one day end it." STEEVENS.

[7] —— *to her own neſt.*] So, in Lodge's *Roſalynde:* And " I pray you (quoth Aliena) if our own robes were off, what metal are you made of, that you are ſo ſatyricall againſt women? Is it not a foule bird defiles her owne neſt?" STEEVENS.

Ros. No, that ſame wicked baſtard of Venus, that was begot of thought,[7] conceiv'd of ſpleen, and born of badneſs; that blind raſcally boy, that abuſes every one's eyes, becauſe his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the ſight of Orlando: I'll go find a ſhadow, and ſigh till he come.[8]

CEL. And I'll ſleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the Foreſt.

Enter JAQUES *and* Lords, *in the habit of Foreſters.*

JAQ. Which is he that kill'd the deer?

1 LORD. Sir, it was I.

JAQ. Let's preſent him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to ſet the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:—Have you no ſong, foreſter, for this purpoſe?

2 LORD. Yes, ſir.

JAQ. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, ſo it make noiſe enough.

[7] —— *begot of* thought, i. e. of melancholy. So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

" take *thought*, and die for Cæſar." STEEVENS.

[8] —— *I'll go find a ſhadow, and ſigh till he come.*] So, in *Macbeth*:

" Let us *ſeek out* ſome deſolate *ſhade*, and there
" Weep our ſad boſoms empty." STEEVENS.

SONG.

1. *What ſhall he have, that kill'd the deer?*
2. *His leather ſkin, and horns to wear.*[8]
1. *Then ſing him home:*
Take thou no ſcorn, to wear the horn;[9] } The reſt ſhall bear this burden.
It was a creſt ere thou waſt born.
1. *Thy father's father wore it:*
2. *And thy father bore it:*
All. *The horn, the horn, the luſty horn,*
Is not a thing to laugh to ſcorn. [Exeunt.

[8] *His leather ſkin, and horns to wear.*] Shakſpeare ſeems to have formed this ſong on a hint afforded by the novel which furniſhed him with the plot of his play. "What news, Forreſter? Haſt thou wounded ſome deere, and loſt him in the fall? Care not, man, for ſo ſmall a loſſe; thy fees was but the *ſkinne*, the ſhoulders, and the *horns*." *Lodge's Roſalynde, or Euphues's Golden Legacie*, 1592. For this quotation the reader is indebted to Mr. Malone.

So likewiſe in an ancient MS. entitled *The Boke of Huntyng, that is cleped Mayſter of Game*: "And as of fees, it is to wite that what man that *ſmyte a dere atte his tree with a dethes ſtroke*, and he be-recouered by ſoone going douoe, he ſhall haue the *ſkyn*, &c." Steevens.

[9] *Take thou no ſcorn, to wear the horn;*] In *King John* in two parts, 1591, a play which our author had without doubt attentively read, we find theſe lines:

"But let the fooliſh Frenchman *take no ſcorn*,
"If Philip front him with an Engliſh *horn*." Malone.

To *take ſcorn* is a phraſe that occurs again in *King Henry VI.* P. I. Act IV. ſc. iv:

"And *take* foul *ſcorn*, to fawn on him by ſending."
Steevens.

SCENE III.[a]

The Foreſt.

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

ROS. How ſay you now? Is it not paſt two o'clock? and here much Orlando![3]

CEL. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to ſleep: Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

SIL. My errand is to you, fair youth;—

[a] The foregoing noiſy ſcene was introduced only to fill up an interval, which is to repreſent two hours. This contraction of the time we might impute to poor Roſalind's impatience, but that a few minutes after we find Orlando ſending his excuſe. I do not ſee that by any probable diviſion of the acts this abſurdity can be obviated. JOHNSON.

[3] —— *and here much Orlando!*] Thus the old copy. Some of the modern editors read, but without the leaſt authority.

I wonder much, Orlando is not here. STEEVENS.

The word *much* ſhould be explained. It is an expreſſion of latitude, and taken in various ſenſes. Here's *much* Orlando—i. e. Here is no Orlando, or we may look for him. We have ſtill this uſe of it, as when we ſay, ſpeaking of a perſon who we ſuſpect will not keep his appointment, "Ay, you will be ſure to ſee him there *much!*" WHALLEY.

So the vulgar yet ſay, "I ſhall get *much* by that no doubt," meaning that they ſhall get nothing. MALONE.

Here much Orlando! is ſpoken ironically on Roſalind perceiving that Orlando had failed in his engagement. HOLT WHITE.

Much, in our author's time, was an expreſſion denoting admiration. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act II. ſc. iv:

"What, with two points on your ſhoulder? *much!*"

Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew:*

"'Tis *much!*— Servant, leave me and her alone." MALONE.

Much! was more frequently uſed to indicate diſdain. See notes on the firſt of the two paſſages quoted by Mr. Malone. STEEVENS.

My gentle Phebe bid me[4] give you this:
[*Giving a letter.*
I know not the contents; but, as I gueſs,
By the ſtern brow, and waſpiſh action
Which ſhe did uſe as ſhe was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me,
I am but as a guiltleſs meſſenger.

Ros. Patience herſelf would ſtartle at this letter,
And play the ſwaggerer;[5] bear this, bear all:
She ſays, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and, that ſhe could not love me
Were man as rare as phœnix; Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes ſhe ſo to me?—Well, ſhepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I proteſt, I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I ſaw her hand: ſhe has a leathern hand,
A freeſtone-colour'd hand;[6] I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;

[4] —— *bid me* —] The old copy redundantly reads — *did* bid me. STEEVENS.

[5] *Patience herſelf would ſtartle at this letter,*
And play the ſwaggerer;] So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*
"This would make mercy ſwear, *and play the tyrant.*"
STEEVENS.

[6] *Phebe did write it.*
Roſ. *Come, come, you are a fool,* ——
I ſaw her hand: ſhe has a leathern hand,
A freeſtone-colour'd hand:] As this paſſage now ſtands, the metre of the firſt line is imperfect, and the ſenſe of the whole; for why ſhould Roſalind dwell ſo much upon Phebe's hands, unleſs Silvius had ſaid ſomething about them? — I have no doubt but the line originally ran thus:
Phebe did write it with her own fair hand.
And then Roſalind's reply will naturally follow. M. MASON.

She has a huſwife's hand: but that's no matter:
I ſay, ſhe never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

SIL. Sure, it is hers.

ROS. Why, 'tis a boiſterous and a cruel ſtile,
A ſtile for challengers; why, ſhe defies me,
Like Turk to Chriſtian: woman's gentle brain[3]
Could not drop forth ſuch giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance:—Will you hear the letter?

SIL. So pleaſe you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

ROS. She Phebes me: Mark how the tyrant writes.

Art thou god to ſhepherd turn'd, [Reads.
that a maiden's heart hath burn'd?—

Can a woman rail thus?

SIL. Call you this railing?

ROS. *Why, thy godhead laid apart,*
War'ſt thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear ſuch railing?—

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance[4] to me.—

Meaning me a beaſt.—

If the ſcorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raiſe ſuch love in mine,
Alack, in me what ſtrange effect
Would they work in mild aſpect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?

[3] —— woman's *gentle brain* —] Old copy — *women's*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[4] —— *vengeance* —] is uſed for *miſchief*. JOHNSON.

He, that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him ſeal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind[5]
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;[6]
Or elſe by him my love deny,
And then I'll ſtudy how to die.

SIL. Call you this chiding?

CEL. Alas, poor ſhepherd!

ROS. Do you pity him? no, he deſerves no pity.—Wilt thou love ſuch a woman?—What, to make thee an inſtrument, and play falſe ſtrains upon thee; not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for, I ſee, love hath made thee a tame ſnake,)[7] and ſay this to her;—That if ſhe love me, I charge her to love thee; if ſhe will not, I will never have her, unleſs thou entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

[*Exit* SILVIUS.

Enter OLIVER.

OLI. Good-morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know

[5] ——*youth and* kind—] *Kind* is the old word for *nature*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*: "You muſt think this, look you, that the worm will do his *kind*." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*all that I can* make;] i. e. raiſe as profit from any thing. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*: "He's in for a commodity of brown paper; of which he *made* five marks ready money." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*I ſee, love hath made thee a tame* ſnake,] This term was, in our author's time, frequently uſed to expreſs a poor contemptible fellow. So, in *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, 1600: "—— and you, poor *ſnakes*, come ſeldom to a booty."

Again, in *Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

"————the pooreſt *ſnake*,
"That feeds on lemons, pilchards——." MALONE.

Where, in the purlieus[6] of this foreſt, ſtands
A ſheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?
CEL. Weſt of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,
The rank of oſiers, by the murmuring ſtream,
Left on your right hand,[7] brings you to the place:
But at this hour the houſe doth keep itſelf,
There's none within.
OLI. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then I ſhould know you by deſcription;
Such garments, and ſuch years: *The boy is fair,*
Of female favour, and beſtows himſelf
Like a ripe ſiſter:[8] *but the woman low,*[9]
And browner than her brother. Are not you
The owner of the houſe I did enquire for?
CEL. It is no boaſt, being aſk'd, to ſay, we are
ORL. Orlando doth commend him to you both;

[6] —— purlieus *of this foreſt,*] *Purlieu*, ſays Manwood's *Treatiſe on the Foreſt Laws*, c. xx. "Is a certaine territorie of ground adjoyning unto the foreſt, meared and bounded with unmoveable marks, meeres, and houndaries: which territories of ground was alſo foreſt, and afterwards diſaforeſted againe by the perambulations made for the ſevering of the new foreſt from the old." REED.

Bullokar, in his *Expoſitor*, 1616, deſcribes a *purlieu* as "a place neere joining to a foreſt, where it is lawful for the owner of the ground to hunt, if he can diſpend fortie ſhillings by the yeere, of freeland." MALONE.

[7] Left *on your right hand,*] i. e. paſſing by the rank of oziers, and *leaving* them on your right hand, you will reach the place. MALONE.

[8] —— beſtows *himſelf*
Like a ripe ſiſter:] Of this quaint phraſeology there is an example in *King Henry IV.* P. II: "How might we ſee Falſtaff *beſtow* himſelf to-night in his true colours?" STEEVENS.

[9] —— but *the woman low,*] *But*, which is not in the old copy, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio, to ſupply the metre. I ſuſpect it is not the word omitted, but have nothing better to propoſe. MALONE.

And to that youth, he calls his Roſalind,
He ſends this bloody napkin; [9] Are you he?
ROS. I am: What muſt we underſtand by this?
OLI. Some of my ſhame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was ſtain'd.
CEL. I pray you, tell it.
OLI. When laſt the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promiſe to return again
Within an hour; [2] and, pacing through the foreſt,
Chewing the food of ſweet and bitter fancy, [3]
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aſide,
And, mark, what object did preſent itſelf!
Under an oak, [4] whoſe boughs were moſs'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity, [5]

[9] —— *napkin;*] i. e. *handkerchief.* Ray ſays, that a pocket handkerchief is ſo called about Sheffield in Yorkſhire. So, in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616: "I can wet one of my new lockram *napkins* with weeping."

Napery, indeed, ſignifies linen in general. So, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635:

"—— pr'ythee put me into wholeſome *napery*."

Again, in Chapman's *May-Day*, 1611: "Beſides your munition of manchet *napery* plates." *Naperia*, Ital. STEEVENS.

[2] *Within an hour;*] We muſt read — *within two hours.* JOHNSON.

May not *within an hour* ſignify *within a certain time?*

TYRWHITT.

[3] —— *of ſweet and bitter* fancy,] i. e. *love*, which is always thus deſcribed by our old poets, as compoſed of contraries. See a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, A& I. ſc. ii.

So, in Lodge's *Roſalynde*, 1590: "I have noted the variable diſpoſition of *fancy*,—— a *bitter* pleaſure wrapt in *ſweet* prejudice."

MALONE.

[4] *Under an oak,*] The ancient copy reads — Under an *old* oak; but as this epithet hurts the meaſure, without improvement of the ſenſe, (for we are told in the ſame line that its "boughs were moſs'd with *age*," and afterwards, that its top was "bald with dry *antiquity*,") I have omitted *old*, as an unqueſtionable interpolation.

STEEVENS.

[5] *Under an oak*, &c.] The paſſage ſtands thus in Lodge's no-

A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay ſleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded ſnake had wreath'd itſelf,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but ſuddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itſelf,
And with indented glides did ſlip away
Into a buſh: under which buſh's ſhade
A lioneſs, with udders all drawn dry,[5]
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the ſleeping man ſhould ſtir; for 'tis
The royal diſpoſition of that beaſt,
To prey on nothing that doth ſeem as dead:

vel: "Saladyne, wearie with wandring up and downe, and hungrey with long faſting, finding a little cave by the ſide of a thicket, eating ſuch fruite as the foreſt did affoord, and contenting himſelf with ſuch drinke as nature had provided, and thirſt made delicate, after his repaſt he fell into a dead ſleepe. As thus he lay, a hungry lyon came hunting downe the edge of the grove for pray, and eſpying Saladyne, began to reaze upon him: but ſeeing he lay ſtill without any motion, he left to touch him, for that lyons hate to pray on dead carkaſſes: and yet deſirous to have ſome foode, the lyon lay downe and watcht to ſee if he would ſtirre. While thus Saladyne ſlept ſecure, fortune that was careful of her champion, began to ſmile, and brought it ſo to paſſe, that Roſader (having ſtricken a deere that but lightly hurt fled through the thicket) came paeing downe by the grove with a boare-ſpeare in his hande in great haſte, he ſpyed where a man lay aſleepe, and a lyon faſt by him; amazed at this ſight, as he ſtood gazing, his noſe on the ſodaine bledde, which made him conjecture it was ſome friend of his. Whereupon drawing more nigh, he might eaſily diſcerne his viſage, and perceived by his phiſnomie that it was his brother Saladyne, which drave Roſader into a deepe paſſion, as a man perplexed, &c.——But the preſent time craved no ſuch doubting ambages: for he muſt eyther reſolve to hazard his life for his reliefe, or elſe ſteale away and leave him to the crueltie of the lyon. In which doubt hee thus briefly debated," &c. STEEVENS.

[5] *A lioneſs, with udders all drawn dry,*] So, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

"——— the ſtarven *lioneſs*
"When ſhe is *dry-ſuckt* of her eager young." STEEVENS.

This ſeen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.
CEL. O, I have heard him ſpeak of that ſame brother;
And he did render him[6] the moſt unnatural
That liv'd 'mongſt men.
OLI. And well he might ſo do,
For well I know he was unnatural.
ROS. But, to Orlando;—Did he leave him there,
Food to the ſuck'd and hungry lioneſs?
OLI. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd ſo:
But kindneſs, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, ſtronger than his juſt occaſion,
Made him give battle to the lioneſs,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling[7]
From miſerable ſlumber I awak'd.
CEL. Are you his brother?
ROS. Was it you he reſcu'd?
CEL. Was't you that did ſo oft contrive to kill him?
OLI. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not ſhame
To tell you what I was, ſince my converſion
So ſweetly taſtes, being the thing I am.
ROS. But, for the bloody napkin?—

[6] *And he did* render *him*—] i. e. deſcribe him. MALONE.
So, in *Cymbeline:*
"May drive us to a *render* where we have liv'd."
STEEVENS.

[7] —— *in which* hurtling—] To *hurtle* is to move with impetuoſity and tumult. So, in *Julius Cæſar:*
"A noiſe of battle *hurtled* in the air."
Again, in Naſh's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1591: "—hearing of the gangs of good fellows that *hurtled* and buſtled thither," &c.
Again, in Spenſer's *Faerie Queen*, B. I. c. iv:
"All *hurtlen* forth, and ſhe with princely pace," &c.
Again, B. I. c. viii:
"Came *hurtling* in full fierce, and forc'd the knight retire."
STEEVENS.

OLI. By, and by.
When from the firſt to laſt, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had moſt kindly bath'd,
As, how I came into that deſert place; [8] ——
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me freſh array, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me inſtantly unto his cave,
There ſtripp'd himſelf, and here upon his arm
The lioneſs had torn ſome fleſh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd, in fainting, upon Roſalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after ſome ſmall ſpace, being ſtrong at heart,
He ſent me hither, ſtranger as I am,
To tell this ſtory, that you might excuſe
His broken promiſe, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in this blood; [9] unto the ſhepherd youth
That he in ſport doth call his Roſalind.

CEL. Why, how now, Ganymede? ſweet Ganymede? [ROSALIND *faints.*

OLI. Many will ſwoon when they do look on blood.

[8] *As, how I came into that deſert place;*] I believe, a line following this has been loſt.

As, in this place, ſignifies — *as for inſtance.* So, in *Hamlet*
" *As*, ſtars with trains of fire," &c.
I ſuſpect no omiſſion. STEEVENS.

[9] *Dy'd in* this *blood;*] Thus the old copy. The editor of the ſecond folio changed *this* blood unneceſſarily to — *his* blood. Oliver points to the handkerchief, when he preſents it; and Roſalind could not doubt whoſe blood it was after the account that had been before given. MALONE.

Perhaps the change of *this* into *his*, is imputable only to the compoſitor, who caſually omitted the *t*. Either reading may ſerve; and certainly that of the ſecond folio is not the worſt, becauſe it prevents the diſguſting repetition of the pronoun *this*, with which the preſent ſpeech is infeſted. STEEVENS.

CEL. There is more in it:—Couſin—Ganymede![2]

OLI. Look, he recovers.

ROS. I would, I were at home.

CEL. We'll lead you thither:—
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

OLI. Be of good cheer, youth:—You a man?—
You lack a man's heart.

ROS. I do ſo, I confeſs it. Ah, ſir,[3] a body would think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho!—

OLI. This was not counterfeit; there is too great teſtimony in your complexion, that it was a paſſion of earneſt.

ROS. Counterfeit, I aſſure you.

OLI. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

ROS. So I do: but, i'faith I ſhould have been a woman by right.

CEL. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards:—Good ſir, go with us.

OLI. That will I, for I muſt bear anſwer back
How you excuſe my brother, Roſalind.

ROS. I ſhall deviſe ſomething: But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him:—Will you go?

[*Exeunt.*

[2] —— *Couſin — Ganymede!*] Celia in her firſt fright forgets Roſalind's character and diſguiſe, and calls out *couſin*. then recollects herſelf, and ſays, Ganymede. JOHNSON.

[3] *Ah*, ſir,] The old copy reads — Ah, *ſirra*, &c. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

WILL. Ay, ſir, I thank God.

TOUCH. *Thank God;*—a good anſwer: Art rich?

WILL. 'Faith, ſir, ſo, ſo.

TOUCH. *So, ſo*, is good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but ſo ſo. Art thou wiſe?

WILL. Ay, ſir, I have a pretty wit.

TOUCH. Why, thou ſay'ſt well. I do now remember a ſaying; *The fool doth think he is wiſe, but the wiſe man knows himſelf to be a fool.* The heathen philoſopher, when he had a deſire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth;[4] meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?[5]

WILL. I do, ſir.

TOUCH. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

WILL. No, ſir.

TOUCH. Then learn this of me; To have, is to have: For it is a figure in rhetorick, that drink, being pour'd out of a cup into a glaſs, by filling

[4] *The heathen philoſopher, when he had a deſire to eat a grape,* &c.] This was deſigned as a ſneer on the ſeveral trifling and inſignificant ſayings and actions, recorded of the ancient philoſophers, by the writers of their lives, ſuch as Diogenes Laertius, Philoſtratus, Eunapius, &c. as appears from its being introduced by one of their *wiſe ſayings.* WARBURTON.

A book called *The Dictes and Sayings of the Philoſophers,* was printed by Caxton in 1477. It was tranſlated out of French into Engliſh by Lord Rivers. From this performance, or ſome republication of it, Shakſpeare's knowledge of theſe philoſophical trifles might be derived. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *meaning thereby, that* grapes *were made to eat, and* lips *to open.* You do love this maid?] Part of this dialogue ſeems to have grown out of the novel on which the play is formed: "Phebe is no latice for your *lips*, and her *grapes* hang ſo hie, that gaze at them you may, but touch them you cannot." MALONE.

the one doth empty the other: For all your writers do conſent, that *ipſe* is he; now you are not *ipſe*, for I am he.

WILL. Which he, ſir?

TOUCH. He, ſir, that muſt marry this woman: Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the ſociety,—which in the booriſh is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is,—woman, which together is, abandon the ſociety of this female; or, clown thou periſheſt; or, to thy better underſtanding, dieſt; to wit, I kill thee,[5] make thee away, tranſlate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poiſon with thee, or in baſtinado, or in ſteel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

AUD. Do, good William.

WILL. God reſt you merry, ſir. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN.

COR. Our maſter and miſtreſs ſeek you; come, away, away.

TOUCH. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey;—I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

[5] —— *to wit, I kill thee,*] The old copy reads — "*or*, to wit, I kill thee." I have omitted the impertinent conjunction *or*, by the advice of Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter ORLANDO *and* OLIVER.

ORL. Is't poſſible,[6] that on ſo little acquaintance you ſhould like her? that, bnt ſeeing, you ſhould love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, ſhe ſhould grant? And will you perſever to enjoy her?

OLI. Neither call the giddineſs of it in queſtion, the poverty of her, the ſmall acqnaintance, my ſudden wooing, nor her ſudden conſenting;[7] but ſay with me, I love Aliena; ſay with her, that ſhe loves me; conſent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it ſhall be to your good; for my father's houſe, and all the revenue that was old ſir Rowland's, will I eſtate upon you, and here live and die a ſhepherd.

Enter ROSALIND.

ORL. You have my conſent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and

[6] *Is't poſſible*, &c.] Shakſpeare, by putting this queſtion into the mouth of Orlando, ſeems to have been aware of the impropriety which he had been guilty of by deſerting his original. In Lodge's novel, the elder brother is inſtrumental in ſaving Aliena from a band of ruffians, who "thought to ſteal her away, and to give her to the king for a preſent, hoping, becauſe the king was a great leacher, by ſuch a gift to purchaſe all their pardons." Without the intervention of this circumſtance, the paſſion of Aliena appears to be very haſty indeed. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *nor* her *ſudden conſenting;*] Old copy—nor ſudden. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.*

ORL. They ſhall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happineſs through another man's eyes! By ſo much the more ſhall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heavineſs, by how much I ſhall think my brother happy, in having what he wiſhes for.

ROS. Why then, to-morrow I cannot ſerve your turn for Roſalind?

ORL. I can live no longer by thinking.

ROS. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I ſpeak to ſome purpoſe,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I ſpeak not this, that you ſhould bear a good opinion of my knowledge, inſomuch, I ſay, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater eſteem than may in ſome little meaſure draw a belief from you, to do yourſelf good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you pleaſe, that I can do ſtrange things: I have, ſince I was three years old,

* —— clubs *cannot* part *them.*] It appears from many of our old dramas, that, in our author's time, it was a common cuſtom, on the breaking out of a fray, to call out "*Clubs* — *Clubs*," to *part* the combatants.

So, in *Titus Andronicus:*

"*Clubs, clubs;* theſe lovers will not *keep the peace.*"

The preceding words — "they are in the very *wrath* of love," ſhow that our author had this in contemplation. MALONE.

So, in the Firſt Part of *K. Henry VI.* when the Mayor of London is endeavouring to put a ſtop to the combat between the partiſans of Gloceſter and Wincheſter, he ſays,

"I'll call for *clubs*, if you will not away."

And in *Henry VIII.* the Porter ſays, "I miſſed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out *Clubs!* when I might ſee from far ſome forty truncheoneers draw to her ſuccour." M. MASON.

converſed with a magician, moſt profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Roſalind ſo near the heart as your geſture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, you ſhall marry her: I know into what ſtraits of fortune ſhe is driven; and it is not impoſſible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to ſet her before your eyes tomorrow, human as ſhe is,[3] and without any danger.

ORL. Speak'ſt thou in ſober meanings?

ROS. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I ſay I am a magician:[4] Therefore, put you in your beſt array, bid your friends;[5] for if you will be married to-morrow, you ſhall; and to Roſalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

PHE. Youth, you have done me much ungentleneſs,
To ſhow the letter that I writ to you.

[3] —— *human as ſhe is,*] That is, not a phantom, but the real Roſalind, without any of the danger generally conceived to attend the rites of incantation. JOHNSON.

[4] —— *which I tender dearly,* though I ſay I am a magician:] *Though I pretend to be a magician,* and therefore might be ſuppoſed able to elude death. MALONE.

This explanation cannot be right, as no magician was ever ſuppoſed to poſſeſs the art of *eluding death.* Dr. Warburton properly remarks, that this play "was written in King James's time, when there was a ſevere inquiſition after witches and magicians." It was natural therefore for one who called herſelf a magician, to allude to the danger, in which her avowal, had it been a ſerious one, would have involved her. STEEVENS.

[5] —— bid *your friends;*] i. e. *invite* your friends. REED.

So, in *Titus Andronicus:*

"I am not *bid* to wait upon this bride," STEEVENS.

Ros. I care not, if I have: it is my ſtudy,
To ſeem deſpiteful and ungentle to you;
You are there follow'd by a faithful ſhepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worſhips you.

PHE. Good ſhepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

SIL. It is to be all made of ſighs and tears;—
And ſo am I for Phebe.

PHE. And I for Ganymede.

ORL. And I for Roſalind.

ROS. And I for no woman.

SIL. It is to be all made of faith and ſervice;—
And ſo am I for Phebe.

PHE. And I for Ganymede.

ORL. And I for Roſalind.

ROS. And I for no woman.

SIL. It is to be all made of fantaſy,
All made of paſſion, and all made of wiſhes;
All adoration, duty and obſervance,
All humbleneſs, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all obſervance;[6]—
And ſo am I for Phebe.

PHE. And ſo am I for Ganimede.

ORL. And ſo am I for Roſalind.

ROS. And ſo am I for no woman.

PHE. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?
[*To* ROSALIND.

[6] —— *all trial, all* obſervance;] I ſuſpect our author wrote—all *obedience*. It is highly probable that the compoſitor caught *obſervance*, from the line above; and very unlikely that the ſame word ſhould have been ſet down twice by Shakſpeare ſo cloſe to each other. MALONE.

Read—*obeiſance*. The word *obſervance* is evidently repeated by an error of the preſs. RITSON.

SIL. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you? [*To* PHEBE.

ORL. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?

ROS. Who do you ſpeak to, [6] *why blame you me to love you?*

ORL. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

ROS. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Iriſh wolves againſt the moon.[7]—I will help you, [*To* SILVIUS] if I can:—I would love you, [*To* PHEBE] If I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.— I will marry you, [*To* PHEBE] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will ſatisfy you, [*To* ORLANDO] if ever I ſatisfy'd man, and you ſhall be married to-morrow:—I will content you, [*To* SILVIUS] if what pleaſes you contents you, and you ſhall be married to-morrow.—As you [*To* ORLANDO] love Roſalind, meet;—as you, [*To* SILVIUS] love Phebe, meet;—And as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So fare you well; I have left you commands,

SIL. I'll not fail, if I live.

PHE. Nor I.

ORL. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*

[6] Who *do you ſpeak* to,] Old copy—*Why* do you ſpeak *too*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[7] —— *'tis like the Howling of Iriſh wolves againſt the moon.* This is borrowed from Lodge's *Roſalynde*, 1592: "I tell thee, Montanus, in courting Phœbe, thou barkeſt with the *wolves* of Syria, *againſt the moone.*" MALONE.

SCENE III.

The ſame.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

TOUCH. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

AUD. I do deſire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no diſhoneſt deſire, to deſire to be a woman of the world. [8] Here come two of the baniſh'd duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 PAGE. Well met, honeſt gentleman.

TOUCH. By my troth, well met: Come, ſit, ſit, and a ſong.

2 PAGE. We are for you: ſit i'the middle.

1. PAGE. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or ſpitting, or ſaying we are hoarſe; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 PAGE. I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gypſies on a horſe.

[8] —— *a woman of the world.*] To *go to the world*, is to be married. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*; "Thus (ſays Beatrice) every one *goes to the world*, but I."

An anonymous writer, ſuppoſes, that in this phraſe there is an alluſion to Saint *Luke's* Goſpel, xx. 34: The children of this *world marry*, and are given in marriage." STEEVENS.

SONG.[9]

I.

It was a lover, and his laſs,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did paſs
In the ſpring time, the only pretty rank time,[a]
When birds do ſing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the ſpring.

II.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
Theſe pretty country folks would lie,
In ſpring time, &c.

[9] The ſtanzas of this ſong are in all the editions evidently tranſpoſed: as I have regulated them, that which in the former copies was the ſecond ſtanza is now the laſt.

The ſame tranſpoſition of theſe ſtanzas is made by Dr. Thirlby, in a copy containing ſome notes on the margin, which I have peruſed by the favour of Sir Edward Walpole. JOHNSON.

[a] —— *the only pretty* rank *time,*] Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads:

In the ſpring time, the onely pretty rang *time.*

I think we ſhould read:

In the ſpring time, the only pretty riog *time.*

i. e. the apteſt ſeaſon for marriage; or, the word *only* for the ſake of equality of metre, may be omitted. STEEVENS.

The old copy reads—*rang* time. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnſon. Mr. Pope and the three ſubſequent editors read —the pretty ſpring time. Mr. Steevens propoſes—" ring time, i. e. the apteſt ſeaſon for marriage." The paſſage does not deſerve much conſideration. MALONE.

In confirmation of Mr. Steevens's reading, it appears from the old calendars that the ſpring was the ſeaſon of marriage.

DOUCE.

III.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life, was but a flower
In ſpring time, &c.

IV.

And therefore take the preſent time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In ſpring time, &c.

TOUCH. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable. [4]

1 PAGE. You are deceiv'd, ſir; we kept time, we loſt not our time.

TOUCH. By my troth, yes; I count it but time loſt to hear ſuch a fooliſh ſong. God be with you; and God mend your voices!—Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

[4] *Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very* untuneable.] Though it is thus in all the printed copies, it is evident from the ſequel of the dialogue, that the poet wrote as I have reform'd in my next, *untimeable*.—*Time* and *tune*, are frequently miſprinted for one another in the old editions of Shakſpeare. THEOBALD.

This emendation is received, I think very undeſervedly, by Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

The reply of the Page proves to me, beyond any poſſibility of doubt, that we ought to read *untimeable*, inſtead of *untuneable*, notwithſtanding Johnſon rejects the amendment as unneceſſary. A miſtake of a ſimilar nature occurs in *Twelfth Night*. M. MASON.

The ſenſe of the old reading ſeems to be—*Though the words of the ſong were trifling, the muſic was not* (as might have been expected) *good enough to compenſate their defect*. STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.

Another part of the Foreſt.

Enter Duke *ſenior*, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, *and* CELIA.

DUKE S. Doſt thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promiſed?
ORL. I ſometimes do believe, and ſometimes do not;
As thoſe that fear they hope, and know they fear. [5]

[5] *As thoſe that fear* they hope, *and know* they *fear.*] This ſtrange nonſenſe ſhould be read thus:

As thoſe that fear, their hap, *and know* their *fear.*

i. e. As thoſe that fear the iſſue of a thing when they know their fear to be well grounded. WARBURTON.

The depravation of this line is evident, but I do not think the learned commentator's emendation very happy. I read thus:

As thoſe that fear with *hope*, *and hope* with *fear.*

Or thus, with leſs alteration:

As thoſe that fear, they *hope*, *and* now *they fear.*

JOHNSON.

The author of *The Reviſal* would read:

As thoſe that fear their *hope*, *and know* their *fear.*

STEEVENS.

Perhaps we might read:

As thoſe that feign *they hope*, *and know they fear.*

BLACKSTONE.

I would read:

As thoſe, *that fear*, then *hope*; *and know*, then *fear.*

MUSGRAVE.

I have little doubt but it ſhould run thus:

As thoſe who fearing *hope*, *and* hoping *fear.*

This ſtrongly expreſſes the ſtate of mind which Orlando was in at that time; and if the words *fearing* and *hoping* were contracted in the original copy, and written thus:—fear^{g}—hop^{g} (a practice not unuſual at this day) the g might eaſily have been miſtaken for *y*, a common abbreviation of *they*. M. MASON.

Wm. Hamilton, pinx.

L'Epine, Sculp.

SHAKSPEARE.

Ros. *To you I give myself, for I am yours.* — *As you like it.* — Orl. *If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.*

ACT. V. SCEN. IV.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE.

ROS. Patience once more, whiles our compáct is urg'd :——
You ſay, if I bring in your Roſalind, [*To the* DUKE.
You will beſtow her on Orlando here?
DUKE S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.
ROS. And you ſay, you will have her, when I bring her? [*To* ORLANDO.
ORL. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.
ROS. You ſay, you'll marry me, if I be willing? [*To* PHEBE.
PHE. That will I, ſhould I die the hour after.
ROS. But, if you do refuſe to marry me,
You'll give yourſelf to this moſt faithful ſhepherd?
PHE. So is the bargain.
ROS. You ſay, that you'll have Phebe, if ſhe will? [*To* SILVIUS.
SIL. Though to have her and death were both one thing.
ROS. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—
Keep your word, Phebe, [6] that you'll marry me;

I believe this line requires no other alteration than the addition of a ſemi-colon :

As thoſe that fear; they hope, and know they fear. HENLEY.

The meaning, I think, is, *As thoſe who fear,— they*, even thoſe very perſons, entertain *hopes*, that their fears will not be realized; *and* yet at the ſame time they well *know* that there is reaſon for *their fears.* MALONE.

[6] *Keep your word, Phebe,*] The old copy reads — Keep *you* your word; the compoſitor's eye having probably glanced on the line next but one above. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Or elſe, refuſing me, to wed this ſhepherd:—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If ſhe refuſe me:—and from hence I go,
To make theſe doubts all even. [5]

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

DUKE S. I do remember in this ſhepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

ORL. My lord, the firſt time that I ever ſaw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is foreſt-born;
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many deſperate ſtudies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obſcured in the circle of this foreſt.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

JAQ. There is, ſure, another flood toward, and theſe couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very ſtrange beaſts, which in all tongues are call'd fools. [6]

TOUCH. Salutation and greeting to you all!

JAQ. Good my lord, bid him welcome: This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have ſo often met in the foreſt; he hath been a courtier, he ſwears.

[5] To make theſe *doubts* all even.] Thus, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*;

" ——— yet death we fear,
" That *makes theſe* odds *all even*. STEEVENS.

[6] *Here comes a pair of* very ſtrange *beaſts*, &c.] What *ſtrange beaſts?* and yet ſuch as have a name in all languages? Noah's ark is here alluded to; into which the *clean* beaſts entered by *ſevens*, and the unclean by *two*, male and female. It is plain then that Shakſpeare wrote, *here come a pair of* unclean *beaſts*, which is highly humorous. WARBURTON.

Strange beaſts are only what we call *odd* animals. There is no need of any alteration. JOHNSON.

TOUCH. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a meaſure;[4] I have flatter'd a lady; I have been politick with my friend, ſmooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

JAQ. And how was that ta'en up?

TOUCH. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the ſeventh cauſe.[5]

JAQ. How ſeventh cauſe?—Good my Lord, like this fellow.

DUKE S. I like him very well.

TOUCH. God'ild you, ſir;[6] I deſire you of the like.[7] I preſs in here, ſir, amongſt the reſt of the

[4] —— *trod a meaſure;*] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, A& V. ſc. ii:
" To *tread a meaſure* with you on this graſs."
See note on this paſſage. REED.

Touchſtone to prove that he has been a courtier, particularly mentions a *meaſure*, becauſe it was a very ſtately ſolemn dance. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*: " — the wedding mannerly modeſt, as a *meaſure* full of ſtate and ancientry. MALONE.

[5] —— *and found the quarrel was upon the* ſeventh cauſe.] So, all the copies; but it is apparent from the ſequel that we muſt read— *the quarrel was* not *upon the ſeventh cauſe.* JOHNSON.

By the *ſeventh cauſe*, Touchſtone, I apprehend, means the lie *ſeven times removed*; i. e. the *retort courteous*, which is *removed* ſeven times (counting backwards) from the *lie direct*, the laſt and moſt aggravated ſpecies of lie. See the ſubſequent note on the words " — a lie ſeven times removed. MALONE.

[6] *God'ild you*, ſir;] i. e. *God yield* you, reward you. So, in the *Collection of Cheſter Myſteries* Mercer's play, p. 74, b. MS. Harl Brit Muſ. 2013:
" The high father of heaven, I pray,
" To *yelde* you your good deed to day."
See note on *Macbeth*, A&. ſc. vi. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *I deſire* you of *the like.*] We ſhould read— *I deſire* of you *the like.* On the Duke's ſaying, *I like him very well*, he replies, I deſire you will give me cauſe, that I may like you too.
WARBURTON.

country copulatives, to ſwear, and to forſwear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:[8] —. A poor virgin, ſir, an ill-favour'd thing, ſir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, ſir, to take that that no man elſe will: Rich honeſty dwells like a miſer, ſir, in a poor houſe; as your pearl, in your foul oyſter.

DUKE S. By my faith, he is very ſwift and ſententious.

TOUCH. According to the fool's bolt, ſir, and ſuch dulcet diſeaſes.[9]

I have not admitted the alteration, becauſe there are other examples of this mode of expreſſion. JOHNSON.

See a note on the firſt ſcene of the third Act of *A Midſummer Night's Dream*, where many examples of this phraſeology are given.

So alſo, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. ix:

" If it be I, *of* pardon I you pray."

Again, B. IV. c. viii:

" She dear beſought the prince *of* remedy." STEEVENS.

[8] —— *according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:*] *To ſwear according as marriage binds*, is to take the oath enjoined in the ceremonial of marriage. JOHNSON.

—— *to* ſwear, *and to* forſwear; *according as* marriage binds, *and* blood breaks:] A man by the marriage ceremony SWEARS that *he will keep only to his wife;* when therefore, to *gratify his luſt*, he *leaves her for another*, BLOOD BREAKS his *matrimonial obligation*, and he is FORSWORN. HENLEY.

[9] —— *dulcet diſeaſes.*] This I do not underſtand. For *diſeaſes* it is eaſy to read *diſcourſes:* but, perhaps, the fault may lie deeper. JOHNSON.

Perhaps he calls a proverb a *diſeaſe*. Proverbial ſayings may appear to him as the *ſurfeiting diſeaſes* of converſation. They are often the plague of commentators.

Dr. Farmer would read—*in* ſuch dulcet diſeaſes; i. e. in the ſweet uneaſineſſes of love, a time when people uſually talk nonſenſe. STEEVENS.

Without ſtaying to examine how far the poſition laſt advanced is founded in truth, I ſhall only add, that I believe the text is right, and that this word is *capriciouſly* uſed for *ſayings*, though neither in its primary or figurative ſenſe it has any relation to that word. In *The Merchant of Venice* the Clown talks in the ſame ſtyle, but more

JAQ. But, for the ſeventh cauſe; how did you find the quarrel on the ſeventh cauſe?

TOUCH. Upon a lie ſeven times removed;[2]—Bear your body more ſeeming,[3] Audrey:—as thus,

intelligibly:—"the young gentleman (*according* to the fates and deſtinies, and *ſuch* odd *ſayings*, the ſiſters three, and *ſuch* branches of learning) is indeed deceaſed. MALONE.

[2] *Upon a lie ſeven times* removed;] Touchſtone here enumerates ſeven kinds of lies, from the *Retort courteous* to the *ſeventh* and moſt aggravated ſpecies of lie, which he calls the *lie direct*. The courtier's anſwer to his intended affront, he expreſsly tells us, was the *Retort courteous*, the *firſt* ſpecies of lie. When therefore he ſays, that they *found the quarrel* was *on the lie ſeven times* REMOVED, we muſt underſtand by the latter word, the lie removed ſeven times, counting backwards, (as the word *removed* ſeems to imitate, from the laſt and moſt aggravated ſpecies of lie, namely, the *lie direct*. So, in *All's well that ends well*:

"Who hath ſome four or five *removes* come ſhort
"To tender it herſelf."

Again, in the play before us: "Your acceot is ſomething finer than you could purchaſe io ſo *removed* a dwelling," i. e. ſo *diſtant* from the haunts of meo.

When Touchſtooe and the courtier met, they ſound their quarrel *originated* oo the *ſeventh cauſe*, i. e. on *the Retort courteous*, or the lie *ſeven times removed*. In the courſe of their altercation, *after* their meeting, Tnuchſtooe did not dare to go farther than the ſixth ſpecies, (enuniing in regular progreſſion from the firſt tn the laſt, the *lie circumſtantial*; and the courtier was afraid to give him the *lie direct*; ſo they parted. In a ſubſequent enumeratinn of the degrees of a lie, Tnuchſtnne expreſsly names the *Retort courteous*, as the *firſt*; calliog it therefore here "the *ſeventh* cauſe," and "the lie *ſeven* times removed," he muſt meao, *diſtant* ſeven times from the moſt offenſive lie, the *lie direct*. There is certainly therefnre no need of reading with Dr. Johnſon in a former paſſage—"We found the quarrel was *not* oo the ſeventh cauſe."

The miſapprehenſion of that mnſt judicious critick relative to theſe paſſages muſt apologize for my haviog emplnyed ſo maoy words in explaining them. MALONE.

[3] —— *ſeeming*,] i. e. ſeemly. *Seeming* is often uſed by Shakſpeare for becoming, or fairneſs of appearaoce. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"—— theſe keep
"*Seeming* and ſavour all the wioter long. STEEVENS.

ſir. I did diſlike the cut of a certain courtier's beard;[3] he ſent me word, if I ſaid his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the *Retort courteous.* If I ſent him word again, it was not well cut, he would ſent me word, he cut it to pleaſe himſelf: This is called the *Quip modeſt.* If again, it was not well cut, he diſabled my judgement: This is call'd the *Reply churliſh.* If again, it was not well cut, he would anſwer, I ſpake not true: This is call'd the *Reproof valiant.* If again, it was not well cut, he would ſay, I lie: This is called the *Countercheck quarrelſome:* and ſo to the *Lie circumſtantial*, and the *Lie direct.*

JAQ. And how oft did you ſay, his beard was not well cut?

TOUCH. I durſt go no further than the *Lie circumſtantial*, nor he durſt not give me the *Lie direct;* and ſo we meaſured ſwords, and parted.

JAQ. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

TOUCH. O ſir, we quarrel in print, by the book;[4]

[3] —— *as thus ſir, I did diſlike the cut of a certain courtier's beard;*] This folly is touched upon with high humour by Fletcher, in his *Queen of Corinth*:

" ———— Has he familiarly
" Diſlik'd your yellow ſtarch, or ſaid your doublet
" Was not exactly frenchified? —
" ———— or drawn your ſword,
" Cry'd 'twas ill mounted? Has he given the *lie*
" In *circle*, or *oblique*, or *ſemicircle*,
" Or *direct parallel*? you muſt challenge him."

WARBURTON.

[4] *O ſir, we quarrel in print, by the book;*] The poet has, in this ſcene, rallied the mode of formal duelling, then ſo prevalent, with the higheſt humour and addreſs: nor could he have treated it with a happier contempt, than by making his Clown ſo knowing in the forms and preliminaries of it. The particular book here alluded to is a very ridiculous treatiſe of one Vincendo Saviolo,

as you have books for good manners: [5] I will name you the degrees. The firſt, the Retort courteous; the ſecond, the Quip modeſt; the third the Reply

intitled, *Of Honour and honourable Quarrels*, in quarto, printed by Wolf, 1594. The firſt part of this tract he entitles, *A diſcourſe moſt neceſſary for all gentlemen that have in regard their honours, touching the giving and receiving the lie, whereupon the* Duello *and the* Combat *in divers forms doth enſue; and many other inconveniences for lack only of true knowledge of honour, and the* right underſtanding of words, *which here is ſet down.* The contents of the ſeveral chapters are as follow. I. *What the reaſon is that the party unto whom the lie is given ought to become challenger, and of the nature of lies.* II. *Of the manner and diverſity of lies.* III. *Of lies certain,* [or direct.] IV. *Of conditional lies,* [or the lie circumſtantial.] V. *Of the lie in general.* VI. *Of the lie in particular.* VII. *Of foolish lies.* VIII. *A concluſion touching the wreſting or returning back of the lie,* [or the countercheck quarrelſome.] In the chapter of *conditional lies,* ſpeaking of the particle *if,* he ſays, "—*Conditional lies be ſuch as are given conditionally, as if a man ſhould ſay or write theſe wordes:*—if *thou haſt ſaid that I have offered my lord abuſe, thou lieſt; or* if *thou ſayeſt ſo hereafter, thou ſhalt lie. Of theſe kind of lies, given in this manner, often ariſe much contention in wordes,—whereof no ſure concluſion can ariſe.*" By which he means, they cannot proceed to cut one another's throat, while there is an *if* between. Which is the reaſon of Shakſpeare making the Clown ſay, "*I knew when ſeven juſtices could not make up a quarrel: but when the parties were met themſelves, one of them thought but of an* if; *as,* if you ſaid ſo, then I ſaid ſo, *and they ſhook hands, and ſwore brothers. Your* if *is the only peace-maker; much virtue in* if." Caranza was another of theſe authentick author's upon the Duello. Fletcher, in his laſt Act of *Love's Pilgrimage*, ridicules him with much humour. WARBURTON.

The words which I have included within crotches are Dr. Warburton's. They have been hitherto printed in ſuch a manner as might lead the reader to ſuppoſe that they made a part of Saviolo's work. The paſſage was very inaccurately printed by Dr. Warburton in other reſpects, but has here been corrected by the original. MALONE.

[5] —— *books for good manners:*] One of theſe books I have. It is entitled *The Boke of Nurture, or Schole of good manners, for Men, Servants and Children,* with *ſtans puer ad menſam*; 12mo. black letter, without date. It was written by Hugh Rhodes, a gentleman, or muſician, of the Chapel Royal; and was firſt publiſhed in 4to. in the reign of King Edward VI. STEEVENS.

churliſh; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelſome; the ſixth, the Lie with circumſtance; the ſeventh, the Lie direct. All theſe you may avoid, but the Lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when ſeven juſtices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themſelves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, *If you ſaid ſo, then I ſaid ſo*; and they ſhook hands, and ſwore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

JAQ. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good as any thing and yet a fool.

DUKE S. He uſes his folly like a ſtalking-horſe,[6] and under the preſentation of that, he ſhoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN,[7] *leading* ROSALIND *in woman's clothes; and* CELIA.

Still Muſick.

HYM. *Then is there mirth in heaven,*
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither;
That thou might'ſt join her hand with his,
Whoſe heart within her boſom is.[8]

Another is, *Galateo of Maiſter John Caſa, Archbiſhop of Benevento; or rather, a Treatiſe of the manners and behaviours it behoveth a man to uſe and eſchewe in his familiar Converſation. A Work very neceſſary and profitable for all Gentlemen or other*; tranſlated from the Italian by Robert Peterſon of Lincoln's Inn, 4to. 1576. REED.

[6] —— *like a ſtalking-horſe.* See my note on *Much ado about Nothing*, Act II. ſc. iii. STEEVENS.

[7] *Enter* Hymen,] Roſalind is imagined by the reſt of the com-

Ros. To you I give myſelf, for I am yours.
[*To* DUKE S.
To you I give myſelf, for I am yours.
[*To* ORLANDO.

pany to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a ſuppoſed aerial being in the character of Hymen. JOHNSON.

In all the allegorical ſhows exhibited at ancient weddings, *Hymen* was a conſtant perſonage. Ben Jonſon, in his "*Hymenæi*, or the Solemnities of Maſque and Barriers, at a Marriage," has left us inſtructions how to dreſs this favourite character. "On the other hand entered *Hymen*, the god of marriage, in a *ſaffron-colonred* robe, his under veſtures white, his ſockes yellow, a yellow veile of ſilke on his left arme, his head crowned with roſes and marjoram, in his right hand a *torch*." STEEVENS.

[8] *That thou might'ſt join* her *hand with his,*
Whoſe heart within her *boſom is.*] The old copy, inſtead of *her*, reads *his* in both lines. Mr. Rowe corrected the firſt, and I once thought that emendation ſufficient, and that *Whoſe* might have referred not to the laſt antecedent *his*, but to *her*, i. e. Roſalind. Our author frequently takes ſuch licences. But on further conſideration it appears to me probable, that the ſame abbreviation was uſed in both lines, and that as *his* was *certainly* a miſprint in the firſt line for *her*, ſo it alſo was in the ſecond, the conſtruction being ſo much more eaſy in that way than the other. "That thou might'ſt join her hand with the hand of him whoſe heart is lodged in her boſom" i. e. whoſe affection ſhe already poſſeſſes. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, the King ſays to the Princeſs:

"Hence ever then *my heart is in thy breaſt.*"

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Bids him farewell, and look well to her *heart*,
"The which, by Cupid's bow ſhe doth proteſt,
"He carried thence *incaged in his breaſt.*"

Again, in *King Richard III*:

"Even ſo thy breaſt incloſeth my poor heart."

Again, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"Thy heart thou leav'ſt with her, when thou doſt hence depart,
"And in thy breaſt incloſed bear'ſt her tender friendly heart."

In the ſame play we meet with the error that has happened here. The Princeſs addreſſing the *ladies* who attend her, ſays:

"But while 'tis ſpoke, each turn away *his* face."

Again, in a former ſcene of the play before us:

"Helen's cheek, but not *his* heart." MALONE.

DUKE S. If there be truth in ſight, you are my daughter.

ORL. If there be truth in ſight,[9] you are my Roſalind.

PHE. If ſight and ſhape be true,
Why then,—my love adieu!

ROS. I'll have no father, if you be not he:—
[*To* DUKE S.
I'll have no huſband, if you be not he:—
[*To* ORLANDO.
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not ſhe. [*To* PHEBE.

HYM. Peace, ho! I bar confuſion:
'Tis I muſt make concluſion
Of theſe moſt ſtrange events:
Here's eight that muſt take hands,
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.[8]
You and you no croſs ſhall part!
[*To* ORLANDO *and* ROSALIND.
You and you are heart in heart:
[*To* OLIVER *and* CELIA.
You [*To* PHEBE] to his love muſt accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:—
You and you are ſure together,
To TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we ſing,
Feed yourſelves with queſtioning;[3]

[9] *If there be truth in ſight,*] The anſwer of Phebe makes it probable that Orlando ſays:

If there be truth in ſhape:——

that is, *if a form may be truſted*; if one cannot uſurp the form of another. JOHNSON.

[8] *If truth holds true contents.*] That is, if there be *truth in truth*, unleſs truth fails of veracity. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*with* queſtioning;] Though Shakſpeare frequently uſes

That reaſon wonder may diminiſh,
How thus we met, and theſe things finiſh.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;[4]
O bleſſed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

DUKE S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;
Even daughter, welcome in no leſs degree.

PHE. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.[5]
[*To* SILVIUS.

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

JAQ. DE B. Let me have audience for a word, or two;
I am the ſecond ſon of old ſir Rowland,
That bring theſe tidings to this fair aſſembly:—

queſtion for *converſation*, in the preſent inſtance *queſtioning* may have its common and obvious ſignification. STEEVENS.

[4] *Wedding is*, &c.] Catullus, addreſſing himſelf to Hymen, has this ſtanza:

Quæ tuis careat ſacris,
Non queat dare præſides
Terra finibus: at queat
Te volente. Quis huic deo
Comparatier auſit? JOHNSON.

[5] —— *combine.*] Shakſpeare is licentious in his uſe of this verb, which here, as in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, only ſignifies to *bind:*

" I am *combined* by a ſacred vow,
" And ſhall be abſent." STEEVENS.

Duke Frederick,[1] hearing how that every day
Men of great worth reſorted to this foreſt,
Addreſs'd a mighty power: which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purpoſely to take
His brother here, and put him to the ſword:
And to the ſkirts of this wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After ſome queſtion with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
His crown bequeathing to his baniſh'd brother,
And all their lands reſtor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd: This to be true,
I do engage my life.

DUKE S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'ſt fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one, his lands with-held; and to the other,
A land itſelf at large, a potent dukedom.
Firſt, in this foreſt, let us do thoſe ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd ſhrewd days and nights with us,
Shall ſhare the good of our returned fortune,
According to the meaſure of their ſtates.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our ruſtick revelry:—
Play, muſick;—and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With meaſure heap'd in joy, to the meaſures fall.

JAQ. Sir, by your patience:—If I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

[1] *Duke Frederick*, &c.] In Lodge's novel the uſurping Duke is not diverted from his purpoſe by the pious counſels of a hermit, but is ſubdued and killed by the twelve peers of France, who were brought by the third brother of *Roſader* (the *Orlando* of this play) to aſſiſt him in the recovery of his right. STEEVENS.

JAQ. DE B. He hath.

JAQ. To him will I: out of theſe convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You to your former honour I bequeath;
[*To* DUKE S.
Your patience, and your virtue, well deſerves it:—
You [*To* ORLANDO] to a love, that your true faith doth merit:—
You [*To* OLIVER] to your land, and love, and great allies:—
You [*To* SILVIUS] to a long and well deſerved bed;—
And you [*To* TOUCHSTONE] to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victual'd:—So to your pleaſures;
I am for other than for dancing meaſures.

DUKE S. Stay, Jaques, ſtay.

JAQ. To ſee no paſtime, I:—what you would have
I'll ſtay to know at your abandon'd cave. [6] [*Exit.*

DUKE S. Proceed: proceed we will begin theſe rites,
As we do truſt they'll end, in true delights.
[*A dance.*

[6] *To ſee no paſtime, I:—what you would have*
I'll ſtay to know at your abandon'd cave.] Amidſt this general feſtivity, the reader may be ſorry to take his leave of Jaques, who appears to have no ſhare in it, and remains behind unreconciled to ſociety. He has, however, filled with a gloomy ſenſibility the ſpace allotted to him in the play, and in the laſt preſerves that reſpect which is due to him as a conſiſtent character, and an amiable though ſolitary moraliſt.

It may be obſerved, with ſcarce leſs concern, that Shakſpeare has on this occaſion forgot old Adam, the ſervant of Orlando, whoſe fidelity ſhould have entitled him to notice at the end of the piece, as well as to that happineſs which he would naturally have found, in the return of fortune to his maſter. STEEVENS.

It is the more remarkable, that old Adam is forgotten; ſince at the end of the novel, Lodge makes him *captaine of the king's guard*. FARMER.

EPILOCUE.

Ros. It is not the faſhion to ſee the lady the epilogue: but it is no more unhandſome, than to ſee the lord the prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no buſh*,[7] 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine they do uſe good buſhes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a caſe am I in then,[8] that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot inſinuate with you in the behalf of a good play; I am not furniſh'd like a beggar,[9] therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll

[7] —— *no buſh*,] It appears formerly to have been the cuſtom to hang a *tuft of ivy* at the door of a vintner. I ſuppoſe *ivy* was rather choſen than any other plant, as it has relation to Bacchus. So, in Gaſcoigne's *Glaſs of Government*, 1575:

"Now a days the good wyne needeth none *Ivye Garland*."

Again, in *The Rival Friends*, 1632:

"'Tis like the *ivy-buſh* unto a tavern."

Again, in *Summer's laſt Will and Teſtament*, 1600:

"Green *ivy-buſhes* at the vintners' doors." STEEVENS.

The practice is ſtill obſerved in Warwickſhire and the adjoining counties, at ſtatute-hirings, wakes, &c. by people who ſell ale at no other time. And hence, I ſuppoſe, the *Buſh* tavern at Briſtol, and other places. RITSON.

[8] *What a caſe am I in then*, &c.] Here ſeems to be a chaſm, or ſome other depravation, which deſtroys the ſentiment here intended. The reaſoning probably ſtood thus: *Good wine needs no buſh, good plays need no epilogue*; but bad wine requires a good buſh, and a bad play a good epilogue. *What caſe am I in then?* To reſtore the words is impoſſible; all that can be done without copies is, to note the fault. JOHNSON.

Johnſon miſtakes the meaning of this paſſage. Roſalind ſays, that good plays need no epilogue; yet even good plays do prove the better for a good one. What a caſe then was ſhe in, who had neither preſented them with a good play, nor had a good epilogue to prejudice them in favour of a bad one? M. MASON.

[9] —— furniſh'd *like a beggar*,] That is, *dreſſed*: ſo before, he was *furniſhed* like a huntſman. JOHNSON.

begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleaſe them: and ſo I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your ſimpering, none of you hate them,) that between you and the women, the play may pleaſe. [a]

[a] —— *I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleaſe* them: *and ſo I charge you,* &c.] The old copy reads — *I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleaſe* you: *and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,* —— *that between you and the women,* &c. STEEVENS.

This paſſage ſhould be read thus: *I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleaſes* them: *and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,* —— to like as much as pleaſes them, *that between you and the women,* &c. Without the alteration of *You* into *Them*, the invocation is nonſenſe; and without the addition of the words, *to like as much as pleaſes them*, the inference of, *that between you and the women the play may paſs*, would be unſupported by any precedent premiſes. The words ſeem to have been ſtruck out by ſome ſenſeleſs player, as a vicious redundancy. WARBURTON.

The words *you* and *y^m* written as was the cuſtom in that time, were in manuſcript ſcarcely diſtinguiſhable. The emendation is very judicious and probable. JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath obſerves, that if Dr. Warburton's interpolation be admitted [" to like as much, &c."] " the men are to like only juſt as much as pleaſed the women, and the women only juſt as much as pleaſed the men; neither are to like any thing from their own taſte: and if both of them diſliked the whole, they would each of them equally fulfil what the poet deſires of them. — But Shakſpeare did not write ſo nonſenſically; he deſires the women to like as much as pleaſed the men, and the men to *ſet the ladies a good example*; which exhortation to the men is evidently enough implied in theſe words, " that between you and the women the play may pleaſe."

Mr. Heath, though he objects (I think very properly) to the interpolated ſentence, admits by his interpretation the change of " — pleaſes *you*" to " — pleaſes *them*;" which has been adopted by the late editors. I by no means think it neceſſary; nor is Mr. Heath's expoſition in my opinion correct. The text is ſufficiently clear, without any alteration. Roſalind's addreſs appears to me ſimply this: " I charge you, O women, for the love you

If I were a woman,[3] I would kiſs as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me,[4] and breaths that I defy'd not;[5] and, I am ſure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or ſweet

bear to men, to approve of as much of this play as affords you entertainment; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, [not to *ſet an example to*, but] to *follow* or *agree in opinion* with the ladies; that between you both the play may be ſucceſsful." The words "to follow, or agree in opinion with, the ladies" are not indeed expreſſed, but plainly implied in thoſe ſubſequent; "that, between you and the women, the play may pleaſe." In the epilogue to *King Henry IV.* P. II. the addreſs to the audience proceeds in the ſame order: "All the gentlewnmen here have forgiven [i. e. are favourable to] me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not *agree with* the gentlewomen, which was never ſeen before in ſuch an aſſembly."

The old copy reads — as *pleaſe* you. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe.

Like all my predeceſſors, I had here adopted an alteration made by Mr Rowe, of which the reader was apprized in the note; but the old copy is certainly right, and ſuch was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's age So, in *K. Richard III:*

"Where every horſe bears his commanding rein,
"And may direct his courſe, as *pleaſe* himſelf."

Again, in *Hamlet:*

"—— a pipe for fortune's finger,
"To ſound what ſtop ſhe *pleaſe*."

Again, in *K. Henry VIII:*

"All mean's honours
"Lie like one lump before him, to be faſhion'd
"Into what pitch he *pleaſe*." MALONE.

I read — "and *ſo* I charge you, O men," &c. This trivial addition, (as Dr. Farmer joins with me in thinking,) clears the whole paſſage. STEEVENS.

[3] *If I were a woman,*] Note, that in this author's time, the parts of women were always perform'd by men or boys. HANMER.

[4] —— *complexions that* liked *me,*] i. e. that I liked. So again in *Hamlet:* "This *likes* me well." STEEVENS.

[5] —— *breaths that I defy'd not:*] This paſſage ſerves to manifeſt the indelicacy of the time in which the plays of Shakſpeare

breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curt'ſy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.*[6]

were written. Such an idea, ſtarted by a modern dramatiſt, and put into the mouth of a female character, would be hooted with indignatioo from the ſtage. STEEVENS.

[6] Of this play the fable is wild and pleaſing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both Roſalind and Celia give away their hearts. To Celia much may be forgiven for the heroiſm of her friendſhip. The character of Jaques is natural and well preſerved. The comick dialogue is very ſprightly, with leſs mixture of low buffoonery than in ſome other plays; and the graver part is elegant and harmonious. By haſtening to the end of his work, Shakſpeare ſuppreſſed the dialogue between the uſurper and the hermit, and loſt an opportunity of exhibiting a moral leſſon in which he might have found matter worthy of his higheſt powers. JOHNSON.

See p. 196. *Is but a* quintaine, *&c.*] Dr. Warburton's explanatioo would, I think, have been leſs exceptiooable, had it been more ſimple: yet he is here charged with a fault of which he is ſeldom guilty, waot of refinement. "This (ſays Mr. Guthrie) is but an imperfect (to call it no worſe) explanation of a beautiful paſſage. The *quintaine* was not the object of the darts and arms; it was a ſtake, driven into a field, upon which were hung a ſhield and trophies of war, at which they ſhot, darted, or rode with a lance. When the ſhield and trophies were all thrown down, the quintaine remained. Without this information, how could the reader underſtand the alluſion of—

——— *my better parts*
Are all thrown down. ——"

In the preſent edition I have avoided as much as poſſible all kind of controverſy; but in thoſe caſes where errors by having been long adopted are become inveterate, it becomes in ſome meaſure neceſſary to the enforcement of truth.

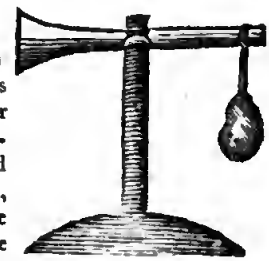
It is a common but a very dangerous miſtake, to ſuppoſe, that the interpretation which gives moſt ſpirit to a paſſage is the true one. In conſequence of this notion two paſſages of our author, one in *Macbeth*, and aoother in *Othello*, have been refined, as I conceive, into a meaning that I believe was not in his thoughts. If the moſt ſpirited interpretation that can be imagined, happens to be inconſiſtent with his general manner, and the phraſeology both of him and his contemporaries, or to be founded on a cuſtom

which did not exiſt in his age, moſt aſſuredly it is a falſe interpretation. Of the latter kind is Mr. Guthrie's explanation of the paſſage before us.

The military exercife of the *quintaine* is as ancient as the time of the Romans; and we find from Matthew Paris, that it ſubſiſted in England in the thirteenth century. *Tentoria variis ornamentorum generibus venuſtantur; terræ infixis ſudibus ſcuta apponuntur, quibus in craſtinum* quintanæ *ludus, ſcilicet equeſtris, exerceretur.* M. Paris, *ad ann.* 1253. Theſe probably were the very words that Mr. Guthrie had in contemplation. But Matthew Paris made no part of Shakſpeare's library; nor is it at all material to our preſent point what were the cuſtoms of any century preceding that in which he lived. In his time, without any doubt, the *quintaine* was not a military exercife of tilting, but a mere ruſtic ſport. So Minſheu, in his DICT. 1617: "A *quintaine* or quintelle, a game in requeſt at marriages, when Jac and Tom, Dic, Hob and Will, ſtrive for the gay garland." So alſo, Randolph at ſomewhat a later period [Poems, 1642]:

"Foot-ball with us may be with them [the Spaniards] balloone;
"As they at *tilts*, ſo we at *quintaine* runne;
"And thoſe old paſtimes reliſh beſt with me,
"That have leaſt art, and moſt ſimplicitie."

But old Stowe has put this matter beyond a doubt; for in his SURVEY OF LONDON, printed only two years before this play appeared, he has given us the figure of a quintaine, as repreſented in the margin.



"I have ſeen (ſays he) a *quinten* ſet up on Cornehill, by the Leaden Hall, where the attendants on the lords of merry diſports have runne, and made greate paſtime; for hee that hit not the broad end of the quinten was of all men laughed to ſcorne; and hee that hit it full, if he rid not the faſter, had a ſound blow in his necke with a bagge full of ſand hanged on the other end." Here we ſee were no ſhields hung, no trophies of war to be thrown down. "The great deſign of the ſport, (ſays Dr. Plott in his *Hiſtory of Oxfordſhire*) is to try both man and horſe, and to *break the board*; which whoever does, is for the time *Princeps juventutis.*" — Shakſpeare's ſimiles ſeldom correſpond on both ſides. "My better parts being all thrown down, *my youthful ſpirit being ſubdued by the power of beauty*, I am now (ſays Orlando) as inanimate as a wooden quintaine is (not when its better parts are thrown down, but as that lifeleſs block is at all times)." Such, perhaps, is the meaning. If however the words "better parts," are to be applied

to the quintaine, as well as to the ſpeaker, the *beard* above-mentioned, and not any *ſhield* or *trophy*, muſt have been alluded to.

Our author has in *Macbeth* uſed "my better part of man" for *manly ſpirit:*

"Accurſed be the tongue that tells me ſo,
"For it has cow'd *my better part* of man." MALONE.

The explanation of this paſſage, as well as the accounts of the *quintain*, are by no means ſatisfactory; nor have the labours of the critic or the antiquary been exhauſted. The whole of Orlando's ſpeech ſhould ſeem to refer to the quintain, but not to ſuch a one as has been deſcribed in any of the preceding notes. Mr. Guthrie is accuſed of having borrowed *his* account from Matthew Paris, an author with whom, as it has been already obſerved, Shakſpeare was undoubtedly not acquainted; but this charge is erroneous, for no ſuch paſſage as that above cited is to be found in M. Paris. This writer does indeed ſpeak of the quintain under the year 1253, but in very different words. *Eodem tempore juvenes Londinenſes ſtatuto pavone pro bravio ad ſtadium quod* quintena *vulgariter dicitur, vires proprias & equorum curſus ſunt experti.* He then proceeds to ſtate that ſome of the King's pages, and others belonging to the houſhold, being offended at theſe ſports, abuſed the Londoners with foul language, calling them ſcurvy clowns and greaſy raſcals, and ventured to diſpute the prize with them; the conſequence of which was, that the Londoners received them very briſkly, and ſo belaboured their backs with the broken lances, that they were either put to flight, or tumbled from their horſes and moſt terribly bruiſed. They afterwards went before the King, the tears ſtill trickling from their eyes, and complained of their treatment, beſeeching that he would not ſuffer ſo great an offence to remain unpuniſhed; and the King, with his uſual ſpirit of revenge, extorted from the citizens a very large fine. So far M. Paris; but Mr. Malone has through ſome miſtake cited Robertus Monachus, who wrote before M. Paris, and has left an extremely curious account of the Cruſades. He is deſcribing the arrival of ſome meſſengers from Babylon, who, upon entering the Chriſtian camp, find to their great aſtoniſhment (for they had heard that the Chriſtians were periſhing with fear and hunger) the tents curiouſly ornamented, and the young men practiſing themſelves and their horſes in tilting againſt ſhields hung upon poles. In the oldeſt edition of this writer, inſtead of "*quintanæ ludus*," it is "*ludus equeſtris.*" However, this is certainly not the quintain that is here wanted, and therefore Mr. Malone has ſubſtituted another, copied indeed from a contemporary writer, but ſtill not illuſtrative of the paſſage in queſtion. I ſhall beg leave then to preſent the reader with ſome others, from which it will appear, that the quintain

was a military exercife in Shakfpear's time, and not a mere ruſtic ſport, as Mr. Malone imagines.

1

No. 1. is copied from an initial letter in an Italian book, printed in 1560. Here is the figure of a man placed upon the trunk of a tree, holding in one hand a ſhield, in the other a bag of ſand. No. 2. is the *Saracen* quintain from *Pluvinel' inſtruction du Roi Louis XIII. dans l'exercife de monter à cheval.* This ſort of quintain, according to Meneſtrier, was invented by the Germans, who, from their frequent wars with the Turks, accuſtomed their ſoldiers to point their lances againſt the figure of their enemy. The ſkill conſiſted in ſhivering the lance to pieces, by ſtriking it againſt the head of the man, for if it touched the ſhield, the figure turned round and generally ſtruck the horſeman a violent blow with his ſword. No. 3. is the Flemiſh quintain, copied from a print after Wouvermans; it is called *La bague Flamande*, from the ring which the figure holds in his right hand; and here the object was to take away the ring with the point of the lance, for if it ſtruck any other part, the man turned round and hit the rider with his ſand-bag. This is a mixture of the quintain and running at the ring, which two ſports have been ſome how or other in like manner confounded by the Italians, who ſometimes expreſs the running

at the ring by *correre alla quintana*. The principle of all theſe was the ſame, viz. to avoid the blow of the ſword or ſand-bag, by ſtriking the quintain in a particular place.

It might have been expected that ſome inſtance had been given of the uſe of theſe quintains in England; and for want of it an objection may be taken to this method of illuſtrating the preſent ſubject: but let it be remembered, that Shakſpeare has indiſcriminately blended the uſages of all nations; that he has oftentimes availed himſelf of hearſay evidence; and again, that as our manners and cuſtoms have at all times been borrowed from the French and other nations, there is every reaſon to infer that this ſpecies of the quintain had found its way into England. It is hardly needful to add, that a knowledge of very many of our ancient ſports and domeſtic employments is not now to be attained. Hiſtorians have contented themſelves to record the vices of kings and princes, and the minutiæ of battles and ſieges; and, with very few exceptions, they have conſidered the diſcuſſion of private manners (a theme perhaps equally intereſting to poſterity,) as beneath their notice and of little or no importance.

As a military ſport or exerciſe, the uſe of the quintain is very ancient, and may be traced even among the Romans. It is mentioned in Juſtinian's Code, Lib. III. Tit. 43; and its moſt probable etymology is from "*Quintus*," the name of its inventor. In the days of chivalry it was the ſubſtitute or rehearſal of tilts and tournaments, and was at length adopted, though in a ruder way, by the common people, becoming amongſt them a very favourite amuſement. Many inſtances occur of its uſe in ſeveral parts of France, particularly as a ſeignorial right exacted from millers, watermen, new-married men, and others; when the party was obliged, under ſome penalty, to run at the quintain upon Whitſunday and other particular times, at the lord's caſtle for his diverſion. Sometimes it was practiſed upon the water, and then the quintain was either placed in a boat, or erected in the middle of the river. Something of this kind is deſcribed from Fitzſtephen by Stowe in his *Survey*, p. 143, edit. 1618, 4to. and ſtill continues to be practiſed upon the Seine at Paris. Froiſſart mentions, that the ſhield quintain was uſed in Ireland in the reign of Richard II. In Wales it is ſtill practiſed at weddings, and at the village of Offham, near Town Malling in Kent, there is now ſtanding a quintain, reſembling that copied from Stowe, oppoſite the dwelling-houſe of a family that is obliged under ſome tenure to ſupport it, but I do not find that any uſe has been ever made of it within the recollection of the inhabitants.

Shakſpeare then has moſt probably alluded to that ſort of quintain which reſembled the human figure; and if this be the caſe, the ſpeech of Orlando may be thus explained: "I am unable to

thank you; for, ſurprized and ſubdued by love, my intellectual powers, which are my better parts, fail me; and I reſemble the quintain, whoſe human or active part being thrown down, there remains nothing but the lifeleſs trunk or block which once upheld it."

Or, if *better parts* do *not* refer to the quintain, "that which here ſtands up" means the *human part* of the quintain, which may be alſo not unaptly called a lifeleſs block. DOUCE.

THE END OF THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

— RESERVE —

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